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THE LIFE OF BEAU BRUMMELL

BY

CAPTAIN JESSE

NEW EDITION, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND
TWENTY COLOURED PLATES

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

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INTRODUCTION

JESSE'S *Life of Beau Brummell*, which was first published in 1844, four years after the death of the Beau, is a standing example of Carlyle's saying that "a true delineation of the smallest man is capable of interesting the greatest"; for, though it would be going too far to say that Brummell was the smallest of men who had ever been honoured with a full-dress biography, there are many who might hold that he is in the running; and of the interest that his career has always aroused there can be no doubt whatever. The book has long been out of print, and both the earlier editions are sought after and have a risen, and still rising, value in the saleroom; in our own day a film in which Brummell is the leading character draws thousands of ordinary people to the picture halls every week; and as long ago as 1846, thirty years after the somewhat ignominious close of his brilliant reign over London society, and six years after his death, Tennyson, in some bitter lines, written in answer to an attack by Lord Lytton, which he afterwards did his best to suppress, gave him immortality by using his name as the type *par excellence* of Dandyism.

And yet—George Bryan Brummell died a broken, imbecile, friendless, dirty old man in a foreign land, whither he had fled twenty-four years earlier, and where he had since subsisted on charity—for he lived before the days when well-meaning Bankruptcy Acts made it possible for one to "go broke," live like a lord in the

home country, and eventually be released of one's debts without satisfying the creditors! There must have been something about Beau Brummell that was memorable and worth remembering. What was it?

The Beau's ancestry was of little use to him as a passport, but he had good looks and a good bearing, enough money to enable him to mix on equal financial terms with the best society, amazing impudence, a fund of repartee, the flair that told him just how and when to use his opportunities, and—what is, perhaps, more important than all—the luck to be born when he was. He was barely eighteen when he met and obtained an ascendancy over the Prince of Wales. The Prince, afterwards Prince Regent and King George IV., was then a blasé debauchee of two-and-thirty, and was doing his best to shine as the King of Fashion. Now at Eton and Oxford this was the particular realm that Brummell had made his own; Byron, who at one time was inclined to look upon him as a rival by no means to be despised and, consequently, did not like him, admitted that about his dress there was "a certain exquisite propriety" with which it was impossible to find fault; but His Royal Highness went much further—he put himself under the Beau's tuition and henceforward, till the quarrel came in 1813, relied on him in all matters relating to dress, deportment, and social duties.

It has been said that to Brummell must be given the credit of having turned his royal pupil into the First Gentleman of Europe; but, according to the Duke of Wellington—who was no mean judge of a gentleman—this is but poor recommendation for the tutor, for years later the Duke said of the then kings of England and France, "Charles X. was everything most gentleman-

like and refined, while the other, from his flourish and display, might have passed for his valet!" Lord Thanet was even more to the point; he objected to the Prince on account of his vulgarity and compared him to Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme, "a name which got about," says Creevey, "and must inevitably annoy P. more than even 'our fat friend.'" The "Who is your fat friend?" story (see Volume I., chap. xix.) was common property, and Creevey, though he must have met him frequently, never seems to have mentioned Brummell by name; even in his account of the "cutting" incident at the Argyle Rooms (see Volume I., chap. xxii.) he speaks only of Mr Pierrepoint and Sir Henry Mildmay.

Although contemporary memoir writers are, for the most part, curiously silent on the subject of the Beau, there is no doubt that it is on the shoulders of the Prince that he mounted to fame. Even without this aid, however, it is more than likely that with his brilliance, his extraordinary capacity for making friends of the right sort, and the force of character of his early days, he would still have made a mark in the world. It would, necessarily, have been a different mark; but, even though, as is probable, he would have been more of a credit to his time and country, we much doubt whether to-day his biography would have been as well worth reading! The reason that we find Nell Gwynn and Casanova interesting is because they *were* Nell Gwynn and Casanova, and it is never pretended that they were anybody else: we take them as we find them: let us do the same with our Beau and judge him—if we judge at all—for what he was, not for what he was not, or what he might have been. And for the *Life*, well, we

might do worse than to remember that if King Lear had had any sense and had known a good daughter when he saw one there would have been no play!

Jesse—quite honestly, no doubt—took this most unheroic of heroes for a great man, and it is in this *naïveté* that half the charm of the *Life* lies. There is nothing great or heroic about the Beau—did he not resign his commission when there was "a war on" (and a Great War at that), to devote all his energies to the correct cut of a cravat and "the nice conduct of a clouded cane," just when he was ordered to a town where the rioting of half-starved mill-hands was imminent?—a point not mentioned by Jesse, by the way. Even his claim to be considered a gentleman, a claim that in justice we must confess neither his contemporaries nor his biographer would have dreamed of disputing, could hardly be substantiated in the present meaning of the term, for, to take a single instance, there must be few to-day who would allow the title to one who could publicly blame a woman for a lapse of his own and then excuse himself with: "It would never have done to let the world know that *I* was guilty of such awkwardness!" Neither was he a "sport"; in the field his one idea was to leave the chase and trot back to the ladies to sun himself in their smiles; he was abominably rude and, so long as his power lasted, would insult all his friends and acquaintances, male and female, from the Prince downwards, with equal cleverness and pleasure; but there is this to his credit, he always (or very nearly always) "got away with it," and that of itself shows that there must have been a great deal in him, without taking into consideration *autres temps, autres mœurs*.

The other half of the biography's charm, the true

secret of its long life and its being prized and read to-day, is the wonderfully vivid picture it gives of a very interesting aspect of society in one of the most interesting periods of England's social history. There are many writings, contemporary, authentic, and otherwise, that treat of life under the Regency, the years following Waterloo, and even the hardships suffered by exiled debtors; one may know them all by heart, but if *The Life of George Brummell, Esq., commonly called Beau Brummell* (as its title originally ran), be omitted there will be an important *something* wanting to one's knowledge of the times. And, further, this truly entertaining story of an actual life helps one to realize that Longfellow's well-worn "Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime," etc., is one of those half-truths that obscure truth; for the sentiment is just as applicable to the lives of men who have no pretensions to greatness.

L. H. D.

PREFACE

PROTECTED by the example of the amiable author of *The Deserted Village*, who did not consider the biography of Beau Nash too trifling a subject for his pen, and encouraged by some little success in a former attempt at authorship, I venture to take another shot at that target which still continues to be the object of my ambition—the approbation of those who read. The desire to please is not, however, always attended with success, for the very simple reason that it is impossible to please everybody; and those who expect to find in *The Life of George Brummell* a delightful dish of scandal will, no doubt, exclaim: "His shot has gone very wide of the mark." I could, it is true, have served up one so hot that it would have shrivelled up the ears of the most inveterate lovers of it; but, to repeat the anecdotes I have heard the Beau relate, of the orgies of Carlton House, of tippling Dowagers, doting ex-Chancellors, shy Generals, and b——d Jewels, etc., etc., forms no part of my intention; and, even if it were desirable that Brummell's gossip on such subjects should be repeated, it would be impossible to vouch for its authenticity; for no one so delighted in mystifying and hoaxing people as he did, or could so readily find imaginary, and very plausible, proofs, when the truth of his fictions was assailed.

That he wrote some detached papers in the shape of reminiscences there can be no doubt: many passages in his letters prove this. In the centre of his diminutive

garden, under the ramparts at Calais, which he frequented a good deal during the summer months, there was a small pavilion; and here, when the heat obliged him to lay aside his hoe or rake, he amused himself with his pen. The commonplace-book in which he inserted these memoranda was secured by a lock, and one of his great friends, who, in his way through Calais, occasionally spent a portion of the day with him in his retreat, informed me that Brummell once drew his attention to the manuscript—calling it, "his book of life," and saying, as he turned carelessly over the leaves: "Here is a chapter on Carlton House; here one on Mrs Fitzherbert and the Prince; this is devoted to Lady H——," etc. This book was in his possession at Caen, and, as it lay on his table, he sometimes pointed it out to his visitors, remarking, that it contained recollections of his own life, and descriptions of the gay world he had formerly lived in. Indeed, it appeared almost as if he kept a diary, for, dining one day at Mr Villiers's, he said to the lady of the house: "Mrs Villiers, I was looking at my journal yesterday, and I see that it was on this very day two years that I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance." These, and many other reasons, render it more than probable that Brummell not only recorded the events of his past life, but also of each day, or perhaps week. Nothing, however, has been heard of these papers since his death; perhaps they were destroyed by him when imbecility had set the seal of unconsciousness upon his actions, or he may have delivered them up, for a pecuniary consideration, to those who were most interested in obtaining possession of them. It is, however, a highly honourable trait in his character that he did not, amidst all his troubles

and difficulties, publish them for his own benefit. When in jail at Caen, for debt, he said to Monsieur Godefroi, one of his fellow-prisoners: "I have letters of the Royal Family, of Lord Byron, and others, the sale of which would produce me more than sufficient to pay my debts; but I will not part with them, for I should compromise several families." M. Leleux, his landlord at Calais, also informed me that a London publisher had offered his lodger a thousand pounds if he would give up his memoirs. "When this proposition was made to Mr Brummell," said M. Leleux, "he was in great distress, and I frequently asked him why he did not accept it. To this he usually made some frivolous excuse; but on one occasion, when pressed hard for his real reason, he said: 'I promised the Duchess of York that I would not publish any notes of mine during the lifetime of George the Fourth or his brothers; and I am under so many obligations to her, and have such a deep respect for her generous and amiable conduct to me in our early friendship, and since, that I would rather go to jail than forfeit my word. She is the only link that binds me in this matter.'" At Brummell's death several packets of letters, tied up with different-coloured ribbons, and carefully numbered, a miniature, a silver shaving-dish, a gold ring, and a few silver spoons, were found in a trunk at the hotel. The miniature and letters were taken possession of by the vice-consul, and the remaining effects by the landlord, in liquidation of an account which had only been partially cancelled. This person said that in the same parcel with the letters was another, containing a great many locks of hair. They were each of them in a separate envelope, and on the outside of one, in Brummell's handwriting, was the following

remark: "Lady W——, la femme la plus coquette du monde." From the foregoing remarks, therefore, the reader will understand that, with the exception of his letters, and the poetry taken from his Album, I was not assisted in the compilation of this memoir by any papers left by Brummell, nor by any obtained from his family (to whom I applied), for they had none to give me, but by information which I collected from various sources. Amongst the numerous attempts that have been made in the novels of the day to delineate Brummell's character, Trebeck, in *Granby*, was the only one that he considered successful. I once heard him say, "Lister must have known those who were intimate with me": from this clever and entertaining book I have made one or two extracts. The principal portion of the materials, however, from which the sketch of his early career has been drawn, was procured from friends who were intimate with him. The description of the last years of his life is the result of my own observations, and that of those who were constantly about him. To them, and to those noblemen and gentlemen who were kind enough to reply to my inquiries, I beg to return my acknowledgments; and in conclusion I have merely to add, that whatever imperfections the work may have, whether as to the choice of subject, the style, or execution, I have carefully refrained from any attempt to enliven it by the introduction of anecdotes which, though witty and amusing, would have wounded the feelings of others. In this, at least, I trust I have not failed.

W. J.

Junior United Service Club,
March 1844.

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CHAPTER I

Early distinctions in dress—Milton's Eve—The Roman exquisite—The native princes of Britain—Hotspur's fop—The Beaux in the reign of Charles the Second—Beau Hewitt—Beau Wilson—Beau Fielding—Beau Edgeworth—Beau Nash—Petrarch—Lord Byron—The Abbé Délille—The Prince de Kaunitz—English fops

THOSE who yet remain of his generation, but who were not acquainted with the subject of these memoirs, will, no doubt, be astonished that anyone should have taken the trouble to be his biographer, and much wonder what there can possibly be to say about Beau Brummell—unless, indeed, it were to give the impertinent witticisms currently reported of him. But of those contemporaries who knew him intimately and still survive, few will be surprised that I have found some amusement in collecting the scattered reminiscences of so singular a character.

The term Beau is now very nearly obsolete, and Brummell, to whom the term in its popular sense was erroneously applied, will, in all probability, be one of the last persons distinguished by that sobriquet; but, before entering upon this memoir, perhaps a few words respecting the most notorious of the species so denominated may not be out of place. From the earliest ages there have always been individuals vain enough to be completely absorbed in the study of dress, yet this can hardly be matter of astonishment, for everyone must allow that vanity in the abstract is coeval with humanity; and it was, possibly, under this conviction that even

Milton suffered himself to accuse Eve of contemplating her beautiful form in the looking-glass of Nature:

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as th'expanse of Heaven; I thither went
With inexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I went down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not, etc., etc."

Paradise Lost, Book IV.

Distinctions in dress, it may be inferred, were at a very remote period highly prized, or the venerable patriarch Jacob would not, in the indulgence of his parental vanity, have selected "a coat of many colours" as the most gratifying gift he could bestow upon his youngest and favourite son; a gift which was probably valued by Joseph, not only as a proof of his father's affection for him, but also on account of its being a garment of peculiar beauty, and superior to those worn by his brethren. The hope expressed by Sisera's mother, that her son would find amongst the spoil of Barak's camp "a prey of divers colours of needlework on both

sides," has also been adduced as an evidence that the princes and great men of Israel were fond of arraying themselves in glorious apparel, and far from indifferent to the decoration of their persons.

Of the toilette of the Hebrew beau or belle, however, few details have been preserved; but no such blank exists in the history of the last conquerors of their nation; of *their* dandyism many and amusing particulars have been handed down to us in those works which treat of their domestic manners, after riches and luxury had increased in Rome, and corruption had stamped the character of her citizens with effeminacy and voluptuousness. The tunic of the Roman exquisite was often of green silk; he painted, rouged, and curled his hair, wore a great number and variety of rings, light or heavy, according to the season; and the most superlatively finished fops had the hairs, even of their legs, plucked out by the roots with small tweezers, called *volsellæ*. In this state of things it was very natural that the dress of the women, which had been, till then, modest and simple, should become the chief object of their attention, and so completely was this the case that a lady's toilette and ornaments were called her world, *mundus muliebris*.

But a refined state of society, however it may excite personal vanity, is certainly not necessary to its development: it is exhibited by the savage, in the taste he displays in the choice of his beads, shells, and feathers, and the variety and elegance shown in the designs of his tattooing; and it is highly probable that, when Julius Cæsar landed in Britain, he found some of our native princes much better painted than others, and their blue tints of a brighter hue. Perhaps the iron age of chivalry, when women's hearts were won in coats of mail, not in

silk tunics, was more free from dandyism than any other. In the days of the Crusades men thought but little of themselves, and, excepting in the splendour of their armour, and a gay plume or scarf, still less of their outsides. The gallant Hotspur's indignant description of the finical fop, "who shone so bright and smelt so sweet, and talked so like a waiting gentlewoman," is one of the earliest, best, and most entertaining given in our language. In the reign of Elizabeth the distinguished men that her vigorous mind induced her to select for her companions and advisers were remarkable for the bravery of their attire, for they were obliged to fall in with the taste of their imperious mistress, who devoted much time to the adornment of her person. It was, however, reserved for the Court of that luxurious monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, who never permitted even his own valet to see him without his full-bottomed wig, to give effect to that spirit of coxcombality which was introduced into England at the Restoration by the rakish and rollicking cavaliers who formed the unprincipled suite of Charles the Second. His reign produced a host of Beaux, at which time the term appears to have been first used, and amongst others was applied more particularly to Hewitt, Wilson and Fielding.

The first of these worthies, Sir George Hewitt, afterwards an Irish Viscount, which peerage seems to have died with him, had the credit of being the individual from whom "gentle George Etheredge," though himself the involuntary original, is said to have drawn the character of Sir Fopling Flutter, in the *Man of the Mode* —the prototype of all the fops in comedy. The Viscount appears, also, to have been one of the first persons who reduced the robuster "damn me" of the preceding age

to the modern "dammee"; since become the consumptive "demmee" of our own. In Sir Walter Scott's edition of Dryden we have, in Rochester's farewell, an example of this mincing innovation of Beau Hewitt's:

"Had it not better been than thus to roam,
To stay and tie the cravat-string at home?
To strut, look big, shake pantaloon, and swear,
With Hewitt, 'Damme, there's no action here.'"

Wilson, too, another Beau of that day, is described by Grainger as a most mysterious person. He was the younger son of a respectable family, and entered the army, from which, after a short service in Flanders, he was dismissed for cowardice, when he returned to England with forty shillings, borrowed from a friend. Here, to the astonishment of everyone, he in a short time appeared the brightest star in the hemisphere of fashion, his dress, table, equipages and stud being perfect, and his hospitality profuse. As he seldom played, and was not known to have any intrigues, it soon became matter of lively speculation how he contrived to support all this state; many of his friends tried to worm out his secret, but without success; for, though his conduct and conversation were apparently perfectly open, he was in reality so guarded, even in his convivial moments, that no expression ever escaped him that could give a clue to the source of his wealth. Some said that he possessed the *grand secret* of converting meaner metals into gold, and others that he had robbed a Dutch mail of a package of rough diamonds. But a more natural solution of the mystery attached to Mr Wilson's proceedings is given in some intercepted letters appended to a work published in 1708, entitled, *Memoirs of the Court of England*,

in the Reign of Charles the Second, and which seems to have been much read at the time, for it went through several editions. In one of these epistles it is stated that Beau Wilson's ability to pursue his extravagant career was owing to the liberality of the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland, with whom he intrigued; but the details of the story are so singular and minute that the authenticity of some of them may fairly be doubted. Mr Wilson was killed in a duel by that prince of schemers, Mississippi Law, who, it is said, ran him through the body before he could draw his sword in his own defence.

Beau Fielding, who stands on record as the best-looking of the Beaux, and is mentioned by Swift as one of those "who made mean figures upon some remarkable occasions," was of a good family in Warwickshire. Being intended for the Bar he was sent to London early in life, but, giving way to the temptations of fashionable vices, soon abandoned that profession. His person was exceedingly beautiful, and he took infinite pains to set it off. Charles the Second was so struck with his figure when he first saw him at Court that he called him the "handsome Fielding." From that moment, he became the most conceited of all fops, and was not only vain and expensive in his own dress, but fantastical in that of his lackeys, who usually wore yellow liveries, with black sashes, and black feathers in their hats. His courage was of the same quality as that of his contemporary, Mr Wilson, his greatest piece of heroism having been to run a helpless linkboy through the body in St Martin's Lane. One evening, however, in pushing forward, to show off his dress and figure, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he trod upon the foot of a lawyer named Fullwood, who thereupon instantly challenged and wounded

him, but who, singularly enough, was killed in a duel with a Captain Cusack the same night. Fielding also received a severe caning from, and was subsequently wounded by, a Welsh gentleman of the name of Price. His excesses and extravagance at length consumed his patrimony, after which he subsisted upon his gallantries and the supplies that he obtained at the gaming-table, where he was generally successful. To repair his shattered fortunes he eventually married a connexion of Dean Swift's, the only daughter and heiress of Lord Carlingford. By this lady, a zealous Roman Catholic, he was converted to her faith, and probably induced to attach himself to the cause of James the Second, for whose service he raised a regiment in his own county, and whom he afterwards accompanied to France, where he lived handsomely on his wife's remittances.

When this lady died, being again in difficulties, Fielding once more had recourse to matrimony for a subsistence, but this time he was completely taken in by a certain Mary Wadsworth, who had assumed the name and character of Madame Delaune, a person of great wealth. Discovering the fraud he soon forsook her, and subsequently espoused, when in her sixty-first year, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, the reputed mistress of his predecessor, whom he treated with insolence and brutality. This occasioned a prosecution, and on the 4th of December 1706, a year after this marriage, he was tried and found guilty of bigamy at the Old Bailey; but, when sentence was passed upon him that he should be burnt in the hand, he craved the benefit of clergy, produced the Queen's warrant for suspending execution, and was admitted to bail. After this he became reconciled to his false Mary, and styles her, in his

will, his dear and loving wife. Beau Fielding was the Orlando of *The Tatler*, and died of a fever at his house in Scotland Yard, in 1712, at the age of sixty-one.

The next on the list is a member of that family which, through the talents of both father and daughter, has become so distinguished in this century—Beau Edgeworth. It is to him that Steele, also fond of dress in his younger days, and called a coxcomb by his libellers, alludes, in the two-hundred-and-forty-sixth number of *The Tatler*, as "a very handsome, well-shaped youth, that frequents the coffee-houses about Charing-Cross, and ties a very pretty ribbon, with a cross of jewels, to his breast": in a note to Goldney's edition he is called the "prince of puppies." Colonel Ambrose Edgeworth died in the Bridewell of Dublin, having been out of his mind some time previously to his death.

Beau Nash, who was usually styled the "King of Bath," follows next. "His prosperity," says Butler, in his *Chronological Exercises*, "was of long duration; and if a man who supported himself by gambling and intrigues can be said to deserve prosperity, it was justly due to this celebrated character; but at length age and infirmities approached; and, though Horace says we should preserve consistency to the last, it appeared ridiculous to see grey hairs and decrepitude aping the gaiety and hilarity of youth." Beau Nash was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath, on the 3rd of February 1761, having lived to the great age of eighty-eight. His funeral obsequies were conducted with much parade and solemnity, and at the expense of the corporation.

There were, no doubt, during this period, many other eminent fops besides these; but it is observable that a man was never distinguished by the title of Beau if he

Beau Nash.

had anything in him superior to it; that is, assuming that the epithet means a fop, which, in the words of Roscommon, is "a man of small understanding and much ostentation." Still, and inconsistent as it may appear, very superior and clever men have bestowed far more than necessary attention upon their dress. Petrarch, in writing to his brother, says: "Recollect the time when we wore white habits, on which the least spot, or a plait ill-placed, would have been a subject of grief, and when our shoes were so tight, that we suffered martyrdom." Lord Byron avows that he had "a touch of dandyism in his minority," and "had retained enough of *it* to conciliate the great ones at four-and-twenty." The Abbé Délille, who, besides being a priest, was also a poet, and, perhaps, the ugliest man of his day, lost so little of his personal vanity that, even in mature age, he invariably had his hair dressed with powder *couleur de rose*; and the Prince de Kaunitz, who wore satin stays, passed a portion of every morning in walking up and down a room in which four valets puffed a cloud of scented powder, but each of a different colour, in order that it might fall and amalgamate into the exact *nuance* that best suited their master's taste. "Ils étaient," observes a French writer, "des dévots à l'élégance, et en cela ils méritent nos respects; mais étaient-ils élégants? Voilà la question." Upon Rafaelle, the most spiritual of painters, has the epithet "coxcomb" been irreverently bestowed. Nelson, who wrote the *Companion to the Fasts and Festivals*, and who is supposed to have been the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, was a splendid dresser: it was from him that Richardson drew his character of Sir Charles Grandison. Charles Fox also, who, late in life, was one of the most unostentatious, not to say

slovenly, men about town, was a macaroni in his youth, and, with his friends, Lords Carlisle and Essex, wore red-heeled shoes! At this period the coxcombality of dress was necessarily great, for muffs, velvets, ruffles, gold lace and perfumed powder were then the usual appendages of male attire. We might, and with reason, imagine it was a woman, and not the Earl of March, a great sporting character, who, writing to George Selwyn, at Paris, in 1766, says: "The muff you sent me, by the Duke of Richmond, I like prodigiously, vastly better than if it had been *tigré*, or of any glaring colour—several are now making after it": and, again, in 1776, he remarks: "Pray bring me two or three bottles of perfume to put amongst powder, and some patterns for velvets that are new and pretty." But perhaps the most remarkable instance that can be cited in proof of the fact that a feeling of dandyism sometimes forms a component part of a great mind is that of the late Marquis Wellesley, to whom, almost to the last moment of his life, and when still in the full possession of those vigorous and intellectual faculties, the evidence of which forms one of the most brilliant historical pictures in the public annals of this and the latter part of the last century, a piece of rich waistcoating was as much an object of attraction and delight as to his handsome and youthful secretary. Indeed, it is said that this nobleman frequently sat alone *en grande toilette*, decorated with his blue ribbon and the Garter, as if intending to appear at a royal levee, or a chapter of the Order. But, to return to the period at which the macaronies flourished (who, according to the testimony of Horace Walpole, were travelled young men who wore long curls and spying-glasses), the adoption of broadcloth made sad havoc with the tastes of

such men as the Duke of Queensberry; and the Beaux who came in when muffs and velvets went out were of a very different description. One of the most notorious was the late Lord Harewood, called, from the singular *penchant* he had for imitating the Prince of Wales in his dress, Prince Lascelles. Of this mania he was cured by Fox, Sheridan and Wyndham, who persuaded his Royal Highness to allow his queue (which it was then the fashion to wear) to be concealed by the collar of his coat. He readily consented, and during dinner, for they were all dining with the Prince, one of the three called Lascelles's attention to the fact, who, completely tricked into the idea that the queue was cut off, appeared the next day, to the amusement of the conspirators, without his own. Colonel Montgomery, also a friend of the Prince of Wales's, and the unsuccessful principal in the duel with Captain Macnamara, was in the habit of dressing like the Duke of Hamilton, and thus received the sobriquet of the Duke of Hamilton's *double*. Another fop of this century was a Colonel Matthews, who, being extremely distressed at the loss of one of his front teeth, determined upon having it replaced by one drawn from another person's jaw, trusting, perhaps, to that jargon of the doctors called "healing by a second intention." He was fitted accordingly, but, horrible to relate, the saliva, or something adhering to the tooth, inoculating the system, brought on a cancer in the mouth, of which he died.

Though many others might be enumerated besides those I have mentioned, I will close the list with the name of the venerable patriarch of the Beaux, who still survives, Sir Lumley Skeffington. He is said to be entitled to the enviable denomination of the most amiable

of the genus Beau, and a distinguished author, who allowed his pen to dwell briefly on these matters some years ago, says "that under all his double-breasted coats and waistcoats he never had any other than a single-hearted soul."

Having brought this sketch of the principal Beaux upon record to a close I will now enter upon the life of him who, Lord Byron said, was one of the three great men of the nineteenth century, placing himself third, Napoleon second, and Brummell first. To this postulate it is not my intention to offer any support, but I think there is sufficient evidence to show that he ought not to be classed with the Beaux if, as I have before remarked, a beau is a fop, and a fop a man of small understanding. But, if I prove my own assertion, what then? Does it at all signify whether his reputation remains as it is or not? No. Then: "Le jeu, vaut-il la chandelle?" Yes, if the first portion of this biography amuses the reader and the last pages excite reflection. Some, indeed, will smile at the moral Brummell's life conveys: others may perhaps agree with me in the views I have taken of it.

CHAPTER II

Brummell's origin—The death of his grandfather—Lord Liverpool patronizes his father, and subsequently introduces him to Lord North — Made private secretary to that nobleman — The Richardson family — George and his Aunt Brawn — Lord North's regard for Brummell's father—Instructions for a Prince and for the Representatives of the People—Mr Brummell's retirement from public life—Donnington—Sheridan and Miss White—Death of Mr and Mrs Brummell

BRUMMELL'S origin, like that of many greater men than himself, was humble. A French journalist, who wrote a biographical notice of him a few months after his death, says that "his grandfather, the first of the Brummells and the founder of the family, was originally a Treasury porter, a situation which he obtained through the patronage of Lord North, and that prudence and industry enabled him to give his son a good education"; also, "that he succeeded, through the kindness of the same nobleman, in procuring him employment in that office." A writer in a late periodical has asserted that Beau Brummell was the son of a confectioner, and others have described his father as having been in Lord Bute's household. But these accounts are all, or nearly all, equally incorrect. George Brummell's grandfather was in business in Bury Street, St James's, and might have been a confectioner, though I have no evidence of the fact. He was buried in St James's Churchyard, in a corner of which his tombstone may still be seen, and on it the following inscription: "Here lies the body of Mr William Brummell, who departed this

life the 31st of March, 1770, aged 61 years." His wife's death is likewise recorded thus: "Also the remains of Mrs Jane Brummell, who departed this life on the 27th of July, 1788, aged 73 years." An uncle of the Beau's, Benjamin Brummell, of the Treasury, who died in February 1816, is likewise buried in the same vault. Within a few feet of Mr Brummell's grave is that of the celebrated Tom Durfey, a tablet to whose memory is inserted in the wall of the church itself, facing the west entrance.

Not being in affluent circumstances, Mr Brummell, like many persons in business in the present day, let a portion of his house, and, fortunately for him and his family, not only "the spirit of Jenky arose," but Jenky himself; or, in words less Ossianic than those of the song of Scrutinaria, his lodgings were taken by Charles Jenkinson, afterwards the first Lord Liverpool; and it is said, I know not with what truth, that his distinguished lodger was attracted to the house by the perfect penmanship of the *affiche*, "Apartments to let," written in his son's, the Beau's father, best hand.

Mr Jenkinson, as is well known, was not only clever, but remarkably laborious; and though one of that Administration contemptuously spoken of as "all the hacks," in contradistinction to the one yclept "all the talents," it should be remembered that hacks are more useful than race-horses; and that his lordship, instead of closing his career like the high-mettled racer, in a kennel, died in ermine trappings, and left a very comfortable *écurie* to his successors, while the "talents" hardly left a shed to theirs.

Brummell's father was but a boy when Mr Jenkinson came to lodge in Bury Street, but his active disposition

soon attracted that gentleman's attention, and, pleased with his quickness, he made him his amanuensis, and, when joint secretary of the Treasury, in 1763, he obtained for him a clerkship in that office. In this subordinate situation young Brummell remained for some time; but fortune is generally the friend of industry, and his unremitting attention to business and strict integrity, together with Mr Jenkinson's recommendation, who was a lord of the Treasury in 1767, induced his successor, Lord North, to appoint him his private secretary. This nobleman honoured him with his friendship, and continued him in this confidential post during his Administration; that is, from 1770 to 1782, when the Marquis of Rockingham took office. It is rather curious that clergymen at this period sometimes held the situation of secretary to the First Lord of the Treasury. The Rev. Mr Walker had that appointment under the Marquis, and the Rev. Mr King under the Duke of Portland.

Advanced thus, in all probability beyond his most sanguine expectations, Mr Brummell's shrewdness and intelligence were constantly exerted, and he not only succeeded in obtaining emoluments under his new patron, but drew a prize in the lottery-office of Mr Richardson by marrying his youngest daughter. She is said to have been one of the prettiest women of her day, and not erroneously, if the artist who executed the miniature of her, now existing, was not a Lawrence, or a rival of Mr Brummell. But though this marriage must have been a very eligible one for the young lady, it does not appear that the connexion exactly suited the ideas of the Richardson family, who were fond of pedigrees, and claimed to be descended from no less a personage than Sir W. Richardson, chief justice in the reign of James the

First. The shield of the chief justice is still to be seen in the painted window of Lincoln's Inn; and his monument, which is in Westminster Abbey, is near to that of the celebrated Dr Busby, who wielded the birch so vigorously and successfully during the fifty-five years that he was master of Westminster School. Mr Richardson's objections, however, were probably softened afterwards, for another daughter was not so fortunate, and married Mr Vernon, an actor; a third sister espoused a Mr Hughes, a very respectable person in the City; and the fourth married a gentleman of the name of Brawn, who had a farm near Lilbourn.

George Brummell occasionally paid a visit to his Aunt Brawn, and one of the earliest episodes remembered of his childhood is that he was one day guilty of crying most bitterly because he could not eat any more of her ample damson tart. The eldest son of Mr Richardson, who succeeded to the lottery-office at his father's death, was a great friend of the late Mr Coutts, the banker, and an expensive man-about-town. He died early. The second brother was in the navy and sailed in the *Alarm* frigate, the first in the service that was coppered; he was also on board the *Centurion*, the ship in which Lord Anson circumnavigated the globe. At his brother's death he replaced him in the lottery-office.

How very highly Lord North appreciated the services of Mr Brummell is satisfactorily proved by the lucrative appointments which that minister conferred upon him; for, at his decease, he held those of Receiver of the Duties on Uninhabited Houses in London and Middlesex, Comptroller of the Hawkers' and Pedlars' Office, and Agent and Paymaster to the Out-Pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, the net salaries of which amounted

to two thousand five hundred pounds per annum. As Mr Brummell enjoyed such a handsome share of the good things in the gift of Lord North, called by the pamphleteers of the day "the God of Emolument," it was not only natural, but fair, that he should occupy a prominent position in the squibs so frequently launched forth against his master, and with justice too; for perhaps no country with free institutions ever suffered so much from the obstinate "honesty," perhaps his admirers will exclaim, as England did from the colonial policy of that minister.

In one of the pamphlets I have alluded to, entitled "Instructions for a Prince, with State Maxims and interesting Papers, found in the Cabinet of the King of Lunaria," the author gives the following letter from a certain secretary to a newly elected member of the House of Commons—that secretary was Brummell's father, and the note is supposed to have been written by order of Lord North.

"Sir,—Permit me to congratulate you on the honourable seat which you have lately obtained in so honourable a manner. I inclose you, by order of my master, Lord N——, a copy of instructions drawn up by himself for the use of *his* members. I have the honour to be, Sir, etc., etc., etc.,

"William Brummell."

The instructions to the representatives of the people were as follows:

"1st. You are to use your best endeavours in bringing over the opposition.

"2nd. You are never to play the orator, lest you should stumble on unseasonable truths (applicable to

some cases in the present day); an Aye or No, judiciously employed, is infinitely preferable to the finest rhetorical flourish.

"3rd. You are not to be absent from duty on any pretence whatever.

"4th. Good posts will be provided for your relatives and friends; but, if they cannot be immediately given, you are not to murmur, or threaten, or even talk of conscience.

"Lastly. You are to pay implicit obedience to the will of the minister."

The expenditure of secret service money is thus humorously made out by the same author; the initials only of the names of some were given in the original—I have filled them up.

"To my dearly beloved cousin the Earl of Bute, the Mazarin of Lunaria, for his care of me in my nonage, 20,000*l.* per annum.

"To the Earl of Mansfield, the Solon of the age, as a reward for his assiduity in new-modelling the laws, 5000*l.* per annum.

"To the Poet Laureat, Mr William Whitehead, exclusive of his salary, for making me the paragon of princes and humbling my enemies in the birthday odes, 500*l.* per annum.

"To sundry posts and pensions in the Lords and Commons, in order to secure a majority in both houses, value 300,000*l.*

"To several of the poorer and more noisy patriots, 30,000*l.* per annum.

"(N.B. We are making daily converts.)

"To a common-councilman of Lunaria, for his speeches at the halls, and endeavouring to persuade

the liverymen of London that they have no will of their own, 500*l.*

"To a lord of the Admiralty (probably Charles Fox), to enable him to purchase a new suit, and that he may appear at Court with clean linen, 100*l.*

"To Lord North, he having a very large family, seven children, and a very small income (only 20,000*l.* per annum), for his assistance in raising Lunaria to her present height and prosperity, a douceur, 50,000*l.*

"To Edward Gibbon, Esq., for 'An Essay on the Art of Sinking in Politics; or, Rules for the Ruin of a State,' 500*l.*

"To the commissioners, cash to bribe Congress, 100,000*l.*

"To Oberea, queen of Otaheite, my sole, yet powerful [1] ally, for dolls, beads, ribbons, etc., value 2000*l.*

"To divers new writers for puff and panegyric, 10,000*l.* per annum."

These were indeed glorious days for the writers of "puff and panegyric." Major Topham, the editor of *The World*, actually succeeded to David Hume's pension.[2]

After Lord North's resignation, Mr Brummell retired to the country, and in the year 1788 served the office of

[1] As the *powerful* may by many be thought somewhat questionable, the following extract from Captain Cook's voyage is submitted to the reader: "The fleet of Otaheite, which I then saw, consisted of 210 vessels, besides smaller ones to serve as transports, etc.; and it appears from an accurate calculation, that the whole island can furnish for immediate service 68,000 able men." No despicable assistance to Lunaria in her *present despicable* situation.

[2] Major Topham died at Doncaster on the 20th April 1820: he was known to the lovers of the drama by the many prologues and epilogues which proceeded from his pen; also by several minor theatrical pieces. He likewise wrote a Biography of the celebrated and eccentric John Elwes, Esq.

high sheriff for Berkshire. In the immediate vicinity of his seat, The Grove, near Donnington Castle, a place famous for having been the residence of Chaucer, and for its spirited resistance to the Parliamentarian army in the civil wars, he was eminently distinguished by his private virtues, particularly in his exertions on behalf of the infant poor, many of whom he benevolently rescued from ignorance and destitution; and by them his loss was truly deplored—for it was felt. Nor was he forgetful of the duties of hospitality to his affluent friends; the hall-door, though it hung upon an old-fashioned hinge, yielded easily to the touch of his numerous visitors, and The Grove was universally acknowledged to be one of the most agreeable houses in the neighbourhood. That such should have been the case was not extraordinary. Mr Brummell had for twelve years been in habits of intimacy with perhaps the most delightful of companions, who, whatever might be his political obstinacy or manœuvring to retain office, was possessed of more *bonhomie* and powers of pleasing all that came within reach of his conversation than any other of the great public men of his time.

The society which Mr Brummell received at Donnington was of the best and most talented description; both Fox and Sheridan visited there, and tradition has still preserved the remembrance of one of the practical jokes in which the latter was so fond of indulging. It was played off on a Miss White, a spinster, who had passed her grand climacteric, but whose vanity was so little tempered by age that Sheridan, in one of his frolicsome and persuasive moments, succeeded in inducing her to believe that Mr Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, and a guest at Donnington, was in love

with her. "My dear Miss White," said Sheridan, "my friend is endowed with great sensibility; only touch him on that point and he is yours." And the lady, instigated by the mischievous wit, and hoping to attract the admiration of Mr Harris, dressed herself in the costume of one of those pastoral beauties immortalized in Chelsea china, and, attired in a stiff dress of primrose brocade and gipsy hat, with pale blue ribbons, sat by the side of a pond, in the grounds, with a fishing-rod in her hand, the best part of a broiling summer's day, nervously expecting her Colin—it is needless to add, in vain.

Under the influence of these examples, Master George Brummell doubtless cultivated his natural *penchant* for fun; but in the early part of the year 1793 the sounds of festivity were hushed at The Grove; death left Mr Brummell a widower, and exactly one year and a day after his wife's burial he was himself carried to the family vault at St Martin's-in-the-Fields, and laid beside her. This event took place on the 17th of March 1794. Mr Brummell died, leaving two sons; William, the eldest, and a daughter still survive; the former married, in May 1800, Miss Daniel (whose sister was married to a brother of the present Lord Gwydyr), and the latter a Captain Blackshaw, who resided in a cottage near The Grove.

Mr Brummell's youngest son, George Bryan Brummell, the subject of the present memoir, had not quite completed his sixteenth year at the time of his father's death, having been born on the 7th of June 1778, and baptized on the 2nd of July, at St Margaret's, Westminster. I am ignorant who on this occasion promised to answer for his anticipated misdeeds, but his second Christian name would seem to imply that the shade of

the old Irish hero came back from the world of spirits to do him honour. A very handsome provision was left, at Mr Brummell's death, for his three children, proving that he not only knew how to acquire money, but how to keep it, a virtue which in this, as in the generality of cases with fortunes rapidly made, did not descend—at least to his youngest son. The sum of £65,000, which Mr Brummell died possessed of, was placed in the hands of trustees, to be equally divided amongst his children, on their attaining their majority. The amount is so large, more particularly when it is remembered that Mr Brummell was given to acts of hospitality, that it leads to the supposition that he speculated successfully; probably, like his patron, Lord North, in the funds.

Such was the origin of the Beau's family, and such the details I have been able to collect respecting it. He seldom touched upon the subject of his genealogical tree—never in conversation; but in one of his notes to a young lady, hereafter given, he appears to allude to it when he says in the commencement: "I swear to you by those humble ancestors who sleep in their parish churchyards"; humble they were, but respectable; and it is a pity that Brummell did not content himself with the position in society their industry and better judgment had secured for him, and this he was probably brought to think by the sufferings and reverses of his later life.

CHAPTER III

Buck Brummell at Eton—His gentlemanly deportment—The Windsor bargeman—The sporting high sheriff—His novel estimate of character—Dame Young—Description of George by the captain of her house—His great dexterity in toasting cheese—His peccadilloes—Dr L.—Brummell enters at Oriel College, Oxford—His consumption of midnight oil there—Leaves the University—Is gazetted to a cornetcy in the Tenth—Introduced to the Prince of Wales—In attendance on His Royal Highness at his marriage—The blue nose—Reasons for disliking the army—Retires from the service.

AT Eton, to which his father sent him in 1790, at least he appears in the list of the lower school for that year, George Brummell was remarkable for his quiet, gentlemanly manners and ready wit, as well as for the excessive neatness of his personal appearance. At that time the term "dandy" was not the vogue: "bucks" and "macaronies" were then the nicknames of such as affected peculiar elegance in their dress; and, according to one authority now living at Eton, he was distinguished from his fellows by the sobriquet of "Buck Brummell." The anxiety with which he eschewed the dirty streets on a rainy day, his white stock with a bright gold buckle behind, and the measured dignity of his step, are remembered by his contemporaries who still survive; his language, dress and deportment were, in this respect, always in perfect keeping.

It frequently happened that a contest took place between the boys and the Windsor bargemen, and on one of these occasions an unhappy bargee fell into the hands

of the exasperated lads, who, having been in a former row very roughly handled by these Jacob Faithfuls, gave momentary way to passion, and were literally contemplating throwing him over the bridge into the Thames. In the midst of the uproar and hauling about, fifty pulling him one way and fifty the other, Buck Brummell came over the bridge, and, probably from a good-natured motive, he, in the quietest tones of remonstrance, addressed his incensed companions as follows: "My good fellows, don't send him into the river; the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold." A finer instance of bathos seldom occurs—from drowning to catching cold! But, to be sure, either might have happened, even to a bargee. This appeal of George Brummell's was irresistible; the boys took it and, in an ebullition of laughter, projected the bargeman along the road, who took to his heels and was out of sight in an instant.

Little, however, is now remembered of Brummell at Eton; old Sukey, the purveyor of tarts and apples, is an inmate of the almshouse, but her mind is too enfeebled by age for her to recollect whether he patronized her, and if he was ever so vulgarly happy as to enjoy cranberries, bulls'-eyes, or the classical elecampane; neither have I been able to ascertain whether, like other boys, he hacked his desk or cut his name on the walls. In the upper schoolroom, where upwards of three thousand names are cut on the oak panelling, numbering amongst them those of Charles Fox—and scores of others of our young nobility and commoners scarcely less distinguished in the senate, or the field—that of George Brummell does not appear.

I was dining one day with the high sheriff of a county contiguous to the metropolis, a Nestor of Nimrods, and accidentally hearing him remark that he was at Eton in the latter part of the last century, I asked him whether he recollected Brummell there. The rough, but good-humoured, old fox-hunter immediately acknowledged the acquaintance. "I knew him well, sir," said the veteran sportsman; "he was never flogged; and a man, sir, is not worth a d—n who was never flogged through the school." Here the conversation, to my great regret, was cut short by the under sheriff hopping into the room and announcing to his chief, who was doing the honours most admirably, that "in the great tithe cause, Smith *versus* Jones, a verdict had just been recorded in favour of the plaintiff." This brought on a perfect typhoon from the high sheriff, mangel wurzel, fat beasts and the sliding-scale. I made a waiting race of it, but it was of no use; the whole of the squires present went off at score, I could never get old Hubert to hark back to the Beau, and the evening passed without my being able to take advantage of this rencontre with a brother Etonian of my hero.

Indeed, I had some time previously completely given up all hopes of obtaining anything more relating to Brummell's schoolboy days when, through the kindness of a friend, I received a communication on the subject from a gentleman, whose name it is not necessary to mention, but from whose courteous letter I now quote the following passage: "I was three years at Eton with my old friend Brummell. We were at Dame Young's, and I was the Captain of her house, in which there were forty boys. All these three most happy years George was my fag. He was a far livelier lad than his handsome brother William; indeed, no one at the school was so full

of animation, fun and wit. He was a general favourite. Our dame, his tutor, and my tutor (the father of the present headmaster, Dr Hawtrey), and Dr Goodall all petted him. You ask me whether he was pugnacious; I do not remember that he ever fought or quarrelled with anyone: indeed, it was impossible for anyone to be more good-natured than he was. With George, now General Leigh, and Lord Lake, and Jack Musters, who were all in the same house with us, and Berkeley Craven, a great pickle in his boyish days, and living at Dr Foster's, and with all his other intimate companions, I never heard of his having a single disagreement. Like them also he was not in the least studious, but a very *clever* and a very *idle* boy, and very *frank*; and then, whatever he became afterwards, not in the least conceited, though nature seemed to have supplied him with a quadruple portion of amusing repartee.

"I recollect nothing about his fondness for athletic exercises, boating, cricket, etc., but I really believe no young Etonian was ever more popular with all his companions than George Brummell, not even excepting his celebrated namesake, George Canning. As head of the house I had two suppers of cold meat and pastry, and a double portion of bread and cheese. No toaster of bread and cheese ever surpassed or even equalled George Brummell; and I can speak from experience, as he nightly toasted mine most delicately for three years. When the toasting was over he divided it into two as equal parts as he could, and I chose mine first. When I divided what he had toasted he always had the first choice.

"About two years after he had been at Eton his father, having been informed of some peccadillo he had com-

mitted, sent his butler from Donnington with a paternal letter to his eldest son, which began : 'My dear William,' and another to the Beau, commencing, 'George.' George's letter was in other respects a most disagreeable one, intimating as it did the order for his immediate return, with all his clothes ; his father having determined not to allow him to return again to Eton. Hearing of his trouble I went to his room, and found him with the two letters before him : they were wet with tears, which, *parvis componere magna*, fell, if not like the Falls of Niagara, like those of the Clyde—such a stream of tears I never saw, and have never seen since. 'George,' said I, 'what's the matter?' He could not speak, but, sobbing, pointed first to 'My dear William,' and then to the monosyllable 'George.' I give you this anecdote as a trait of his being possessed, at least at this time, of a warm heart. His father's relented also, for after the next holidays George reappeared amongst his companions, the most manly boy of them all."

The only person who appears to have been unfavourably disposed towards the young Etonian was Dr L——, one of the masters of the Lower School, who frequently forwarded a true and particular account of his delinquencies to The Grove ; but it does not appear that he was himself immaculate. Abraham Moore wittily remarked of this reverend gentleman, when he was elected to a vacant fellowship, that his success proved the truth of the poet's observation, that "*worth* makes the man—the want of it a fellow!" Brummell was in the fifth form in 1793, the year he left Eton, and, though he took very good care that none of his companions should impute to him the intention of succeeding the headmaster, he left the college a gentlemanly scholar ; and also with an

ample share of that precocious worldliness of which a public school generally imparts some to the dullest comprehension. It was this, together with the originality of his character, his good humour, vivacity and ready address, that gave him an ascendancy over his schoolfellows; a position which his classical attainments or superior physical power never would have procured him.

From Eton he went to Oxford, and entered at Oriel College. Here, according to Mr Lister, in *Granby*, "he rapidly progressed in the exclusive habits to which he had shown himself predisposed, the little that remained of schoolboy frankness was quickly thrown aside in his violent desire to be perfectly correct; and, to gratify this taste, he cut one of his brother Etonians, because he entered at a junior college, and discontinued visiting another, because he had invited him to meet two men of —— Hall. The plan which he acted upon was to make intimacies with men of high rank and connexions: he was a consummate tuft-hunter; and to the preservation of an embryo baronet or earl, he fancied it necessary to sacrifice a friend a term.

"He consumed a considerable quantity of midnight oil, but very little of it over his books: and it was not so much from a meritorious motive as a wish to do something that nobody thought he could or would do that he wrote for the Newdigate prize. It is true he was not successful, but his copy was considered the second best, and he contrived to make people believe that he would have been, if he had taken sufficient pains; for his friends asserted that his failure was mainly owing to his indolence in having neglected to count his verses. He was more celebrated, however, for his systematic violation of college rules than for his stanzas; he always ordered

his horse at hall-time, was the author of half the squibs that appeared on the screen, turned a tame jackdaw, with a pair of bands on, into the quadrangle, to parody the master, and treated all proctors' and other penalties with contempt."

This account of Brummell's college career is probably correct as far as relates to his studies: he, no doubt, gave himself very little trouble about lectures, and, like the generality of undergraduates, was wise enough not to importune his tutor for instruction; but the accusation of cutting an old schoolfellow, and a friend a term, may fairly be doubted, for it does not at all accord with the character given of him by his captain at Eton, nor by those of his contemporaries at Oriel with whom the author is acquainted. It seems, indeed, as if Mr Lister had imagined this college sketch, to make it correspond with the habits and disposition of Trebeck in after life.

But although he did not devote himself to study he gained from a fellow-Oxonian some useful information in the line that he intended to take. This gentleman, a Mr E——, was famous for his comic songs and good stories, and many of these he imparted to Brummell, who afterwards gave them with such good effect at the wine-parties of his friends that he left the university with a better reputation for wit and fun than his instructor. Having added these qualifications to the many he possessed when he arrived at this seat of learning, he took an early leave of Alma Mater, and three months after his father's death—viz. on the 17th of June 1794—was gazetted to a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars, at this time commanded by the Prince of Wales.

According to Brummell's own statement, he had been

presented to the heir-apparent on the terrace at Windsor when a boy at Eton, and he used to say that his subsequent intimacy with His Royal Highness grew out of the slight notice with which he was then favoured. A contemporary and friend of his told me that, on his arrival in London, some of the caterers for the Prince's amusement informed him that the young Etonian had grown up a second Selwyn, upon which His Royal Highness intimated a desire to see him again. A party was accordingly made for this purpose, and George, not being embarrassed by any real modesty, as many similarly situated would have been, acquitted himself so much to the Prince's satisfaction that the fortunate result was the gift of the cornetcy already spoken of.

Adorned with the rich uniform of the Tenth, which his slight but handsome figure was well calculated to show off, and brought forward under the auspices of his royal patron, Brummell found himself at once in the highest society in the country—in a position that, in all probability, he had never dreamed of attaining, even in his most sanguine and ambitious moments. The intimacies, also, which he formed with several of his brother officers no doubt contributed to facilitate his reception in families of the highest rank and fashion; for amongst them were Lord Petersham, Lords R. E. Somerset, Charles Ker, Charles and Robert Manners, and the Honourables Bligh and Lumley.

Though Brummell was only sixteen years of age, a mere boy, when he entered the Tenth, and the Prince was then two-and-thirty, his partiality for the young cornet did not surprise those who were about His Royal Highness, for he was well known to have a strong predilection for companions who had any marked peculiarities of

character about them; hence his former intimacy with Lord Barrymore, George Hanger, and several others. George Brummell was an original too, and a genius in his way; for how could his wit, assurance and agreeable manners have been acquired at that early age? Many were the marks of royal favour bestowed upon him; and, with that precipitation of preference which characterized His Royal Highness's conduct towards his favourites, he was soon placed on a footing of intimacy wholly inconsistent with their relative positions in life.

The Tenth were almost always either at Brighton or in London, and on the arrival of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, to celebrate her marriage with the heir-apparent, a party of the regiment, commanded by Lord Edward Somerset, escorted her from Greenwich to St James's. At the august ceremony Brummell was in personal attendance upon the Prince as a kind of *chevalier d'honneur*; he also went down with the happy couple to Windsor, and his description of the honeymoon was in strong contrast to the one given by the Princess herself in the *Diary illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth*.

Brummell's account of these espousals must, however, have been tolerably authentic, as he went the next morning to take the Prince's orders while His Royal Highness was still at his toilet, when he certainly received no unfavourable impression from the conversation that took place. When I heard him relate the circumstances it was years after he left England; and he certainly had no lingering admiration, at that time, for his former friend. He said that nothing could go off better; that "the young couple appeared perfectly satisfied with each other, particularly the Princess: she was then a very handsome and desirable-looking woman"; and it

was only, according to Brummell's version of the story, when the intrigues of some old ladies about the Court began to take effect that any disagreement between them became apparent.

Once included in the brilliant circle that surrounded the Prince of Wales, he rapidly established a reputation for wit and refinement, and soon became a great favourite with the fair sex. The following anecdote will illustrate this remark. At a ball given by a great law lord in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, at which, amongst a very numerous assemblage of the *beau monde*, a Miss J——, afterwards Lady G—— H——, was present, a circumstance occurred which proved that he understood the difficult art of making himself agreeable to a proud woman.

Miss J—— was a magnificent creature, and of course the greatest attention was paid her; but though surrounded by ardent admirers, not one of them had sufficient influence to induce her to dance. Like a spoiled beauty, as she was, she declined the offers of one and all of them. Quite late in the evening, however, Cornet Brummell was announced, and he had scarcely made his bow to her, when this *difficile* lady, who had probably been waiting for him, rose from her chair and, giving her hand to the new arrival, was soon seen figuring away amongst a crowd of the discarded who had sought that hand in vain. As the Beau approached one of them, my informant, he inquired, with an air of great curiosity, who the ugly man near the chimney-piece might be. "Why surely, my good fellow, you know him," said his acquaintance; "that is the master of the house!" "No," replied the unconscious cornet, "how should I? I was never invited."

When Brummell was with his regiment he was the life and soul of the mess, for his original wit and collection of good stories were inexhaustible; and at the dinner-table he always kept his brother officers in roars of laughter. As to duty, he did little or none; and when late for parade, which was very often the case, he would ride up to the commanding officer and disarm him with some queer apology, half impudence, half excuse, which was generally accepted, for he was popular, and the colonel good-natured. But he was so much about the Prince that he was seldom present with the corps, and the gallant Tenth did not therefore benefit much by his services. When, unfortunately for the country, he was with them, it is said that he did not actually know his own troop; but, happily for him, one of his front rank men had a very large, blue nose: this feature was Brummell's beacon; and when coming on parade, which, as I have said before, was frequently ten minutes too late, he galloped along the line, or between the squadrons, until he arrived at the nose. Here he reined up and took his place in the front or rear, as the case might be.

On one occasion, however, some recruits having joined the ranks from drill, a transfer of men was made, and several were drawn from the front rank of his troop and sent to another. At the next parade that he attended, and several days after this alteration, he found the regiment already in line, and, ignorant of course of all the arrangements that had been made at the barracks in the meantime, he rode up and down as usual, and at length stopped opposite his nose—his blue nose. "How now, Mr Brummell!" vociferated the colonel, "you are with the wrong troop." "No,

no," muttered the Beau, turning round in his saddle, and looking confidently first at his invaluable nose and then at the colonel, adding, in a suppressed tone: "I know better than that; a pretty thing indeed if I did not know my own troop!"

One of his brother officers humorously told me that he attended to his duty infinitely better after he had left the regiment than he did when he belonged to it; for he seldom passed within twenty miles of their quarters without turning out of his road and paying them a visit. On one of these itinerant calls he drove into the barrack-yard at Canterbury in his carriage, with four posters. "Halloo, George!" said a friend from the mess-room window, "when did you take to four horses?" "Only since my valet gave me warning for making him travel with a pair." This was Brummell's usual mode of reply, ever ready with some droll excuse for his follies or extravagance.

Rapid as was his promotion, for he commanded a troop in less than three years after he entered the service, having been promoted to the rank of captain on the 1st of June 1796; and little as he was inconvenienced by his military duties, he did not care to put up with any further interference with his independence; for, as soon as the novelty of the thing wore off, he began to think of retiring. This he did, in the very early part of 1798, the disturbed state of Europe, the wailings of the Anti-jacobin, and the splendid declamations of Burke, in the cause of suffering humanity, having failed to induce him to seek "a reputation at the cannon's mouth!"

With such brilliant prospects of advancement as Captain Brummell had before him, it is difficult to say what was his reason for taking so unwise a step;

perhaps it was his anxiety to exchange his *club* for White's, or emancipate his head from hair-powder, which was still worn in the army.

This absurd fashion of powdering the hair originated in the whim of a French mountebank at a fair, who, to get an extra laugh out of his audience, greased his head, dredged it with flour, and then grinned horribly. But though powder was still worn in the army when Brummell left the service, it had been gradually falling into disuse in society in England, since the tax had been laid upon it by Mr Pitt, three years before. To evade this impost, many speculators brought forward powder made of other materials than flour; amongst them was Lord William Murray, a son of the Duke of Atholl, who took out a patent, in 1796, for making starch from horse-chestnuts.

The fatal blow, however, was given to this custom by Francis, Duke of Bedford, and his friends, who, in order more effectually to disappoint Mr Pitt of the revenue that he very reasonably hoped to realize, from an article so intimately connected with the vanities and fashions of the day, entered into an engagement to forfeit a certain sum of money, if any of them wore their hair tied or powdered, within a certain period. Accordingly, in the September of 1795, a general cropping, washing and combing out of hair took place at Woburn Abbey—probably in the powdering-room, an apartment dedicated to the powder-puff in the houses of most gentlemen in those days. Amongst the Absaloms present on this startling occasion, this anti-pigtail plot, were the present Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Jersey, and Sir Harry Featherstone; the late Lord William Russell, Mr Lambton, the father of the late Lord Durham; and

Messrs Anthony and Robert Lee, Trevers, Dutton, Day and Vernon.

But, in spite of this opposition on the part of the leading Whigs, there still remained energetic supporters of powder and the minister; amongst these were to be numbered all the elderly ladies, who naturally enough patronized a habit that made the young and old appear equally grey. Their exertions, however, were fruitless; and the Treasury was amusingly charged with entertaining the idea of taxing the substitute, which eventually replaced their powder, and, to make up for the unlooked-for deficiency in the tax, it was proposed that a return should be made of false hair, whether worn in scratches or fronts; but the perruquiers defied nature, and the plan, if ever contemplated, was relinquished.

But at the time Brummell left the Tenth it was highly desirable that the use of powder should be countermanded in the army; for a scarcity of corn was seriously felt, and the following calculation, made when the powder-tax was first imposed, shows how much of this invaluable article of food was uselessly consumed in that service alone. The military force of the United Kingdom and our Colonies at this period, including foot, horse, militia and fencibles, amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand men, each of whom was supposed to use a pound of flour per week: this made no less a sum than six thousand, five hundred tons' weight a year, a quantity sufficient to make three millions, fifty-nine thousand, three hundred and fifty-three quartern loaves, and to supply fifty thousand persons with bread for that period. The scarcity two years after Brummell's retirement—viz. in July 1800—was so great that the consumption of flour for pastry was prohibited in the

Royal Household, rice being used instead; the distillers left off malting, hackney-coach fares were raised twenty-five per cent., and Wedgwood made dishes to represent pie-crust.

But to return to Brummell, though probably he was sufficiently annoyed at being obliged to wear powder when it was going out of fashion, his principal reason for leaving the profession was, his objection to being quartered in a manufacturing town; at all events, it was the one that he chose to assign. It appears his regiment was at Brighton when they suddenly and unexpectedly received an order to march for Manchester. The news arrived late one evening, and early the next morning Brummell, according to the account he gave me, made his way to the Prince, who expressed some surprise that he should be favoured with a visit from *him* at such an unusual hour, when the Beau, after due apology, said: "Why, the fact is, your Royal Highness, I have heard that we are ordered to Manchester. Now you must be aware how disagreeable this would be to *me*. I really could not go—*think*, your Royal Highness, *Manchester!* Besides," and here was an instance of his tact, "*you* would not be there. I have, therefore, with your Royal Highness's permission, determined to sell out." "Oh! by all means, Brummell," said the Prince, "do as you please, do as you please." And accordingly he resigned with the most perfect indifference, and before he was of age, his troop in the Tenth —at that time the most dashing regiment in the army!

CHAPTER IV

Brummell attains his majority, though not in the Tenth—Establishes himself in Chesterfield Street—His figure and countenance—His style of dress—A French author's opinion of him—The Dandies, English and Indian—Wraxall's description of dress in 1794—Brummell's cravat—His method of tying it—His condemnation of the Duke of Bedford's coat—The Beau's tailors—"Superfine" and "Bath coating"—The Prince of Wales's wardrobe—Brummell's dress at the cover side

BUT the profession of arms was decidedly not Brummell's proper vocation, and the service did not suffer severely by his resignation; the least restraint or compulsory exertion was perfectly repugnant to his nature, and the trifling inconveniences of a soldier's life, even in England, were in the last degree unlikely to suit a young man who seemed created on purpose to personify elegant idleness. A year after he left the army he came into possession of his fortune, which, having accumulated during his minority, amounted to thirty thousand pounds.

Being now master of his time, as well as of his money, he determined to devote himself to a life of pleasure, and the first step he took towards the accomplishment of his design was to establish himself, with all the means and appliances of comfort, in No. 4 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, in which street, by the by, George Selwyn also resided. There, with the assistance of a man-cook, who formed one item in his small but *recherché ménage*, he gave some excellent little dinners; his guests were congenial spirits, and, on the authority of a noble duke,

I can say that even the Prince honoured them with his presence.

But while he preserved all the appearances necessary to support the position he had acquired in society, there was nothing outrageously extravagant in his general routine of expenditure. At this time he was wise enough not to play, and his stud consisted only of a couple of horses to enable him to air himself in the Park.

It has already been observed that Brummell's figure was well set off by his hussar uniform, but it should be clearly understood that it derived no other advantage from it; the reverse of which is the case with so many young men who hide a bad one under the attractive shelter of regimentals. Nature had indeed been most liberal to him in this respect; he was about the same height as the Apollo, and the just proportions of his form were remarkable; his hand was particularly well shaped, and, had he been inclined to *earn* his livelihood after his flight from London, he would readily have found an engagement as a life-sitter to an artist, or got well paid to perambulate France from fair to fair, to personate the statuary of the ancients.

His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features were neither plain nor handsome, but his head was well shaped, the forehead being unusually high, showing, according to phrenological development, more of the mental than the animal passions—the bump of self-esteem was very prominent. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in

sarcastic humour; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, preserved his countenance from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth, and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were grey and full of oddity, could assume an expression that made the sincerity of his words very doubtful.

This flexibility of feature enabled Brummell to give additional point to his humorous or satirical remarks, his whole physiognomy giving the idea that, had he devoted himself to dramatic composition, he would have written in a tone far more resembling that of *The School for Scandal* than *The Gamester*, or any plot developing reflection and deep feeling. His voice was very pleasing.

Having described his person, it is high time to advert to the point in Brummell's character which procured him the sobriquet of Beau—his taste in dress and great attention to it. On this subject, he has been much misrepresented; and it is strange how very few persons there are, out of the class with whom he associated, who appeared to be aware that he possessed a single idea that did not originate in his glass or his wardrobe. By the majority, he is considered to have been an overdressed and finical puppy; and he is represented by a journalist of modern days to have worn a dove-coloured coat and white satin inexpressibles, with an artificial scented clove carnation in his buttonhole.

"This the early period of his life and not the least important part of it," says the *Revue de Paris*,

"was signalized by the famous pair of gloves, to ensure the perfection of which two glovers were employed; one being charged exclusively with the making of the thumbs, the other, the fingers and the rest of the hand"; in accordance, I suppose, with the grand principle of the subdivision of labour. The author of *Pelham* has improved upon this, and assigns three, as the number of glovers employed in this achievement.

"At this time," says the same *feuilletoniste*, "three coiffeurs were engaged to dress his hair, one for the temples, one for the front, and the third for his occiput; his boots were *cirées au vin de Champagne*, and the ties of his cravats designed by the first portrait painter in London, who only became the rage when Brummell had entrusted him with this delicate and sacred task." In other words, the author of this pamphlet would have his readers believe that he was an *incroyable*. In this light he is always viewed by foreigners, and Alfred de Musset, in *Les Comtes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, thus alludes to him in apostrophizing the Muses:

> "Muses! depuis le jour où John Bull en silence
> Vit jadis par Brummell, en dépit de la France,
> (Exemple monstrueux) traîner les pantalons
> Jusqu'à," etc., etc.

Another witty Frenchman, anxious for information on the subject of the English Beau, concluded a note to me with this paragraph: "En somme, autant de détails extérieurs que possible. Quant il s'agit de *Brummell*, la manière dont il coupait ses ongles est importante; '*l'âme se mêle à tout*,' dit Madame Staël."

But our own great lyric poet seems also to have

entertained a similar opinion of him, when he makes Mr Bob Fudge remark to his friend:

"There goes a French dandy: ah! Dick, unlike some ones
We've seen about White's, the Mounseers are but rum ones.
Such hats! fit for monkeys: I'd back Mrs Draper
To cut better weather-boards out of brown paper;
And coats, how I wish, if it would not distress 'em,
They'd club for old Brummell from Calais to dress 'em!"

Yet these lines will bear a more liberal construction, and perhaps the poet brings him forward more in reference to his good taste on this subject, and with a view to the correction of dandyism in others, than as a culprit in foppishness himself. It is surely in irony that, in his description of a great fête at Carlton House, he makes Brummell so interested in a pea-green coat, and says:

"Come to our fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men,
Which charm'd all eyes that last survey'd it,
When Brummell's self enquired, 'Who made it?'"

It would be unjust indeed to Brummell's memory if I neglected to show the impropriety of calling him a "dandy": the few associations connected with the term all teem with vulgarity; the tap-room measure of that name is not an example of refinement, and in Johnson the nearest approach to the word is the Dandelion, a vulgar flower! But, if in the true etymological style we divide the word, with the hope of improving its credit, what does the first syllable bring to mind? Somebody quite as notorious as Brummell, but whose follies have

been far more mischievous, whose eloquence is great, but certainly not always refined, and to whose health many a dandy of whisky has been tossed off. The thing, the "dandy," however still exists, and will do so to the end of time; but the term is nearly obsolete, and has been replaced by the "tiger" in England, and, oddly enough, by the "*lion*" in France.

The only "dandies" I ever knew that do in any way relieve the just imputation of egregious folly attached to that *outré* character are those the traveller meets with in Hindustan—beings half-fish, half-men—the boatmen of the Ganges; and good reason have I to remember them, for they ran away one day from our budgerow, because, when walking on the bank, my shadow had passed over their cooking-pot, and they vowed that I had thereby spoiled their dinner. Vishnu alone knows whether this was true or false; all I can say is, they made a terrible commotion, and left me and my brother subaltern on the shore to mourn their departure.

"The bark was still there, but the '*Dandies*' were gone."

I was then inexperienced in the enlightened doctrines of Brahma, but after I had been a short time in the country I found it was really necessary to look after my shadow, not only out of respect to "civil and religious liberty all over the world," but out of regard to my own convenience, which was of much more consequence; and often, when landing from my boat, after the day's tracking was over, and the bank was crowded with cooking-pots, for these boatmen never cook on board, I would gladly have been like Peter Schlemihl. There was certainly something very peculiar in the dress of these

Dandies—it was simply a rag round their waists, and not generally very clean—but our countrywomen in India look upon nature thus primitively draped with the utmost composure; never, to the best of my recollection, have I seen a blush mantle the cheek of a new arrival; far be it from me, however, to insinuate that a want of modesty was the cause of this—the Dandies are black!

If, as I apprehend, glaring extravaganzas in dress—such, for instance, as excessive padding, trousers containing cloth enough for a coat besides, shirt collars sawing off the wearer's ears and the corners threatening to put out his eyes, wristbands intruding upon his plate, or an expansive shirt-front like a miniature bleach-green, etc., etc.—constitute dandyism, Brummell most assuredly was no dandy.

He was a Beau, but not a Beau of the Sir Fopling Flutter or Fielding school; nor would he, like Charles James Fox, have been guilty of wearing red-heeled shoes! He was a Beau in the literal sense of the word —"fine, handsome." As an auxiliary to his success in society, he determined to be the best-dressed man in London, and, in the commencement of his career, he perhaps varied his dress too frequently. The whim, however, was of short duration, and, scorning to share his fame with his tailor, he soon shunned all external peculiarity, and trusted alone to that ease and grace of manner which he possessed in a remarkable degree.

His chief aim was to avoid anything marked; one of his aphorisms being that the severest mortification a gentleman could incur was to attract observation in the street by his outward appearance. He exercised the most correct taste in the selection of each article of

apparel, of a form and colour harmonious with all the rest, for the purpose of producing a perfectly elegant general effect; and no doubt he spent much time and pains in the attainment of his object.

According to Wraxall, dress at this period had become exceedingly slovenly. "That costume," he observes, "which is now confined to the levee or drawing-room, was then worn by persons of condition, with few exceptions, everywhere and every day. Mr Fox and his friends, who might be said to dictate to the town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. From the House of Commons, and the clubs in St James's Street, it spread through the private assemblies of London. But, though gradually undermined, and insensibly perishing of an atrophy, dress never fell till the era of Jacobinism and of Equality, in 1793 and 1794. It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair and shoe-strings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, together with the disuse of hair powder, characterized the men; while ladies (having cut off those tresses, which had done so much execution, and one lock of which, purloined, gave rise to the finest model of mock-heroic poetry which our own or any other language can boast) exhibited heads rounded '*à la victime, et à la guillotine*,' as if ready for the stroke of the axe."

Brummell was one of the first who revived and improved the taste for dress, and his great innovation was effected upon neckcloths: they were then worn without stiffening of any kind, and bagged out in front, rucking up to the chin in a roll; to remedy this obvious awkwardness and inconvenience, he used to have his

slightly starched, and a reasoning mind must allow that there is not much to object to in this reform.

He did not, however, like the dandies, test their fitness for use by trying if he could raise three parts of their length by one corner without their bending; yet it appears that if the cravat was not properly tied at the first effort, or inspiring impulse, it was always rejected. His valet was coming downstairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths under his arm, and being interrogated on the subject, solemnly replied: "Oh, they are *our* failures." Practice like this, of course, made him perfect, and his tie soon became a model that was imitated, but never equalled.

The method by which this most important result was attained was communicated to me by a friend of his, who had frequently been an eye-witness of the amusing operation.

The collar, which was always fixed to his shirt, was so large that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face, and the white neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt collar, which he folded down to its proper size; and Brummell then standing before the glass, with his chin poked up to the ceiling, by the gentle and gradual declension of his lower jaw, creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions, the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirt which he had just discarded.

His morning dress was similar to that of every other gentleman—Hessians and pantaloons, or topboots and buckskins, with a blue coat and a light or buff-coloured waistcoat; of course fitting to admiration, on the best figure in England. His dress of an evening was a

blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons, which buttoned tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings and opera-hat; in fact he was always carefully dressed, but never the slave of fashion. Still he criticized severely the dress of others, more particularly when there was a want of neatness in it. A nobleman now living told me that when he was a young man, Brummell not only noticed him a good deal, but, from the way in which he patronized him, evidently appeared to think that he was doing him a great kindness. They were walking together arm-in-arm one day up St James's Street when Brummell suddenly stopped and asked Lord —— what he called those things on his feet. "Why, shoes," he replied. "Shoes, are they?" said Brummell doubtfully, and stooping to look at them: "I thought they were slippers."

On another occasion the late Duke of Bedford asked him for an opinion on his new coat. Brummell examined him from head to foot with as much attention as an adjutant of the Life Guards would the sentries on a drawing-room day. "Turn round," said the Beau. His Grace did so, and the examination was continued in front. When it was concluded Brummell stepped forward, and feeling the lappel delicately with his thumb and finger said, in a most earnest and amusing manner: "Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?" The following reply to a question addressed to him by one amongst a knot of loungers at White's was given in the same spirit of badinage. "Brummell, your brother William is in town; is he not coming here?" "Yes, in a day or two; but I have recommended him to walk the back streets till his new clothes come home."

Brummell's tailors were Schweitzer & Davidson, in Cork Street, Weston, and a German of the name of

Meyer, who lived in Conduit Street. The Stultzes and Nugees, etc., did, I believe, exist in those days, but they were not then held in the same estimation as their more fortunate brethren of the shears. Schweitzer and Meyer worked for the Prince, and the latter had a page's livery, and on great occasions superintended the adornment of His Royal Highness's person. The trouser, which opened at the bottom of the leg, and was closed by buttons and loops, was invented either by Meyer or Brummell: the Beau at any rate was the first who wore them, and they immediately became quite the fashion, and continued so for some years.

A good-humoured baronet, and brother Etonian of his, who followed him at a humble distance in his dress, told me that he went to Schweitzer's one morning to get properly rigged out, and that while this talented purveyor of habiliments was measuring him he asked him what cloth he recommended. "Why, sir," said the *artiste*, "the Prince wears superfine, and Mr Brummell the Bath coating; but it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John; you must be right. Suppose, sir, we say Bath coating—I think Mr Brummell has a trifle the preference."

Brummell's good taste in dress was not his least recommendation in the eyes of the Prince of Wales, by whom his advice on this important subject was constantly sought, and, for a long time, studiously followed. Mr Thomas Raikes says, in his *France*, that His Royal Highness would go of a morning to Chesterfield Street to watch the progress of his friend's toilet, and remain till so late an hour that he sometimes sent away his horses, and insisted on Brummell's giving him a quiet dinner, which generally ended in a deep potation.

After their quarrel, however, the Prince spoke of his former friend as a mere block, which a tailor might use with advantage to show off the particular cut of a coat; and this speech went some way to confirm the notion of the nonentity of Brummell's character. But there is good reason for asserting that an extravagant devotion to dress might, with far more justice, be charged against his royal patron; especially when corpulence, that sad annihilator of elegance, made it difficult for him to get into leathers of the dimensions he was anxious to wear. It was this that gave rise to the caricature in which a pair is represented lashed up between the bed-posts, and their owner, having been lifted into them, is seen struggling desperately to get his royal legs satisfactorily encased, leaving the imagination to picture the horizontal hauling that must have taken place, after the perpendicular object had been effected, to make the waistband meet.

In fact, the Prince, not Brummell, was the Mæcenas of tailors; and perhaps no king of England ever devoted so much time to the details of his own dress, or devising alterations in that of his troops. On this point, whatever attention he gave to it, he displayed little judgment, as the chin of many a Life Guardsman in a windy day attested. The extent to which he indulged his passion for dress is seen in the proceeds of the sale of his wardrobe, which amounted to the enormous sum of fifteen thousand pounds; and if we are to judge by the price of a cloak purchased by Lord Chesterfield for two hundred and twenty, the sable lining alone having originally cost eight hundred, it is scarcely straining the point to suppose that this collection of royal garments had cost little less than one hundred thousand. A list of the

articles was given in *The Athenæum* of the day, which, after expressing its astonishment at the prodigious accumulation of apparel, says that "Wealth had done wonders, taste not much."

But the best evidence that I can offer in support of the opinion that the word Beau ought not to be applied to Brummell in an offensive sense is the following extract from a very kind and courteous letter which I received from the Rev. G. Crabbe, to whom I had written, having observed Brummell's name mentioned in his *Life* of his talented and amiable father.

"I am sorry that I can give you no other information respecting the communication between Mr Brummell and my father at Belvoir than the short and trifling remark in the memoir, as I never heard my father mention him except when he made that remark; but, short as it was, it entirely accords with the impression which I believe was general in that neighbourhood—viz. that Mr Brummell was a sensible man and a finished gentleman; the term 'Beau,' which the world has offered to him, might be more applicable perhaps in his earlier years; but when my father met him at Belvoir he was, I conceive, about forty, and certainly did not, either in manners or appearance, exhibit that compound of coxcombry in dress and vulgar assiduity of address which marks the 'Beau' (that is the dandy); I remember being struck with the misapplication of this title when I saw him one day in the Belvoir hunt. He was dressed as plain as any man in the field, and the manly, and even dignified, expression of his countenance ill accorded with the implication the sobriquet conveyed."

CHAPTER V

Brummell's extreme neatness—Lord Byron's opinion of his outward appearance—Leigh Hunt's—The Beau's cleanliness—His precautions to ensure it—Why country gentlemen were disqualified for becoming members of Watier's—Mr Pitt's opinion of them—Brummell's manners and tastes—Lord Chesterfield's gentleman—Lord P——'s snuff-cellar—The ex-garde-du-corps—The gentleman of the old school—Innovations, not improvements—The minuet and cotillons—American manners

THERE was, in fact, nothing extreme about Brummell's personal appearance but his extreme cleanliness and neatness, and whatever time and attention he devoted to his dress the result was perfect; no perfumes, he used to say, but very fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing. With regard to perfumery, his taste perfectly coincided with that of the Champion of England "I remember," says Lord Byron, in his letter on Bowles' Strictures on Pope, "(and do you remember, reader, that it was in my earliest youth, 'Consule Planco')—on the morning of the great battle (the second) between Gully and Gregson—*Cribb*, who was matched against Horton, for the second fight, on the same memorable day awaking me (a lodger at the inn in the next room), by a loud remonstrance to the waiter against the abomination of his towels, which had been laid in *lavender*!" Mr Leigh Hunt, in a note in which he kindly referred me to some anecdotes of Brummell, says: "I remember that Lord Byron once described him to me, as having nothing remarkable in his style of dress, except a 'certain exquisite propriety,'"

—and that gentleman, in a sketch which he gave of the Beau at an early period of his life, observes, when speaking of his superior judgment on this point, "that the poet's hyperbole about the lady might be applied to his coat, 'you might almost say the body thought.'" It did think; and, had Montesquieu known Brummell, he would never have said: "Le goût est un je ne sçais quoi."

Cleanliness however, rather than taste, was the touchstone upon which his acquaintance were invariably tried; to detect in them any deviation from that virtue, which has by common consent been placed next to godliness, was a sufficient reason for his declining any further intercourse with them. One of his friends, curious to know something of a family that he had passed a day with in the country, inquired of him what sort of people they were: "Don't ask me, my good fellow," replied Brummell; "you may imagine, when I tell you, that I actually found a cobweb in my ——!" The anecdote is, perhaps, true; and it was probably this that induced him to keep a travelling one, for one of these indispensable articles of bedroom furniture is described in the catalogue of the sale of his effects as such, "in a folding mahogany case, with an external carpet case for the same." It is said that he objected to country gentlemen being admitted to Watier's, assigning as a sufficient reason for their exclusion that their boots stunk of horse-dung and bad blacking. If this had been true, many would have been of the same opinion, but his jocose remark was very probably made against some individual candidate. His objection to one of the prevailing tastes of his day—excessive devotion to stables, dog-kennels and coachmanship—appears to have been strong; and he gives a proof of this by having taken the trouble to

insert some very severe lines against the Whip Club in his album.

But though ridicule, false or true, is often more keenly felt than just censure, the Squire Westerns must have been far more indignant with Mr Pitt, who, after all the support they had given him, did in his convivial hours forget his official circumspection and suffer his real opinion of them to escape him. A diplomatist of my acquaintance, now living, was present when the flattering expressions I allude to were uttered at Lord Mulgrave's table, that nobleman being, at the time, First Lord of the Admiralty.

My gossip was then a young man, and the day on which he was so fortunate as to meet the Prime Minister at dinner was remarkable for being the one on which the First Lord was to examine a boat, constructed by Sir Sidney Smith, in 1805, for the purpose of acting against the Boulogne flotilla. This vessel, which was, in fact, nothing more than two boats fastened together like those of the Pacific islanders, was navigated by the proper officers to Putney, and there, under the Admiral's orders, put through all the manœuvres which could in any way explain her use and capabilities. She was called the *Gemini*, and, as it was a subject of some importance, Mr Pitt and a large party had been invited to Lord Mulgrave's, whose house was on the banks of the Thames, to see the trial. Accordingly before dinner they went on the lawn to see the boat, and afterwards returned to the house, where, Sir Sidney having joined the party, which consisted of about twelve persons, they sat down to table: there was every prospect of the dinner being an agreeable one, and so it turned out; Mr Pitt was in great spirits, and amused those near him exceedingly,

conversing with them on a variety of subjects, politics apparently never entering his head, and he was no flincher at his wine.

But after the cloth was removed the conversation became less general, and was carried on by two or three persons, who had each his little knot of listeners; one of the speakers being Colonel, afterwards Lord, Dillon, who was holding forth on the good old times of Sir Robert Walpole, and the great utility of that noble class, the country gentlemen. "What's that you say, Colonel," said Pitt, "of the good old times?" The Colonel repeated his eulogium, finishing of course with a still more splendid peroration. "Ah," replied Pitt, in his deep sepulchral voice, "ah, Colonel Dillon, those were indeed the good old times—for they were days when country gentlemen were even more ignorant and more obstinate than they are at present!"

"Imagine my astonishment, however," said the diplomatist, "on hearing Mr Pitt in the House of Commons, two months after, when he had some tax which he was anxious to saddle upon these 'ignorant and obstinate gentlemen,' make the most laboured panegyric in their praise; and particularly addressing Colonel Stanley, the Earl of D——'s uncle (for the House was in Committee at the time), instance him as one of the finest examples of this class!"

Brummell's great external characteristic was the elegance of his manners; they were the gift of nature, not the conventional ones usually acquired, in greater or less perfection, in the class of society that he frequented. There was no affectation or pretension about him; but if any peculiarity could be observed, it was a tinge of the graceful formality generally described as

"of the old school." His carriage was noble, all his movements were gentle and dignified, but never gave the impression that they were studied; and his deportment was so peculiarly striking that, in walking down St James's Street, he attracted the attention of the passers-by as much as the Prince of Wales himself. To admire whatever was elegant was natural to him, and his living in the midst of every description of refinement, in palaces, or in mansions hardly, if in fact at all, inferior, fully accounts for the taste and judgment which he possessed in buhl, china, and other objects of *virtū*; he was very curious in snuff-boxes, and had a collection of great beauty and value: as also of canes.

Here, however, panegyric on his *judgment* must stop; for it is doubtful whether his mind was so keenly alive to the sublime beauties of the Italian school of painting, or the sculpture of the ancients. His small library was stored with standard works, and though by no means comprising the extent of his reading, as he could at any time avail himself of superior ones, and constantly did so, showed the same good taste.

Being thus habitually, as well as naturally, elegant and refined, he of course had an antipathy to vulgarity of any sort, especially in manners; but his sarcastic allusions to it were directed, generally speaking, against those whom he considered ought to have known better.

But it would be difficult indeed to fix the precise standard of manners that constitutes the finished gentleman, and many and amusing are the dicta of some who have undertaken to supply rules for the guidance of such as are anxious to excel in that rare and difficult character. Amongst the prohibitory ones is Lord Chesterfield's declaration that a *gentleman* ought not to

play on the violin. Would it not have been more sensible had he said, a gentleman ought not to take snuff?—that most nasty operation, the only deviation from the practice of personal purity in which Brummell indulged. Happily for the fair sex, it has long fallen into general disuse as a fashionable habit, which it was in his day. The Prince of Wales took snuff, a sufficient reason for the almost universal adoption of the custom. But even this Brummell did in an elegant manner, scarcely inferior to that of his Royal Highness: like him, he opened his box with peculiar grace, and with one hand only, the left. One of the great amateurs of this nasal pastime, and a friend of Brummell's, still survives, and Lord P——'s cellar of *snuff*—not *wine*—is said by tobacconists to be worth three thousand pounds.

But to return to the consideration of gentlemanly demeanour. Some five-and-forty years ago, a friend of mine, whose manners were peculiarly pleasing and correct, was out shooting, in Norfolk, with an elderly gentleman of his acquaintance. It was a bright, burning day in September, and they had walked over miles of stubble and turnips with pretty good success, when, stopping in the middle of a field for a momentary rest, the young clergyman took his handkerchief from his hat and, passing it across his brow, said to his companion: "Oh, how thirsty I am!" "What!" exclaimed the old sportsman in a tone of unfeigned surprise, "thirsty?—a gentleman, young man, is never thirsty"; and, taking a dried camomile flower out of his pocket and placing it in his mouth, he shouldered his gun, recommending my friend, as they renewed their walk, to carry a similar antidote with him in future.

Such was the feeling of the "old school" with regard

to propriety of manners, though, perhaps, a little exaggerated in this instance, and certainly in that of Lord Chesterfield; for with that nobleman it was a mere affectation of refinement, but with the old gentleman it was a real feeling of propriety.

A ci-devant garde-du-corps of Charles the Tenth's, who formed one of the society of Caen when Brummell was residing in that town, was also an example of stoicism similar to that required of a gentleman by this venerable critic. He had only his half-pay, seven hundred and fifty francs a year, and his wardrobe, as might naturally be expected, was rather deficient on such an income. It was little enough for a man who might be *sans* home, *sans* shirt, *sans* everything—whose *salon* is the wretched cabaret at the corner of the street; but for a legitimist, supporting the character of a well-dressed man, and a ruined cause, it was positive starvation. Fortunately his affluent friends of the same political opinions sometimes assisted him with a coat, and occasionally with a pair of inexpressibles, or a dinner; but never did their friendly donations extend to a cloak or a greatcoat, and in the most bitter weather, no matter whether it was sleeting or snowing, he was never seen in the street habited in anything of the kind.

One keen winter afternoon, an Englishman, who was making his way to his dinner at the hotel as rapidly as he could, to his infinite amazement met Monsieur de Z—— with his surtout open, and looking the very emblem of the season. Boldly erect, however, with his hat on one side, he appeared to defy the elements, and stalked towards him as magnanimously insouciant as if he had been clad in sables. The Englishman, with his cloak thrown up to his very eyes, like a true Hidalgo, struck

with the transparent appearance of the garde-du-corps, asked him, in a really compassionate tone, if he did not feel the cold. "Froid, monsieur!" said the haughty Carlist, "un homme comme-il-faut n'a jamais froid."

Though there may be two opinions as to whether it is necessary that a *gentleman* should never be either thirsty, or cold, or play the violin, few will deny that "the gentleman of the old school" is now a *rara avis*, and that, in doing away with the formalities by which society was regulated in days gone by, we have lost much of the polish that distinguished him. Had the old sportsman, of whom I have been speaking, written *The Adventures of a Gentleman*, he would scarcely have allowed his hero to set dogs to fight in a house—in one, too, in which he was a perfect stranger!

May we not question whether society has gained by the extent to which the relaxation of its forms has been carried, though some was desirable. The intercourse between a father and his son had in the last generation much of formality in it; but the restrictions which then existed were useful, and tended strongly to preserve that consideration and respect which are too often broken through in the present day. In writing to his father, the son then addressed him as "My dear Sir"; in conversation, "Sir." A complete upsetting, instead of the modification of such forms as these, has not created a warmer affection between the two; while it has certainly given rise to a familiarity that frequently terminates in impertinence, and, finally, in a total want of filial respect. Many an undergraduate, or incipient field-marshal, in penning a letter home for a fresh supply of funds, now commences his epistle with "My dear Governor," who at his wine-party designates his father by the still more

elegant denomination of the "old boy," or the "old cock." The use of such coarse language, in speaking of a parent, cannot fail in time to breed contempt, and, in truth, it does so.

But manners, as well as dress, will, of course, vary, as they ever have done, with each succeeding generation; a hoop did not make a lady, nor gold lace a gentleman; neither of these appendages is a loss, but the minuet contributed far more to make them elegant than the gallopade; and Sir Roger de Coverley was a better style of Christmas revel than the dance termed a Polonaise, into which is introduced a promenade through the bedrooms and down the corridors of our country mansions; on the walls of which the venerable ancestors of the family are shaking—yes, shaking with indignation at such hoydenish proceedings. What would be the feelings of the youthful and stately beauties of preceding generations—and beauties they were, in spite of pearl-powder and pomatum—if they could be resuscitated and (placed against a truncated column of gas sent from London, to light the ballroom) see their great-granddaughters dancing the Coquette, or some of the other cotillons? I venture to assert, that they would have no necessity for rouge that night.

The comparative merits of different forms of government is a prolific subject of discussion, and none is more worthy of attention, or more deeply interesting; but it is astonishing how much opinions upon abstract principles are modified by the influence which the manners and customs of different countries exercise upon them.

What is there that excites such decided feelings against modern democracy as the coarseness of its social and domestic habits? What is there that has tended half so

much to keep up our dislike to the government of our Transatlantic friends as the uncivilized character of the incidents that are constantly occurring in their drawing-rooms? A pleasant episode, truly, in a state reception, to see the trays of refreshments, intended for the guests at the upper end of the room, cleared by a rush of visitors near the door; and a second supply escorted to its destination by a score of Irish lackeys with shillelahs in their hands! Moreover, there is something of tyranny in their equality; it is not pleasant to be told at an hotel, though the landlord be a colonel, that whether you like it or not you must breakfast and dine when and where everyone else does. And can it be pleasant, when the gong sends forth its brazen note, to be perforce one of a crowd, who rush to their food as eagerly as the tame carp at Fontainebleau, when they hear the gardener's bell — each individual being conscious that, if he does not answer it, he must go without his meal?

If we are to believe the almost unanimous accounts of travellers in America, and particularly that of Mr Dickens, the Hall of Congress is one vast spittoon, the members being wholly regardless of those little conveniences appropriated to the indulgence of that almost national diversion. Why it happens that the inhabitants of the modern and model republic, the Rev. Sydney Smith's "ark of human happiness," should be vulgar and tyrannical—they are slave-owners still—it is not easy to say; but the former fact must create as much disgust as the latter indignation, in the minds even of the humble classes of a civilized country.

In a community constituted like the American, refinement of manners and gentlemanly bearing cannot be common to any very large proportion of the upper

classes; it cannot be expected. A decent regard for the gradations of society, however few, must be granted by general consent, or established by long use, as the basis of refined manners; and when that is so granted, or especially when it has existed in a country for centuries, vulgarity is *understood*, even by the low, and becomes an outrage against the feelings of the high, who have been as it were born with, and responsible for, superior advantages.

CHAPTER VI

Brummell's accomplishments—In London during the month of November—His friend the Duke of Bedford—Visits to Woburn, Belvoir, etc., etc.—Fête on the Duke of Rutland's coming of age—Brummell is mistaken for the Prince of Wales—His indifference to field sports—Nimrod's opinion of his riding—Thomas Asheton Smith—His reason for riding at an impossibility—The Major of the Belvoir Volunteers—The regular and the irregular—Brummell's stud—The late Duchess of Rutland—The Beau's friends and associates at Belvoir

BRUMMELL'S manner and address, which made him so acceptable, and enabled him to take such a leading position in society, were not his only recommendations; he was a charming companion, and was possessed of the best of all claims to popularity—good humour. He drew well, and was not ignorant of music, and his voice was very agreeable in singing as well as speaking; he also wrote *vers de société*, one of the accomplishments in vogue in his day, with facility, and his dancing was perfect.

Though these qualifications, and the quiet, unassuming manner which distinguished him, were more likely to make him a favourite with the fair sex than his own, he was as much liked by the men, and became most intimate at a very early period of his life with some of the first families in the country; the intervals between his seasons in London being varied by visits to the Prince at Brighton, or to Belvoir, Chatsworth, Woburn, etc., etc. Nevertheless the following note will show that he positively was once in town in the month of November;

but his friend Beauvais was probably an *émigré*, and he was good-naturedly showing him the lions.

"Woburn Abbey, *November* 10.

"My dear Brummell,—By some accident, which I am unable to account for, your letter of Wednesday did not reach me till yesterday. I make it a rule never to *lend* my box, but you have the *entrée libre* whenever you wish to go there, as I informed the box-keeper last year.

"I hope Beauvais and you will do great execution at Up Park.[1] I shall probably be there shortly after you. Ever yours sincerely,

"Bedford."

At Belvoir he was *l'ami de la famille*, and at Cheveley, another seat of the Duke of Rutland's, his rooms were as sacred as the Duke of York's, who was a frequent visitor there; and if any gentleman happened to be occupying them when he arrived unexpectedly, he was obliged to turn out.

On the Duke of Rutland's coming of age, in January 1799, great rejoicings took place at Belvoir, and Brummell was one of the distinguished party that assembled there, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lorne, the present Lord Jersey, etc., and all the neighbouring gentry.

The festivities on this occasion lasted for three weeks, and were conducted on a truly ducal scale. Fireworks of the most splendid description were let off in front of the Castle, one bullock was roasted whole on the bowling-green of the quadrangle, and another at the bottom of the hill on which the noble pile of building stands; but such was the severity of the weather, that while one side

[1] The seat of Sir Henry Featherstonhaugh, Bart.

was roasting the other was freezing. This however did not deter the peasantry from making their way in hundreds to the Duke's kitchen and servants' hall, where the table groaned with substantial fare, and the "brown October" was not only "drunk on the premises," but carried away in pailsful. This unrivalled example of baronial magnificence and hospitality is still remembered in the vale of Belvoir; a circumstance not very extraordinary, for this proof of the warmth and generosity of the young and noble duke's disposition is said to have cost him sixty thousand pounds.

The weather being severe there was of course no hunting, so skating was the order of the day; and Brummell, in going down the hill to the ice, clad in a pelisse of fur, was one morning mistaken by the people, who had assembled in great numbers, for the Prince of Wales, and was loudly cheered. This little incident will give some idea of the elegance and dignity of his carriage. It was indeed nearly as remarkable as that of His Royal Highness, who, in spite of the opinion retailed by a modern novelist, that "in the zenith of his popularity and personal advantages he seemed positively vulgar by the side of the Count d'Artois," was allowed by his greatest enemies to be the most distinguished-looking man of his day.

Though I had the preceding anecdote from the very best authority, I did not hear whether Brummell, when he arrived at the ice, "made a star" upon it, or rivalled the Marquis of Lorne, a perfect skater, by engraving his cipher. Certain it is that he hated personal exertion in any way, and it was difficult to make him give up his book and shoulder his gun, to join in a scramble over hedgerows and ditches. He was not much of a shot, and

looked upon a battue only as an excellent opportunity for letting off his fun.

In those primeval days there was no such thing as patent wadding; and punched cards, if known, were not general; at any rate he did not choose to adopt them, and used to excite a laugh among the sportsmen by appearing at the breakfast-table with fifty or sixty pieces of paper like spills, attached with a large whistle to the buttonhole of his jacket.

One of his greatest feats with his gun was perpetrated at Cheveley, where he had just returned from a grand day, on which three hundred head of game had been slaughtered. The rest of the party were contemplating the fruits of their success as it lay upon the lawn; but Brummell, who took little interest in the deceased, having accidentally caught sight of two tame pigeons which had lovingly perched upon one of the chimneys, tempted by a standing shot, carefully raised his gun and brought them both down. His satisfaction, however, was very transient, for a general exclamation from the bystanders followed, and he soon learned they were the pets of one of the upper servants; great was then his regret and many the apologies he made to the owner. But this unfortunate chance was not quite so serious in its results as that of the Duke of York, who, while shooting at Cheveley, during a Newmarket October Meeting, mistook a favourite liver-coloured pointer of the Duke's for a hare, and shot her dead. Poor Venus was a beautiful bitch, one of the finest dogs in the kingdom, and His Royal Highness was even more hurt than his friend, who valued her very highly.

Though Brummell was so much at Belvoir, and kept a stud of horses there, he was never a "Melton man";

and his friends, as well as everyone else, were amazingly astonished when he joined in the pleasures of the chase; for, like many other gentlemen, he did not like it: it did not suit his habits, and his servant could never get him up in time to join the hounds if it was a distant meet: but even if the meet was near, and they found quickly, he only rode a few fields, and then shaped his course in an opposite direction, or paid a visit to the nearest farm-house, to satisfy his enormous appetite for bread-and-cheese. I have heard him, but many years after, laugh amazingly over these incidents of his Melton days, and say, in his usual droll way, that he "could not bear to have his tops and leathers splashed by the greasy, galloping farmers."

The truth was, he preferred returning at two o'clock to lunch with the Duchess and her female guests: he was to them a most sociable, cheerful and amusing companion; and yet very much liked by the fox-hunters, farmers as well as gentlemen, for he had always a merry word to say to them, and the late Mr Apperley assured me that, when he chose to ride, he rode respectably: but he did not say that he ever heard of his having been in at the death, after the famous run from Billesden Coplow, immortalized in verse by a clergyman, the son of a bishop: neither did he say that he ever rode, like Tom Smith, at a Croxton Park paling, with a hurdle on the top of it. It was on this occasion that Mr Smith, being taken up half-stunned, and asked what on earth could tempt him to go at a fence impossible to clear, replied: "I had a lead, and if I had not gone at it *somebody else might have tried*."

But, many years after this period, when, at Caen, Brummell used sometimes to revert to the pleasurable

recollections of times past, he once spoke of an occasion on which he was obliged to exercise his best powers across country; and the anecdote, as it was repeated to me, was so amusing that, though I cannot authenticate the fact on which it depends, I cannot refrain from inserting it.

It appears that after he retired from the Tenth he was tempted to accept a majority in the Belvoir Volunteers, raised by the Duke of Rutland after the short peace of 1803, and that while he was in this responsible and complimentary situation, a General Officer was sent down by the Horse Guards to inspect the corps: the official notifications had been given and received, the time and place named, and General Binks (for such shall be his incognito) arrived punctual to the minute. The men were there, the officers also; the drums and colour—not a halberd was missing; but Major Brummell—where was he at this critical juncture? Nobody knew.

The indignant regular waited and waited, the charger snorted, the General snorted, and at length, both being equally exasperated at the unreasonable delay, the gallant officer commenced the performance of his now unpleasant duty; this was terminating, of course not much to his satisfaction, when the truant Major was descried in a scarlet coat in the distance, coming at speed across the country, occasionally craning on his way, and then with renewed energy making play over the flat. A few minutes, and the Beau was cap in hand to General Binks, who suddenly halted the line, which then much resembled that formed by a patriotic Volunteer corps when reviewed in the Phœnix Park, and for the serpentine character of which their learned Commander so drolly apologized to the Lord-Lieutenant by saying:

"Your Excellency, we are lawyers, as this indenture witnesseth." But in this case, the Commanding Officer had to make an apology for himself, not for his corps, and he entered upon a series of explanatory speeches commencing with, Having left Belvoir quite early—fully thought he should have been home in time, for the meet was close at hand, but the favourite horse failed and landed him in a ditch—was dreadfully shook, and had been lying there an hour—which the state of his pink amply testified.

Excuses, however, were vain; General Binks was a martinet *enragé*: he remained inexorable, and raising himself in his stirrups, addressed the delinquent in the following pompous and inflated style: "Sir, this conduct is wholly inexcusable; if I remember right, sir, you once had the honour of holding a Captain's commission under His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent himself, sir! Now, sir, I tell you, I tell you, sir, that I should be wanting in a proper zeal for the honour of the service; I should be wanting in my duty, sir, if I did not, this very evening, report this disgraceful neglect of orders to the Commander-in-Chief, as well as the state in which you present yourself in front of your regiment: and this shall be done, sir. You may retire, sir."

The Beau bowed low and in silence, and did retire; but he had scarcely walked his horse five paces from the spot when he returned, and said in a subdued tone: "Excuse me, General Binks, but in my anxiety to explain this most unfortunate business, I forgot to deliver a message which the Duke of Rutland desired me to give you when I left Belvoir this morning: it was to request the honour of your company at dinner." It would be difficult to say

which gave the oddest grin, the culprit or the disciplinarian; the latter coughed, and at length cleared his throat sufficiently to express his thanks in these words: "Ah! why, really I feel, and am, very much obliged to His Grace; pray, Major Brummell, tell the Duke I shall be most happy; and"—melodiously raising his voice, for the Beau had already turned his horse once more towards Belvoir—"Major Brummell, as to this little affair, I am sure no man can regret it more than you do. Assure His Grace that I shall have great pleasure in accepting his very kind invitation." And they parted, amidst a shower of smiles.

But Brummell was as yet only half out of his difficulties; the invitation he had so readily given to the General was coined on the spot, was his own invention, to save himself from the consequences of his neglect of duty, and he had to ride for his life to the Castle to prepare his friend the Duke for an unexpected visitor, the distinguished Binks. This anecdote does not tell well on paper, but let the reader imagine Brummell giving his own account of the scene, taking off the graceful and submissive bow with which he acknowledged the reproof, and the arch twist of his eyebrows as he described himself giving the invitation, that acted as such an efficient anodyne to the General's indignation.

Brummell always appeared at the cover side admirably dressed, in a white cravat and white tops, which latter, either he or Robinson, his valet, introduced, and which eventually superseded the brown ones; his horses were always in as high condition as himself, their coats looking like silk. They stood at the Peacock at the bottom of the hill, near Belvoir, and were under the care of a person of the name of Fryatt, who perfectly understood

his business; indeed, he was more an agent than a groom, for he purchased, when and what he thought proper, without much, if ever, consulting his master, who had too much sense to interfere with him.

The truth was, Fryatt was an excellent rider, a capital judge of horses, and sometimes put money into Brummell's pockets, besides mounting him well; he also took care of himself, and at his death left eight or ten thousand pounds behind him, made out of horseflesh. The inn which he kept at Melton for one or two years was not so profitable a concern. After a few seasons Brummell's stud was removed to Knipton, on account of some misunderstanding with Shipton, the landlord of the Peacock; in 1807 his horses stood at Grantham.

Knipton is a very beautiful village about a mile and a half from Belvoir Castle, and near it is a lake of two hundred acres in extent; the spot is richly wooded, and the late Duchess took great pains to improve it, particularly in the drives, which are laid out with much judgment; the Castle, also, will long remain a magnificent memorial of her architectural taste, for the plan of it was her own selection. Her love of landscape gardening probably originated in her talent for drawing, which was considerable, as the collection at Belvoir of her own doing affords ample and pleasing evidence. Brummell's capability of appreciating this accomplishment, and his own proficiency in it, combined with his other acquirements, and his indifference to field sports, naturally made him a very welcome guest in the drawing-room at Belvoir, and led to greater intimacy with his noble hostess than he might otherwise have aspired to.

He appears to have taken a pleasure in applying his talent for drawing to the not unamiable object of

preserving the memory of some of the distinguished women that he was fortunate enough to be able to number among his friends. These sketches are from miniatures or pictures. One, of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was taken from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is now, or was, in the possession of Lady Granville; two others, those of the late Duchesses of Beaufort and Rutland, are now in the author's hands. The former is in water-colours, the latter in pencil: though not highly finished, both are very creditably executed for an amateur.

In a letter of Brummell's, subsequently given, written many years after the death of the Duchess of Rutland, he feelingly alludes to her in terms that would confirm the most delightful impression of her disposition. But, however the society in which she moved might have regretted Her Grace's premature death, inasmuch as it removed one of the brightest and most fascinating ornaments from their gay circle, yet her loss was far more sincerely deplored by the poorer classes of her own neighbourhood, in whose welfare and happiness she had always manifested a most lively interest, and who assembled in vast crowds at her funeral to pay the last tribute of a sincere respect to their benefactress.

In concluding this chapter, the principal part of which relates to Brummell's intimacy with a family in which he for many years passed much of his time, it may not be altogether uninteresting to mention some of the guests with whom he was frequently associated, and with the majority of whom, now like himself in their graves, he was on the most friendly footing, as it will give the reader an idea how deeply he must have felt the alteration in his circumstances, and the change he had to

encounter in society, during his long and compulsory residence abroad—from Belvoir to *Calais*. Amongst these were the Dukes of York and Cambridge; the late Dukes of Beaufort, Manchester, Dorset and Argyll; the Earls of Westmorland and Chatham (William Pitt's brother, and the great friend of the Duke of Rutland on the turf); the Lords Delamere, Apsley, Forester, F. Bentinck and Robert Manners; the Honourables W. Howard, Irby and Henry Pierrepoint (Lord Manvers's brother, and one of the leaders at Watier's); Chig Chester (a great whist-player, sportsman, and good fellow); Sir Watkin Wynne; Sir John Thoroton; Colonel F., and the Rev. P. Thoroton; Colonel G. Cornwall, Parson Grosvenor, Mr Delmé Ratcliffe, and John Douglas.

There were, also, the present Lords Jersey, Alvanley, Willoughby d'Eresby, and Charles Manners, who, as well as Lord Robert, was with Brummell in the Tenth. A few commoners also survive — namely, Richard Norman, the Duke of Rutland's brother-in-law, Culling Smith, Sloane Stanley, General Grosvenor, and General Upton.

CHAPTER VII

Brummell's influence in society—Proofs of it—The young debutante at Almack's—The hogshead of Martinique—Brummell's assurance—Mr Lister's elucidation of that subject—Mrs Johnson-Thompson—Brummell and Wyndham—The dinner at Mr R.'s, and the ride to Lady Jersey's—The horrid discovery—The double distress

BRUMMELL'S intimacy with the Prince of Wales, and also with so many families of distinction, in addition to his social qualifications and perfect manners, soon made him sought and courted in society, and he was at length the vogue—no party was complete without him; and the morning papers, in giving the details of a rout, always placed his name first on the list of untitled guests. But his ambition was, not only to shine in the fashionable world, but to be its dictator, and, to effect this object, he saw that he must be formidable; like Sulla, he must be feared. A quick perception of the folly and gullibility of many of its members enabled him to shape his course accordingly; and, being fully aware of the power of ridicule, and not inconvenienced by any undue proportion of feeling for the crowd, he used it freely. His disposition to satirize was, no doubt, unamiable; but there was an essential difference between exercising his sarcastic vein upon people who were perfectly indifferent to him, and making an ill-natured use of it in private circles. In cutting up individuals with whom he had no feelings in common, which was pretty often the case, he did no more than hundreds of others; but, having a most perfect tact in all matters

appertaining to mien and conduct in society, he made the witty, satirical and cynical points of his character tell with much more effect than they did theirs.

How well he eventually succeeded in making his opinion valued or dreaded the following anecdote will give an idea. "Do you see that gentleman near the door?" said an experienced chaperon to her daughter, whom she had brought, for the first time, into the arena of Almack's; "he is now speaking to Lord ——." "Yes, I see him," replied the light-hearted and as yet unsophisticated girl; "who is he?" "A person, my dear, who will probably come and speak to us; and if he enters into conversation, be careful to give him a favourable impression of you, for," and she sunk her voice to a whisper, "he is the celebrated Mr Brummell."

This is no fiction; the young Lady Louisa, who is now living, was the daughter of a duke, and her rank, wealth and personal attractions might well have been thought sufficient to secure her against the criticisms of any man. This doubtless was her mother's opinion; but such was Brummell's influence, and such his supposed ill-nature in the use of his powers of detraction, that she was obliged to warn her young debutante not unthinkingly to expose herself to them. It has been asserted that even Madame de Staël was haunted by a dread of his disapprobation, and that she considered her having failed to please him as the greatest *malheur* that she experienced during her residence in London; the next —that the Prince of Wales did not call upon her. The following is an extract from the Aurora Borealis of periodicals, which proves that it also acknowledged the existence of his extraordinary influence. "Everyone has heard the story of the man who, when Pitt inquired

what could be done to forward his interests, simply requested the Prime Minister to bow to him in public. There was some sense and knowledge of the world in this request; nor was it altogether an unmeaning affectation in Brummell when, in reply to a nobleman of the highest rank, who accused him of inveigling his son into a disreputable gambling transaction, he exclaimed: 'Really I did my best for the young man: I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's.'" [1] Brummell was so far right, for had the young man possessed any sense, and profited by his example, he would at least have gamed amongst gentlemen; and in losing his money would not have lost caste also, as it is to be presumed the transaction occurred at some low hell and not at either of these clubs: unless indeed the opinion of the commentator on Lord Byron's works is correct—namely, "that a 'hell' is a gaming-house so called, where you risk little and are cheated a good deal, and a 'club' a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all."

Mr Benson Hill, in his *Pinch of Snuff*, likewise relates the following anecdote, as a proof that Brummell's opinion was above appeal in the world of fashion; it shows also that he turned his power to some account. "Fribourg and Treyer were once anxiously expecting their supply of the veritable Martinique, and the list of applicants for this highly prized article had long been filled up. The hogshead was opened in the presence of the arbiter, who, after taking a few pinches, gravely pronounced it a detestable compound, and not at all the style of thing that any man with the slightest pretensions to correct taste could possibly patronize. This

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, Feb. 1843.

astounding announcement, which must soon spread among the candidates, petrified the purveyors. They had procured the snuff at a heavy outlay, and it was now likely to remain on their hands.

"The companions of the dictator left him to discuss the matter with the proprietors. No sooner were they gone than Brummell said: 'By some oversight I did not put my name down on your Martinique list, and I must have allowed the thing to have been disposed of to others, who know not its value as I do. Since the hogshead has been condemned, you will not object to my having three jars full of it: that fact once known, there is little doubt that the remainder will find a speedy demand.' The Messrs Fribourg gladly yielded to the ruse of the exquisite, and in a few days, it having become known that he had absolutely bought and positively paid for the quantity above named, not a grain was left."

But many were the steps by which Brummell arrived at this culminating point, and incalculable pains did he devote to his object before his opinion weighed with the *élite* of Almack's—before he could arrogate to himself the power of assigning the limits of gentility and deciding who were "*bon ou mauvais ton*"; before he dared to permit himself to exercise his wit at the cost of an insult to his future sovereign, even though they had quarrelled—an insult that he would never, under any circumstances, have addressed to an equal. The recollection of the anecdote to which I allude leads me to the consideration of another feature in Brummell's character, and one which mainly assisted him in attaining his singular eminence: I mean his indescribable assurance, which, without scandalizing his memory, was not trifling.

"No one," says the author of *Granby*, "could talk

down his superiors, whether in rank or talent, with more imposing confidence than Trebeck could; his denunciations were always couched in a witty form, and when it was needless or dangerous to define a fault, he could check applause with an incredulous smile, or depress pretension by the raising of an eyebrow. He observed, with derision, how those who were delighted and amused vainly thought themselves confidentially treated, and exulted in the mistaken idea of being exempted from his cutting criticisms. No keeper of a menagerie could better show off a monkey than he did an original: on these occasions he always contrived to make the unconscious object of his experiments place his absurdities in the best point of view, concealing his own intentions under the blandest cajolery.

"In the art of *cutting* he shone unrivalled; he knew the 'when,' and the 'where,' and the 'how'; without affecting useless short-sightedness he could assume that calm, but wandering gaze, which veers as if unconsciously around the proscribed individual, neither fixing nor being fixed; that indefinable look which excuses you, perhaps, to the person *cut*, and at any rate prevents him from accosting you."

In searching for materials for this work, I happened one day to stumble, and, as I thought, very fortunately, upon a duodecimo volume entitled *Anecdotes of Impudence*. Here, thought I, something is surely to be gleaned; but I was disappointed, and not only that, but surprised, for there was not a word about Brummell in the book; and the frontispiece, which on the impulse of the moment I hoped was a portrait of the Beau, proved to be one of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P. Why Mr Hume was selected by the author as the best type of the impudence of our

times, it is not for me to say; but I think few will deny that it was very hard upon poor Brummell.

Cool and impertinent, indeed, were the speeches that he often made, and the tricks that he played, especially if he had been affronted, or in self-defence: and then, whether his impudent remarks were levelled at a shoeblack or the Prince of Wales, was perfectly immaterial to him; for, however unjustifiable his jokes might sometimes be, at least he was never a Court sycophant or a parasite. His sarcasms were generally launched at those moving in the same society as himself, at toadies, and rich and assuming *parvenus* who were endeavouring to force themselves into notice; not at people whose habits were unobtrusive, or who belonged to a more retired sphere of life. But the following well-known anecdote is the most inexcusable instance of his wanton impudence, for the person whom he made his butt had given him no just cause of offence; moreover, she was a woman.

It appears that there were two dashing ladies in London, whose patronymics were similar, and who gave great parties. One of them, a Mrs Thompson, residing in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square; the other, a Mrs Johnson, living near Finsbury Square. It appears, too, that some time after Brummell's quarrel with the Prince of Wales the former lady gave a splendid ball, at which His Royal Highness had signified his intention of being present; it is, therefore, scarcely necessary to add that Brummell was not included in the list of invitations. On the evening of the entertainment, however, while Mrs Thompson was waiting in her ante-room, supported by a bevy of intimate friends, in momentary expectation of the arrival of her royal guest, and exulting in the completeness of all her preparations—the Beau, to her inef-

fable surprise and disgust, made his appearance, and his best bow. Justly indignant at this outrage, she informed him, with as much coolness as she could command, that he was not invited. "Not invited, madam! Not invited!" said Brummell, in his blandest tones, "surely there must be some mistake," and leisurely feeling in all his pockets to prolong the chance of the Prince's arrival, and therefore her misery, he at last drew forth an invitation card, and presented it to the incensed lady. She took it, and saw at a glance it was not her own card, but that of her rival in the East, and, haughtily throwing it from her, in a climax of vexation and anxiety to get rid of him, said: "That card, sir, is a Mrs Johnson's; my name is Thompson." "Is it, indeed?" replied Brummell, perfectly cool, and affecting the most innocent surprise. "Dear me, how very unfortunate!—really, Mrs Johns—Thompson, I mean, I am very sorry for this mistake; but you know, Johnson and Thompson—and Thompson and Johnson—are really so much the same kind of thing. Mrs Thompson, I wish you a very good evening," and, making a profound bow, he slowly retired from the room amidst the suppressed anger of the bevy of intimates, the titter of his own friends, and the undisguised wrath of the lady.

Though Brummell cultivated much the society of women, and his deference to those with whom he associated on intimate terms was great, he had not any very sincere respect for the sex, as the impertinent manner in which he so ill-naturedly harassed this poor lady evidently shows. On that point, as on all others of substantial merit, he was immeasurably below his justly admired contemporary, Wyndham. Brummell's refinement of manners could stand no comparison with his

refinement of feeling, and sensitive delicacy towards women, of which the following is a most striking instance. He was once dining in the country, at the house of a very wealthy but not very polished acquaintance, when the conversation, happening to turn upon the subject of female beauty, the gentleman, in the course of the discussion, said: "But, Mr Wyndham, what do you think of my wife's eyes?" "Sir," replied the disgusted Crichton, "I never took the liberty of looking at Mrs F——'s eyes." "Haven't you? Well, then, take her to the window," said the vulgar hound, quite misunderstanding the reproof, and much in the same tone as, had he been in his farmyard, he would have desired his visitor to examine a favourite Alderney.

The anecdote of Mrs Johnson-Thompson is no novelty, it has been worn threadbare, but it is, I believe, perfectly authentic, and like some others of the same nature, which may or may not be so, ought not to be omitted in a chapter upon his impudent facetiæ. It is said, that on one occasion when Brummell was dining at a gentleman's house in Hampshire, where the champagne was very far from being good, he waited for a pause in the conversation, and then condemned it by raising his glass, and saying, loud enough to be heard by everyone at the table: "John, give me some more of that cider."

But, although guilty of impertinences of this kind, he was seldom premeditatedly ill-natured or ill-tempered, and, amongst his own set, his impudence was not only permitted, but expected; and no one thought of noticing it any more than they would have done that of a Court jester. The following are cases in point: "Brummell, you were not here yesterday," said one of his club friends; "where did you dine?" "Dine! Why, with a person

of the name of R— —s. I believe he wishes me to notice him, hence the dinner; but, to give him his due, he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others, and I assure you the affair turned out quite unique; there was every delicacy, in or out of season; the Sillery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified; but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you that Mr R—— s had the assurance to sit down and dine with us!"

On another occasion, a wealthy young gentleman then commencing life, and now a member for an eastern borough, being very anxious to be well placed in Brummell's world, asked him and a large party to dine; the Beau went, and a few minutes before they separated he, addressing the company, requested to know who was to have the honour of taking him to Lady Jersey's that evening. "I will," said his host, delighted at the prospect of being seen to enter her ladyship's drawing-room in his company. "Wait till my guests are gone, and my carriage is quite at your service." "Thank you exceedingly," replied Brummell, pretending to take the offer in a literal sense; "very kind of you, indeed! But, D—k," and he assumed an air of great gravity, "pray how are you to go? You surely would not like to get up behind? No, that would not be right, and yet it will scarcely do for *me* to be seen in the same carriage with *you*." There was an involuntary roar from all present, in which Mr D—k, with great good nature, joined heartily.

But Brummell could not always procure a cast in a friend's carriage, particularly if the friend had to call for him; and one night, being disappointed of a chance

that he had calculated upon, when it was too late to send for a glass coach, he was unwillingly obliged to dispatch his servant to the nearest stand, with many injunctions as to the selection he should make. In a few minutes No. 1803 was at his door, and soon after Brummell, who had alighted a little distance from the house, found himself ascending Lady Dungannon's staircase; he had, in fact, reached the summit, and was on the eve of entering her splendid drawing-room, already filled with guests, when a servant touched him gently on the arm and, to his horror and amazement, for he thought he had effected his purpose undiscovered, said: "Beg pardon, Sir, perhaps you are not aware of it, but there is a straw in your shoe."

While we have Brummell's name in connexion with hackney coaches it may not be *mal-à-propos* to introduce a rather amusing puff, which was inserted some years ago in a weekly paper, by a man who wished to recommend a patent carriage step. To effect his object, he calls the Beau's influence to aid his manœuvre, and gives a very glowing description of his locomotive comforts, not a little in contrast with the preceding anecdote. The article commences with the following axiom:

"'There is an art in everything, and whatever is worthy of being learnt cannot be unworthy of a teacher.' Such was the logical argument of the professor of the Art of Stepping in and out of a Carriage, who represented himself as much patronized by the sublime Beau Brummell, whose deprecation of those horrid coach steps he would repeat with great delight. 'Mr Brummell,' he used to say, 'considered the sedan was the only vehicle for a gentleman, it having no steps; and he invariably had his own chair—which was lined with white

satin quilted, had down squabs, and a white sheepskin rug at the bottom—brought to the door of his dressing-room, on that account always on the ground floor,' from whence it was transferred with its owner to the foot of the staircase of the house that he condescended to visit. Mr Brummell has told me, continued the professor, that to enter a coach was torture to him. 'Conceive,' said he, 'the horror of sitting in a carriage with an iron apparatus, afflicted with the dreadful thought, the cruel apprehension, of having one's leg crushed by the machinery! Why are not the steps made to fold *outside*? The only detraction from the luxury of a vis-a-vis is the double distress! for *both* legs—excruciating idea!'"

CHAPTER VIII

Practical jokes—The *Émigré*—Mr Snodgrass—The Beau's canine friend—Affectation—J. W. C——r and Bloomsbury Square—Brummell's *mots*—A travelled bore—Vegetable diet—A limping lounger—A new way of accounting for a cold—A bad summer—The advantages of civility—Prince Boothby and Mrs Clopton Parthericke—Sheridan's bet

IN the commencement of the last chapter I alluded to the tricks that Brummell played, meaning thereby practical jokes—a species of frolic highly amusing to the bystanders, until it is their turn to suffer—and in which he excelled. His predecessor, George Selwyn, and his contemporary, Sheridan, who loved one another as cordially as wits generally do, were also adepts in puerilities of this kind. Mr Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, says that he once induced Tickell to run after him into a dark passage, which he had covered with plates, having, however, taken good care to leave a path for himself. Tickell was much cut, but, when Lord John Townshend came to condole with him, after a little show of indignation against his friend, he could not help exclaiming: "But how amazingly well it was done!" Brummell's jokes in this way were well done also; and, as is frequently the case, were practised upon those who could not retaliate.

In one instance his victim was an old *Émigré*, whom he met on a visit at Woburn or Chatsworth, into whose powder he managed, in concert with a certain noble friend, to introduce some finely powdered sugar; and the next morning Monsieur le Marquis, in perfect

ignorance of the trick, after having been "*bien sucré*," descended as usual to the breakfast-table. He had, however, scarcely made his bow, and inserted his knife into the Périgord pie before him, when the flies (for the heat was extreme), already attracted to the table by the marmalade and honeycomb, began to transfer their attentions to his head; and before the segment of pie was finally detached every fly at the table had settled on it. The carving-knife was relinquished to drive them away with his pocket-handkerchief, but the attempt was futile; they rose for a second, but resettled instantly; a few, indeed, winged their way to the distant parts of the room, but only to return with a reinforcement of their friends, who were vainly seeking a livelihood on the windows.

Murmurs of astonishment escaped from the company, as this new batch assailed Monsieur le Marquis; he fanned his head, but it was of no use; he shook it vehemently, but with no better success; at length, the sugar, becoming dissolved by the heat, trickled in saccharine rivulets over his forehead, which was soon covered by his tormentors, buzzing and tickling so dreadfully, that even Old Régime *impassibilité* could stand it no longer. The unfortunate Frenchman started to his feet, and, violently clasping his head with both his hands, rushed from the room, enveloped in a cloud of powder and flies, his tormentors, and the echoes of an uncontrollable burst of laughter, following him up the staircase. When he was gone, Brummell and his confederate, of course, expressed more surprise than anyone else, that the flies should have taken such a violent fancy to the Frenchman's powder and pomatum.

Another gentleman who suffered by his pranks was a Mr Snodgrass, I believe an F.R.S., and very fond of

scientific pursuits — probably the reason why he was singled out by Brummell as a fit and proper object for his fun. Accompanied by several friends, he once knocked up this savant, at three o'clock on a fine frosty morning; and when, under the impression of his house being on fire, he protruded his body *en chemise*, and his head in a nightcap, from the window, the Beau put the following very interesting question to him: "Pray, sir, is your name Snodgrass?" "Yes, sir," said he very anxiously, "my name is Snodgrass." "Snodgrass—Snodgrass," repeated Brummell; "a very odd name that, upon my soul; a very odd name indeed! But, sir, is your name *really* Snodgrass?" Here the philosopher, with the thermometer below freezing-point, naturally got into a towering passion, and threatened to call the watch; whereupon Brummell walked off with, "Good morning to you, Mr Snodgrass."

Such were the absurd tricks in which Brummell indulged, and though he was not a wit in the literal sense of the word, like Lord Erskine, Sheridan, or Jekyll, he had a happy facility in placing the most ordinary circumstances in a ridiculous point of view, and never refrained, when opportunity offered, from indulging his taste for exciting the risible muscles even of those who, very probably, thought but little of his talent in this way. He had, also, a singular power of giving an agreeable effect to a word or action that in anyone else would have been perhaps unnoticed, or, if noticed, condemned: but his happy hardihood generally carried him through the difficulties into which his fearless love of originality sometimes plunged him. It was, I believe, from one of his odd speeches that a certain gentleman, well known in the world, received the sobriquet of Poodle B——g. It

seems that Mr B. had in his youth very beautiful hair, which curled naturally, and it was his practice, not an unusual one in the days of curricles, to be accompanied in his by his French dog. One day Brummell, who was on horseback, met them quietly driving together in the park, and hailed his friend with: "Ah, B——g, how do you do? A family vehicle, I see!"

His affectation, which was principally assumed for the purpose of amusing those about him, was another characteristic of his wit. He pretended to look upon the City as a *terra incognita*; and when some great merchant requested the honour of his company at dinner he replied: "With pleasure, if you will promise faithfully not to tell." But a certain ex-secretary of the Admiralty, of graver parts and great political and literary talents, has, since his time, carried on the joke to Bloomsbury, or some other square in that direction; for it is related of him, that, when invited to dine in that remote region, he piquantly inquired where he was to change horses—a *mot* which has, no doubt inadvertently, wandered into *Pelham*. The following are some of the Beau's *jeux d'esprit* that were at one time in general circulation, and a few of which have already been in print.

An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored him dreadfully about some tour he had made in the North of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener which of the lakes he preferred; when Brummell, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly towards his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said: "Robinson." "Sir." "Which of the lakes do I admire?" "Windermere, sir," replied that distinguished individual. "Ah, yes —Windermere," repeated Brummell, "so it is—

Windermere." A lady at dinner, observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he never ate any. He replied: "Yes, madam, I once ate a pea."

One day a friend, meeting him limping in Bond Street, asked him what was the matter. He replied he had hurt his leg, and the worst of it was "it was his favourite leg." Having been asked by a sympathizing friend how he happened to get such a severe cold, his reply was: "Why, do you know, I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger."

On being asked by one of his acquaintance, during a very unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one, he replied: "Yes, last winter." Having fancied himself invited to someone's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that "it was an exceedingly good house for stopping one night in."

At an Ascot meeting, and early in the day, Brummell walked his horse up to Lady ——'s carriage, when she expressed her surprise at his throwing away his time on her, or thinking of running the risk of being seen talking to such a very quiet and unfashionable person. "My dear Lady ——," he replied, "pray don't mention it; there is no one near us."

The principal portion of this chapter has been devoted to the consideration of Brummell's most unamiable qualities, to his powers of detraction, his satirical remarks and practical jokes; but let not the reader imagine they preponderated to the exclusion of better ones. No one possessed the art of pleasing to a greater

degree, or exercised it with greater effect, when he was in the society of those he liked, whatever might be their age or station; had he been the superlatively insolent character he is generally represented, he would have been universally cut, instead of sought after—the absurdity of the notion is its most complete refutation. Well do I remember the lecture on good manners that he gave a young gentleman at Caen, who had justly laid himself open to censure by the thoughtless omission of an act of courtesy, that Brummell considered due to a lady near whom the youth was standing.

"Civility, my good fellow," observed the Beau, "may truly be said to cost nothing; if it does not meet with a due return, it at least leaves you in the most creditable position. When I was young, I was acquainted with a striking example of what may sometimes be gained by it, though my friend on this occasion did not, I assure you, expect to benefit by his politeness. In leaving the Opera one evening, a short time previous to the fall of the curtain, he overtook in the lobby an elderly lady, making her way out to avoid the crowd; she was dressed in a most peculiar manner, with hoop and brocade, and a pyramid of hair; in fact, she was at least a century behind the rest of the world in her costume: so singular an apparition had attracted the attention of half-a-dozen 'Lord Dukes' and 'Sir Harrys,' sitting in the lobby, and as she slowly moved towards the box entrance they amused themselves by making impertinent remarks on her extraordinary dress, and infirm gait.

"Directly my friend caught sight of them, and saw what they were after, he went to her assistance, threatened to give them in charge to a Bow Street officer, and with his best bow offered her his arm. She accepted it,

and on the stairs he inquired whether she had a chair or a carriage, at the same time intimating his willingness to go for one. 'Thank you, sir, I have my chair,' replied the old lady, 'if you will only be good enough to remain with me until it arrives': as she was speaking, her servants came up with it, and, making the cavalier a very stately curtsey, she requested to know to whom she had the honour of being indebted for so much attention. 'My name, madam,' replied the stranger, as he handed her to her chair, 'is Boothby, but I am usually called Prince Boothby'; upon which the antiquated lady thanked him once more, and left. Well, from that hour Boothby never saw her again, and did not even hear of her till her death, which took place a few years after, when he received a letter from her lawyer, announcing to him the agreeable intelligence of her having left him heir to several thousands a year! Now, my good sir," said Brummell to the abashed but youthful delinquent, "for the future, pray remember Prince Boothby."

John Skrimshire Boothby was one of the most celebrated of the fine gentlemen of his day, the great peculiarity of whose dress was the shape of his hat, which he never changed. He is supposed to be the person alluded to by Foote, in one of his farces, as distinguished by his partiality for people of high rank, and ready at any time to leave a baronet to walk with a baron—"to be genteelly damned beside a duke, rather than saved in vulgar company." Moore, in allusion to him, or his double, says:

> "Beside him place the God of wit,
> Before him beauty's rosiest girls,
> Apollo for a star he'd quit,
> And Love's own sister for an Earl's."

Boothby was well-bred, intelligent and amiable, but extremely eccentric, and he ended his career at his house in Clarges Street by his own hand, in July 1800. His servants at the inquest bore the strongest testimony to his character as a good master, and a kind-hearted man. He had been possessed of three large estates; the first was his own inheritance, which he dissipated; the second came to him from a distant family connexion; and the third was the gift of the ancient lady in the lobby, whose name was Clopton, which he afterwards added to his own. Boothby was a great friend of the late Duke of Rutland, Lords Carlisle and Derby, and Charles Fox, and was brother-in-law to that fox-hunting centaur, the late Hugo Meynell. He was also a member of the clubs in St James's Street, where he used to play very high; and he is mentioned in Moore's *Life of Sheridan* as having made a bet with the orator, of five hundred guineas, that there would not be a reform in the representation of the people of England, within three years from the date of the bet, the 29th of January 1793. Mr Moore does not say that Sheridan paid.

CHAPTER IX

Brummell's softer moments—His numerous offers—His honesty in love affairs—The intended Mrs Brummell—His flirtations and love-letters—His great popularity with the fair sex—His good nature—Miss Seymour's letter to him—Brummell's regard for her

THOUGH I have already alluded to Brummell's predilection for female society, I have not yet spoken of those moments, perhaps the most interesting of a man's life, at least to himself—his moments of *tendresse*. Brummell had his; but the organ of love in his cranium was only faintly developed. His temperament was elephantine; still it was scarcely possible for him to be constantly in the society of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in Europe—and who will deny that the daughters of our aristocracy are so?—without having a preference for one of them, or perhaps half-a-dozen: and this was the case; for he never attained any degree of intimacy with a pretty woman of rank that he did not make her an offer, not with any idea of being accepted, but because he thought it was paying the lady a great compliment, and procured her an unusual degree of *éclat* in the fashionable world. His original view of the subject appears to have been generally understood and acted upon by his friends. One of his idols, however, seemed inclined to take him at his word, the present Lady W——; and often have I heard him rave about her.

But Brummell's vanity and honesty in love affairs were

equally extraordinary. It is related of him that he came one morning into the library of a noble friend, at whose house he was a frequent visitor, and told him, with much warmth and sincerity of manner, that he was very sorry, very sorry indeed, but he must positively leave —— Park that morning. "Why, you were not to go till next month!" said the hospitable peer. "True, true," replied Brummell anxiously, "but I must be off." "But what for?" "Why, the fact is—I am in love with your countess." "Well, my dear fellow, never mind that; so was I twenty years ago—is she in love with you?" The Beau hesitated, and, after scrutinizing for a few seconds the white sheepskin rug, said faintly: "I—believe she is." "Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the earl; "I will send for your post-horses immediately." Once, however, though not with a lady of rank, he did very nearly "his quietus make with a *gold ring*"; for he interested the demoiselle sufficiently to induce her to consent to elope with him. The most favourable opportunity that presented itself for so doing was at a ball in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square; but his measures on the occasion were so badly taken that he and the intended Mrs Brummell were caught at the corner of the next street, a servant having turned mother's evidence. It is said that when a friend rallied him on his evident want of success in another matrimonial speculation, and pressed him for the reason of his failure, Brummell replied with a smile: "Why, what could I do, my good fellow, but cut the connexion? I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage!"

But all this tells very little either for his judgment or his feeling, and it was rather extraordinary that, with all the advantages and opportunities he enjoyed, he did not

select one lovely flower from the parterre of rank, fashion and wealth, and wear it for life. However, independently of his deficiency in warmth and perseverance, he had too much self-love ever to be really in love; had Cupid's arrow been a cloth-yard long, and had he drawn it to the head like the stout archer in Chevy Chase, it would scarcely have reached the Beau's heart, or, if it had, would merely have tickled, not wounded it. He was a thorough *flirt*, his love was as light and as elegant as everything else about him, and in none of his disappointments was he likely to have recourse to a pan of charcoal or the Serpentine; it was the transitory sentiment which, in a subsequent letter, he says, is "so often and so easily expressed with a crow-quill, and its feigned regrets by tears, made with a sponge and rose-water, upon perfumed paper." In this trifling with the god of love he, through life, delighted to indulge; and the following laughable and amusing letters are specimens of his style in conducting a correspondence of the kind:

"My dear Lady Jane,—With the miniature it seems I am not to be trusted, even for two pitiful hours; my own memory must be, then, my only disconsolate expedient to obtain a resemblance.

"As I am unwilling to merit the imputation of committing myself, by too flagrant a liberty, in retaining your glove, which you charitably sent at my head yesterday, as you would have extended an eleemosynary sixpence to the supplicating hat of a mendicant, I restore it to you; and allow me to assure you that I have too much regard and respect for you, and too little practical vanity myself (whatever appearances may be against me), to have entertained, for one treacherous instant,

the impertinent intention to defraud you of it. You are angry, perhaps irreparably incensed against me, for this petty larceny. I have no defence to offer in mitigation but that of frenzy. But we know that you are an angel visiting these sublunary spheres, and therefore your first quality should be that of mercy; yet you are sometimes wayward and volatile in your seraphic disposition—though you have no wings, still you have weapons; and these are resentment and estrangement from me. With sentiments of the deepest compunction, I am always, your miserable slave,

"George Brummell.

"The Lady Jane ——, Harley Street."

"Dear Miss ——,—When I wrote to you a century ago, in plaintive strains, and with "all Hackman's sorrows and all Werter's woes," you told me, with pen dipped in oblivion's ink from Lethe's stream, that I must desist from my vagaries, because I was trespassing on consecrated ground; but you offered me instead, your *friendship*, as a relic—by way of a bone to pick, among all my refined and elegant sensibilities! Well, I struggled hard to bring myself to this meagre abnegation, and my efforts promised to be propitious. I kissed the rod, cherished the relic, and enveloped myself in austerity and sackcloth. I then, by way of initiating myself to penance, inscribed you a missive, in appropriate terms of mortification, presuming, too, that it was the privilege, if not the duty, of my vocation, to mortify you, also, as a votary, with a little congenial castigation. I daresay I wrote to you in a most absurd and recriminating manner, for I was excited by the pious enthusiasm of my recent apostasy; and I was anxious to impress upon your more

favourable opinion, the exemplary and salutary progress I had made in my new school. You are, it seems, displeased at it, though my heresy from my first delightful faith was your own work. I know not now where to turn for another belief.

"I will tell you the truth in plain, unmystical language, for I have not yet learnt to renounce *that*; I was irritated because I thought you had cut me dead in the morning; and when I was *tête-á-tête* with my solitary lamp in the evening a thousand threatening phantoms assailed me. I imagined that you had abandoned me; in short, a cohort of blue devils got the better of me, and I am now all compunction and anguish. Pray be once more an amiable and compassionate being, and do not contract your lovely eyebrows any more (I wish to Heaven I could see them at this instant!) in sullenness at all my numberless incongruities and sins. Be the same Samaritan saint you have already been to me: you shall never more repent it. Whatever I may have said in a frenical moment of exasperation was *unsaid* and *unthought* an hour afterwards, when I sought my couch and proffered my honest prayers for forgiveness from above, and profanely from you who are upon earth. I am more than conscious of all my derelictions—of all my faults, but indeed they shall be in future corrected, if you are still a friend to me. I had vaunted, in the vanity of my chivalrous spirit, that I had at length proved one in myself; but it was empty ostentation, for I find that I cannot exist but in amity with you. Your unfortunate supplicant,

"George Brummell."

Love, indeed, but of this harmless character, formed

one of the Beau's *distractions* in exile; and the following letter, which, like all the others, I beg to assure the reader is perfectly authentic, is an amusing proof not only how sensitive he was on the subject, even in mature age, but also how he succeeded in awakening an interest for him in the minds of those who were both young and beautiful. The reader will remember, the mind—not the heart.

"Rue Royale, ———, *Wednesday.*

"Yesterday morning I was subdued almost to insanity, but your note in the evening restored me to peace and equanimity, and, as if I had been redeemed from earthly purgatory, placed me in heaven. Thank you, thank you, dearest of beings; how can I retribute all this benevolent open-heartedness, this delightful proof and avowal of my not being indifferent to you? I cannot, by inanimate words, represent the excess of my feelings towards you: take, then, with indulgent admission and forbearance, the simple boon and sacred pledge of my heart's deepest affections for you; they are rooted in my very soul and existence; they will never deviate; they will never die away. By the glimmering light that was remaining I perceived something in white at your *porte-cochère*. It was evident that I was recognized, and the figure advanced with your *billet*. In an instant I seized the hand of your faithful and intelligent messenger, compressed it forcibly, and had she been as forbidding as the old dowager Duchess of ——, I should have saluted her, if I had not fancied at the instant that I heard someone coming up the street. We parted, and I returned to my solitary chamber. There I lacerated the letter with impatience, and then the light of love and of joy, and the refreshing breath of evening stole through the open

window over my entranced senses. After that I sought another stroll on the ramparts, and again returned home, contented with you, with myself, and with the world.

"'I slept the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening dreams of promised heaven.'

"I have known few that could equal, none that could excel you; yet they possessed not your charm of countenance, your form, your heart, in my estimation. Certainly they did not possess that unaffected and fervent homage, which in my constant memory—in my heart's life-blood—and in my devoted soul I bear to you. Ever most affectionately yours,

"George Brummell."

Such were the pathetic appeals that he addressed to single women—in warm weather; for his heart seldom thawed to this extent before the middle of June, and probably the first frost that nipped the dahlias crisped it up again till the following summer; at least sufficiently so to prevent him from shivering and shaking near his lady-love's *porte-cochère*, in expectation of a note: he could write hundreds by his fireside at all seasons. As regards his London life, however, he generally preferred the society of married women, whose greater acquaintance with the world made them far more amusing companions than single ones; and, without any pretensions to *bonnes fortunes*, he was the idol of all those who took any lead in high life: happy was she in whose opera-box he would pass an hour, whose assembly he would attend, or at whose table he would dine. He had also a strong partiality for two or three widows, whose names, however, I should be very sorry to disclose to the present generation; and I leave Brummell's contemporaries to

fix upon any peeress they may think proper, as the one to whom the following letter was addressed :—

"Chesterfield Street.

"Dear Lady ——,—I am almost inclined to believe that you have forgotten me in the protracted space of five days, and that you have amused your leisure hours with something or somebody more interesting to you. You are too overtly severe with Lord L——; he has effrontery enough to persuade himself that you are piqued with him, and he will interpret that into a latent interest for him : what can it possibly be to you whether he goes to Brighthelmstone or not ? Affront him, but with dexterity, and his own consummate and mistaken vanity will be his speediest drawback; but never make an enemy of a man whose physiognomy has been ravaged by the smallpox—for whom Jenner has lived in vain !

"Attar-Gul [1] (for Mr —— has adopted that name, in deference to his having inherited some ostrich's eggs, glass beads, cockatoo's feathers, and a few shells from an aunt, a sort of vagrant Zingarella, who died recently at Aleppo of the leprosy) has not perceptibly touched a bristle of his raven crown since you saw, or rather turned away your eyes from, him. In submission to your desire I have minutely scrutinized his head. He had the effrontery, the other day, to be irritated because I asked him to lend me his brush of a sconce to assist at the morning toilette of my boots ! The monster ! Do not forget your parasol in this inflammatory weather. Yours devoutly,

"George Brummell.

"The Lady ——, Brighthelmstone."

[1] Attar of roses. The Persian is considered the finest.

But though his own affections seem never to have been very deeply engaged, the following letter shows that he possessed considerable sense and good feeling, when those of others, in whose welfare he took a real interest, were concerned. It was written by Miss Seymour, afterwards Lady C. B——k, and is introduced here as a striking and authentic proof of Brummell's good nature. It is unnecessary to refer to the actual circumstances alluded to by the amiable and lovely writer. I will merely observe that the information he gave her was of the utmost value, and that it is highly probable it would never have come to her knowledge but for his disinterested kindness.

"*Wednesday Morning.*

"I am more obliged to you than I can express for your note: be assured that your approbation of my conduct has given me very sincere pleasure: this is the only means I have of telling you so, for I am in such disgrace that I do not know if I shall be taken to the play;—in any case, I shall be watched; therefore accept my most cordial thanks, and believe that I shall remember your good nature to me on this occasion, with gratitude, to the end of my life.

"—— does not know how unkindly I have been treated, but is more affectionate than ever, because he sees I am unhappy. We did not arrive in town till seven last night, therefore no play; to-morrow they go to Covent Garden:—perhaps I may be allowed to be of the party.

"Pray don't neglect my drawing; you would make me very happy by lending me the yellow book again; the other I don't dare ask for, much as I wish for it.

Adieu! I shall be steady in my opinion of you, and always remain, yours very sincerely,

"Georgiana A. F. Seymour."

"This beautiful creature is dead!" was the remark Brummell had written at the bottom of the letter, which he kept as a memento of her friendship for him till within four years of his death; he then parted with it, but only to a very intimate friend, who wished for the autograph.

CHAPTER X

Another of Brummell's correspondents—Lady Hester Stanhope—Her letter to him—Admiral Sir Bladen Capel—Lady Hester's droll reason for that officer's being sent to the Mediterranean—The late Lord Berwick—Lady Hester leaves England—Her mountain home at Mar Elias—Admirable description of her ladyship, and her residence there, by a friend of the author's—Her opinion of Brummell—Her adoption of Eastern superstitions—Her courage—The Holy Gate of Damascus—Lady Hester's reply to the British Consul at Cairo—Her personal appearance

OTHER lady correspondents Brummell had also; and the subject of the next letter does not, from a motive of delicacy, render any mystery about it necessary. It is from that very erratic being, Lady Hester Stanhope, and was written to inquire the character of a groom, who had been in his service: it bears the Cheltenham postmark.

"*August* 30*th*, 1803.

"If you are as conceited as formerly, I shall stand accused of taking your groom, to give me an opportunity of writing to you for his character. All the inquiry I wish to make upon this subject is, to be informed whether you were as well satisfied with James Ell when you parted with him, as when he had Stiletto under his care. If so, I shall dispatch him at the end of next week, with my new purchases to Walmer,[1] where I am going very shortly. You may imagine I am not a little happy in having it in my power to scamper upon

[1] The official residence of Mr Pitt, as Warden of the Cinque Ports.

British ground, although I was extremely pleased with my tour, and charmed with Italy.

"I saw a good deal of your friend Capel at Naples; if he fights the battles of his country by sea as well as he fights yours by land, he certainly is one of our first commanders. But of him you must have heard so full an account from Lord Althorp,[1] for they were inseparable, that I will only add he was as yet unsuccessful in the important research after a perfect snuff-box when I left Italy. What news the last dispatch may have brought upon this subject I am ignorant of, but take it for granted you are not; as in all probability the *Phœbe* was, by your interest, appointed to the Mediterranean station for three years, to accomplish this grand and useful discovery. Should it prove a successful one, Capel, on his return, will of course be made Admiral of the *White*, for the signal services he has rendered to coxcombality.[2]

"I met with a rival of yours in affectation upon the Continent, William Hill![3] I fear it will be long ere

[1] The present Earl Spencer, then in his twenty-first year.

[2] The Honourable Sir Thomas Bladen Capel, K.C.B., etc., youngest son of the fourth Earl of Essex, was born on the 28th of August 1776. This distinguished officer had the honour of being the signal-lieutenant of Nelson's ship, the *Vanguard*, at the battle of the Nile, and was promoted for his conduct on that day. He also rendered important services to the fleet when in command of the *Phœbe*, after Trafalgar. Sir Bladen likewise commanded the *Endymion*, at the passage of the Dardanelles, in 1807, and was actively employed in the *Hogue*, on the coast of America, from 1812 to the conclusion of the war. It was while serving on this station that his ship was nearly blown up by a petard. As Sir Bladen did not probably succeed in finding the perfect snuff-box, these services were no doubt of some use to him in obtaining his promotion. The New Navy List says the Admiral entered the navy at the early age of six years!

[3] William Noel Hill, second son of the first Lord Berwick, who succeeded to that title on the death of his brother. He was at one time ambassador to the Court of Turin, and died on the 4th of August 1842.

this country will again witness his airs, as he is now a prisoner ;—this, perhaps, you are glad of, as the society of statues and pictures has infinitely improved him in this wonted qualification, and therefore rendered him a still more formidable competitor.

"Hester L. Stanhope."

That Lady Hester knew the Beau well is evident from the first paragraph in her letter. In it she disarms him at the onset; and in her fearless disposition makes no difficulty of lashing him and his friends, with a keenness and dexterity quite equal to his own, and, apparently, with as much pleasure : of course she had an advantage in the lady's privilege of saying what she pleased; but there is every reason to suppose that, when Brummell returned her a compendium of James Ell's qualifications in stable affairs, he did not conclude his *billet* without responding to the gossip and raillery that pervaded hers.

After perusing this amusing letter, one is tempted to think what a pity it was, for her friends and society, that Lady Hester emigrated to the mountains of Lebanon, on which the cedars would have grown just as well without her; but the letter affords some indication of the independent disposition that she afterwards displayed to such an unusual degree, and in a manner so perfectly original; for it must be admitted that it was, at least, a slight deviation from ordinary custom for a young lady to write to a gentleman on such a subject.

Independence like her ladyship's could hardly be accounted for by her education, singular as it must have been under the direction of " Citizen Stanhope," much

less by an early introduction to men's society at her uncle's table; though there may, perchance, have been occasionally an adventurous spirit amongst the philo-politicals at Mr Pitt's parliamentary dinners, of which she so gracefully did the honours. But, in whatever cause this feeling originated, it is difficult to reconcile Lady Hester's long residence in the mountains of Lebanon, associating only with the wild Arab, or living in the most complete seclusion, with the love of her fatherland, shown in that part of her letter in which she expresses her delight "to scamper on British ground"; and the pleasure which it may be supposed she enjoyed in the society with which she was familiar, the most *recherché*, of her own class. Why did Lady Hester thus expatriate herself—was it for love? If so, for whom, or what—her uncle's memory, or Beau Brummell? Certain it is, that in her solitude the latter was still remembered by her, even as late as the year 1830.

A friend of the author's, then serving in the Mediterranean, having obtained leave of absence for a few months, spent a portion of that year in wandering through Palestine and the adjacent countries, and in his travels he paid a visit to the "old Lady of the Mountain," who received him most graciously, for he was the bearer of a letter from an old friend of hers; and Lady Hester signified her willingness to grant him an interview, the day after he had made her aware of his arrival by sending her his credentials—these were highly necessary, for she was not in the habit of so favouring travellers in general.

At the hour named, therefore, my friend, full of anxiety to see and converse with such a singular character, made his way to her house: he was admitted by

a little black female slave, possibly a mute, for it was in perfect silence that she ushered him into an apartment, so dark that he could with difficulty discover the ottoman, on which a voice at the other end of it desired him to be seated; he had scarcely obeyed when a very small latticed window near him was suddenly opened by some invisible means, and the light thrown full upon his countenance, without, however, having any, or but little, effect in relieving the obscurity, which reigned complete at the opposite end of the long room.

When his eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the glare, he saw a female figure sitting *à l'orientale* on a carpet, dressed in the Eastern style, and by her side the black slave who had been his guide. Lady Hester, for it was his hostess who now addressed him, inquired first after the Duke of Wellington, and then George Brummell; these two being apparently the only individuals of her own, or any other European, nation for whom she seemed to entertain the smallest interest, as, during the remainder of his audience, she adverted only to events that were passing in the country of her adoption. It would have been extraordinary indeed had Lady Hester not been anxious for intelligence respecting the hero of her younger days, the victor of Assaye, with whom she had probably been acquainted before she left England, and the details of whose subsequent career had been the theme of admiration, even of the rude mountaineers that surrounded her—but that she should have been interested in obtaining tidings of the Beau was rather remarkable.

Let not the reader imagine, however, I was serious in insinuating that her ladyship entertained any tender sentiments for Brummell. Lady Hester is said to have

mourned one of a very different mould—he who was by his gallant soldiers buried

> " darkly at dead of night,
> The sod with their bayonets turning ;
> By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
> And the lantern dimly burning."

This rumour was, I believe, entirely without foundation, though dates and circumstances gave some appearance of truth to it. Sir John Moore fell on the 16th of January 1809, and Lady Hester left England in deep mourning and for ever early in the spring of the following year : her ladyship's half-brother, Major Stanhope, was also slain at the battle of Corunna. It was of this officer, and the hero of Meeanee, while leading on the Fiftieth Regiment, that Sir John Moore said : " Well done, my majors ! " Such was the imperfect recollection I retained of the fireside narrative my friend gave me, nine years ago, of his interesting visit to Lady Hester ; and I was regretting his absence, as he could have made my sketch so much more worthy of the reader's perusal, when he opportunely arrived in England. Of course I immediately availed myself of this fortunate circumstance, and the following letter contains his own striking and animated description of herself and her wild retreat ; which he forwarded to me with a kindness and promptitude that proved how little his friendship or his memory was impaired by the time that had elapsed since we met :

" Many years have passed since I was in Syria ; but, as you desire it, I will endeavour to describe my visit to Lady Hester Stanhope as well as my memory permits. I was furnished with a letter of introduction

from Lord ——, which I sent from Sidon ; a knowledge of her disinclination to receive Englishmen generally having prevented my delivering it personally when passing near her abode on my way from Damascus. Her ladyship, however, acknowledged the letter most politely, invited me and my companion to visit her for as long a time as we found it convenient, and sent two fine Arabian horses to convey us to her residence, which was formerly a convent, and crowns the summit of a hill about eight miles from Sidon.

" The ascent to Mar Elias (for so the convent is called) was steep, and the approach to it more like that of a crusading baron's castle than of the residence of a solitary lady, whose education had been finished, and early habits formed, amongst the most refined and intellectual of the English nobility. A strong guard of Albanians protected the gate, and numbers of armed men, of the same nation, were idling about, as if time was a heavy burthen on their hands. We were conducted to a kiosk or summer-house, outside the main building, and there an Italian, dressed like an Arab, received us and provided dinner in the European fashion ; this last appeared to be a matter of some difficulty, as her ladyship conformed to the Eastern habits, in eating, dress, and other matters, and some time had elapsed since plates and forks had been called into requisition. During dinner, an Arab, who spoke French most volubly, made his appearance and told us he was her ladyship's astrologer, and enlarged upon her good fortune in possessing so talented a wizard as himself.

" Soon after, Lady Hester sent to say she would be happy to receive us ; and we were accordingly ushered through several apartments, by various attendants, until we reached a small and rather dark room, in which sat

her ladyship, dressed as an Arab sheick, and looking more like a young man than an elderly lady. She sat with her back to the light, which streamed in through a small window full on our faces; this she afterwards told me was arranged on purpose to give her a fair scrutiny of the faces of her visitors: chibouques (the long cherry-stick pipe) were introduced, and in a short time she became most agreeably communicative.

"Her conversation was more than ordinarily eloquent, though tinctured with somewhat of the strangeness that pervaded her whole life and character: her thorough knowledge of the language, habits, and customs of the East, combined with the ease with which she expressed her ideas, enabled her to draw the most vivid pictures of those countries, and convey her information in a very agreeable manner. Nor was her conversation by any means confined to these subjects; for when trifling circumstances recalled her thoughts to the days of her youth, when she presided at Mr Pitt's table, she described those scenes, and the persons of such as were admitted to the circle of her uncle's society, as faithfully and minutely as if the memory of them had not been overlaid by the eight-and-twenty years she had passed amidst the exciting events of her later life.

"Beau Brummell, who was in her youthful days the friend of the Prince of Wales, and envied and admired by both beaux and belles of all ranks of society, appeared to have been an especial favourite of hers; and though I am unable to repeat the description as she gave it, I can, even now, fancy that I see him riding up to her in the Park in a suit of *plum*-coloured clothes, to give her a stick of perfume of his own manufacture; a peculiar mark of favour, granted only on condition that she

promised faithfully not to give a morsel to the Prince, who was dying to get some.

"I hinted at Brummell's eccentricities; but she replied that he was an exceedingly clever man, always suiting his conversation to his hearers, and that he almost always paid her the compliment of talking very sensibly. She added that she had once rebuked him for some folly or other, and inquired why so clever a person as he was did not devote his talents to a higher purpose than he did? To which Brummell replied, that he knew human nature well, and that he had adopted the only course which could place him in a prominent light, and enable him to separate himself from the society of the ordinary herd of men, whom he held in considerable contempt. These conversations, with the attendant chibouque, which her ladyship smoked as determinedly as the longest-bearded Mussulman in the land, were generally prolonged until near daylight, when we retired to rest.

"During the day we were left to amuse ourselves, and did not see our kind hostess until after a late dinner. On one occasion, however, she showed us her garden, which, though very small, was laid out with great taste, and in the Eastern style, and contained many very beautiful and rare flowers. Trellises and lattice-work, covered with creepers, were so arranged that, when lit with lamps, and viewed from the convent windows, the garden would look exactly like a scene in the opera.

"Lady Hester had acquired considerable influence amongst the Arab tribes, with whom she passed much time during the earlier period of her residence in Syria; this she obtained, partly because, though she professed a partial belief in the Koran, and conformed to most of their customs and prejudices, her life and habits were

beyond their comprehension; and her morality being unquestioned, they looked upon her somewhat in the light of a supernatural being—a belief that she was inclined to encourage, rather than undeceive. Having tried her courage, which was indomitable, and experienced her hospitality, and the readiness with which her purse was opened to every call of distress, some of the tribes near Palmyra endeavoured to persuade her to permit herself to be called "Sovereign of the Desert"; and, as she assured me, prepared a sort of ceremony for her installation at Palmyra—an honour, however, which she prudently declined. She believed in all kinds of astrology, and some of the wildest of the Eastern legends, especially in that which alludes to the Thirteenth Imaum, whom she called the Saviour, and for whom she kept a horse that had the natural mark of a saddle on its back, which, she said, had never been mounted by man or woman.[1]

"She also told me that her astrologer had been closely

[1] Mussulmans reckon, I think (for I have no work to refer to), twelve Imaums, commencing with Moussa (Moses), Ibrahim (Abraham), and Husrut Esau (Jesus Christ), the Healer of the Lame and Blind, and their own prophet Mahomet, etc. The word is also applied to the principal sects, as Ali, the Imaum of the Persians, or the sect of the Shiaites; Abu-Beker, the Imaum of the Sunnites, the sect of the Turks; and Safi, of another sect, etc.

The Mahometans look for the advent or reappearance of another, who will convert the whole world to the faith of Islam, and reign on earth for a time in great glory and happiness: the end of this period and of the world will be simultaneous. The Mussulmans of India and Afghanistan expected the advent alluded to in A.D. 1842, and thought their successes at Cabul a prelude to it. A Belooch chief, when consulting a friend of the writer of this note, as to the advantage of his surrendering on certain terms, observed that if he could but hold out a little longer, his surrender would be rendered unnecessary by the appearance of the Thirteenth Imaum, whose arrival in that year was predicted by all the learned Faquirs in India.

observing us during our first dinner, and had been able to assure her that we were not born under a hostile planet, nor had either of us red hair, or foreheads 'villanously low'; for, had such been the case, she would have been unable to have admitted us to her presence; and this precaution she always took, with those who were favoured by a reception at her house. Being aware of a prophecy believed by the Mussulmans of Damascus, which declares that the Turkish Empire will crumble to pieces in a certain number of years, after the day on which a Christian or Jew shall first ride on horseback through the holy gate which leads to Mecca—she rode up to the guard stationed there with her suite (always numerous and formidably armed), spurred her horse, dashed through it, and went straight to the durbar of the Pacha, to acquaint him with her exploit.

"In the course of conversation, during the last night we remained at Mar Elias, she inquired whether we had seen the Emir Beschir, and on our replying in the negative, she clapped her hands, and the little black slave, who appeared, with hands crossed over her bosom, to answer the summons, was directed to call the scribe, to whom she dictated an epistle, which was dispatched on the instant to the emir; saying, that two friends of hers would visit him next day, and desiring a suitable reception. Soon after daylight the messenger returned, though the emir's residence was some miles distant, bringing a cordial invitation, which we accepted.

"It was not without a feeling of great sadness that I took leave of Lady Hester; but when I ventured to hint at the possibility of her return to Europe, she cut the conversation short, by asking me if I thought she could make up her mind to knit or sew like an Englishwoman,

after having spent her life amid the stirring scenes she had been constantly engaged in. I then alluded to her forlorn situation, among men upon whose consciences the blood of a lone woman would have scarce weighed heavily; but her eyes flashed fire as she replied, drawing a dagger from her breast, 'Who would be the first to venture on the wild cat in her den?' Her reply to the consul at Cairo, who addressed her by desire of Ibrahim Pacha, then Governor of Syria, was highly characteristic of herself; without deigning to enter upon the subject of his letter, she directed her secretary to write—'Consuls are for trade, not for the nobility.' The above meagre account will convey but a faint idea of this extraordinary woman, whose whole life was one continued romance; but it is all my memory enables me to give; and therefore, my dear Jesse, I must beg you to accept the will for the deed."

In a subsequent letter, a reply to one in which I had requested a more exact description of Lady Hester's personal appearance, my kind correspondent says: "Her ladyship must have been a tall woman, but her male attire took off from her height; she was slight, well-formed, and carried herself exceedingly well. The folds of her turban concealed her grey hairs; and the fairness of her complexion, the absence of beard, the brightness of her eye, and the vivacity of her expression, gave her the appearance of a young man, until a strong light betrayed the wrinkles which time never fails to engrave on the fairest face. Her enunciation was rapid and fluent; and when excited her whole countenance seemed to light up, and she used her chibouque much in the same way that a Spanish lady would her fan—except that her gestures were more often those of command

than entreaty. She rode as a man, and was always well armed."

Such was my friend's clever outline of this singular woman, whose martial spirit and independent bearing remind us of those heroic ladies who, in ancient days, inhabited the banks of the Thermodon.

CHAPTER XI

Brummell's Album—His letter presenting it to a friend—Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire—Lines on the death of Hare—Wraxall's description of Her Grace—Her fascinating manners and love of dress and dissipation—Lord Carlisle's apology for her plume—Her friend Charles Fox—His lines on the death of her favourite spaniel—Mrs Bouverie and Charles Fox—A scale of the beauties of 1793

HAVING been able to collect only a few letters, written or received by Brummell before he left England, the most interesting substitute that I can offer in place of such materials is, extracts from his Album of the unpublished poetry of several of the most eminent characters of his time; indeed, all the poetry subsequently given is from that collection. This volume is a ponderous quarto, of plain vellum paper, and, though totally devoid of interior decoration, is, nevertheless, an example of his taste and extravagance; for the corners and clasps are of massive embossed silver gilt, like those on old missals, and the binding is dark blue velvet.

The velvet has long been faded, and the gilding is much worn, as if he had often meditated after his reverses over its well-stored pages; and though several blank leaves remain, it contains no fewer than two hundred and twenty-six pieces of poetry: the choice of the subjects, and the manner in which they are treated, are not at all consistent with a worldly and selfish disposition; many of them are descriptive of the characteristics of childhood, in which, certainly, no one

would suspect Beau Brummell of ever having interested himself; nor is the fact of the volume being such as he could with perfect propriety present to a lady any trivial proof of his good taste.

The whole seem to have been kept as they were sent to him, either in notes, or on loose scraps of paper, and carefully copied in at different periods; for they are arranged so exactly as to avoid turning over a page in any one of them that did not require it on account of its length.

This Album is a little monument of industry; the poetry is all inserted with his own hand, and the writing is remarkably neat; it might, indeed, challenge comparison with any lady's for elegance and regularity, with the advantage over modern penmanship that it is as legible as printing.

About six years before his death he presented this collection to her, whom he deemed most worthy of possessing his treasured memorial of times past—a young lady from whose family he had received the greatest attention at Caen, and who had, by her wit and amiability, won the then old gentleman's heart. The following note accompanied it:

"*Wednesday, April* 1834.

"If you are fond of poetry, and you have not anything more dull to read, you may, perhaps, find something in my old Album to yawn over, if it does not actually close your eyes; what it contains was written in other and happier days, and most of them were given to me by the authors *themselves*, long before their minor productions had assumed any other form than that of manuscript: such as the Duchess of Devonshire, poor Byron,

Sheridan, and Lords Erskine and John Townshend—all now peacefully sleeping in their graves! The principal part of those verses that are not recommended by the name being attached to them are the namby-pamby compositions of an unfortunate person who shall be nameless, but whom you cut dead during the last several evenings, and who, in desperate consequence, has been measured for a winding-sheet this morning. Always devoutly yours,

"George Brummell."

By the Duchess of Devonshire, the first person to whom Brummell makes allusion in this letter, he seems to have been far more than tolerated—he must have been liked; for it is scarcely probable that Her Grace would have presented her own poetry to a person whom she did not think worthy of the compliment, and capable of appreciating it. But previously to laying the extracts I have selected before the reader, the following imperfect sketch of her character may not be altogether superfluous. Her Grace, the daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, was born on the 9th of June 1757. Of her father's virtues we have had sterling evidence in the tenor of his life, and the general esteem in which he was held; and these virtues the duke, his son-in-law, has feelingly commemorated in his epitaph, which

"Records the debt by love and duty paid."

From her cradle Lady Georgiana Spencer gave promise of being unusually intellectual and beautiful; and her sensible and excellent mother, who was a daughter of Stephen Poyntz, Esq., bestowed the

greatest care, and exercised the greatest judgment, on the cultivation of every principle and attainment that could improve either mind or body. Her success was complete as regarded the elegance of both; but her daughter's mind was by nature deficient in the strength and dignity on which such a woman would have wished to see her character based. She was enthusiastic, but excessively volatile, and the combined temptations of rank, wealth, and beauty were too great not to have a ruinous effect; for when released from her mother's guidance, by her marriage with William, the late Duke of Devonshire, on the 6th of June 1774, at which time, observes Horace Walpole, "she was a lovely girl, natural, and full of grace," she was rapidly drawn headlong into the vortex of fashionable life.

In palliation of this want of firmness, however, it should not be forgotten that she was but seventeen years of age, and, by an indulgent husband, placed in possession of the means of gratifying not only her wishes, but her whims. She thus became speedily the authority for every idle fashion; her name was attached to every novelty in dress that she chose to adopt; and even the colour of her carriage was known, for some years after her death, as the "Devonshire brown." Her beauty and the brilliancy of her career soon attracted crowds of flatterers, besides the admiration of the very superior men that her husband's political influence and opinions, good taste and hospitality, induced him to receive almost as constant visitors at Devonshire House. Distinguished among them, and distinguished indeed they were, compared with the wits and politicians of our days, were Fox, Wyndham, Burke, Tickell, Lord J. Townshend, Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and others. The kind, the courted,

and the witty Hare—" the Hare of many friends," from whom a bow at the Opera was considered a greater compliment than from the Prince of Wales, was also at the feet of the young and lovely Duchess; and it was in concert with the Duke that she thus lamented the death of this their mutual friend in 1804:

"Hark! 'twas the knell of death—what spirit fled,
And burst the shackles man is doom'd to bear?
Can it be true, and 'midst the senseless dead,
Must sorrowing thousands count the loss of Hare?

Shall not his genius life's short date prolong,
(Pure as the ether of its kindred sky,)
Shall wit enchant no longer from his tongue,
And beam in vivid flashes from his eye?

Oh no!—that mind, for every purpose fit,
Has met, alas! the universal doom;
Unrivall'd fancy, judgment, sense, and wit,
Were his, and only left him at the tomb.

Rest, spirit, rest! for gentle was thy course:
Thy rays, like temper'd suns, no venom knew;
For still benevolence allay'd the force
Of the keen darts thy matchless satire threw.

Yet not alone thy genius I deplore,
Nor o'er thy various talents drop the tear;
But weep to think I shall behold no more,
A loved companion and a friend sincere."

Amongst such men as those I have mentioned there must have been some who would never have been fascinated

by a mere woman of fashion; no, it was the extent and variety of the Duchess of Devonshire's intellectual acquirements, so far exceeding those of the generality of women in her time, that won their attentions. She was well read in the *belles-lettres*, and in the history and polity of most countries; she was also perfect mistress of the French and Italian languages, had both skill and taste in poetry, and could play upon the lyre. Indeed her mind, if we are to believe Wraxall, was far more gracefully modelled than her person. He says: "The personal charms of the Duchess of Devonshire constituted her smallest pretension to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regularity of features, and faultless formation of limbs and shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red, and her face, though pleasing, yet had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. Descended in the fourth degree, lineally, from Sarah Jennings, the wife of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, she resembled the portraits of that beautiful woman."

As, however, the Duchess was generally called then, and is so in our generation, "the beautiful duchess," it is scarcely possible to believe that her face, under any circumstances, could have been "considered an ordinary countenance"; nor does the splendid portrait of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds give that impression: but, beautiful or not, she bewitched everyone into believing that she was so, and speedily captivated a society so perfectly capable of appreciating her, as that by which she was surrounded.

In doing the honours of her noble mansion, which was characterized by a splendour far greater than that of the Court, her unusual accomplishments told with double effect; and their value to her guests was so enhanced by the natural fascination of her manners, that they soon looked with leniency upon her foibles. Tickell, in *The Wreath of Fashion*, which had reached its sixth edition in 1780, wrote stanzas in honour of her petticoat; and Lord Carlisle, a rhapsody on seeing Her Grace in full dress: he also undertook to justify her caprices in the following lines:—

"Wit is a feather, this we all admit,
But sure each feather in your cap is wit;
'Tis the best flight of genius—to improve
The smiles of beauty and the bliss of love.
Like beams around the sun your feathers shine,
And raise the splendour of your charms divine;
Such plumes the worth of mighty conquerors show,
For who can conquer hearts so well as you?
When on your head I see those fluttering things,
I think, that love is there, and claps his wings.
Feathers help'd Jove to fan his amorous flame,
Cupid has feathers, angels wear the same.
Since then from Heaven their origin we trace,
Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace."

Indeed there was scarcely a man of eminence in her day, who could write a stanza, that did not address some complimentary verses to her. Dr Darwin, "that mighty master of unmeaning rhyme," sings her praises in his *Botanic Garden*, and her friend, Charles Fox, did not think it beneath him to write some verses on the death of her favourite spaniel: they were in the Album:

On the Death of Faddle, a favourite Spaniel of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who died an early victim to love; his father, Faddle, senior, having perished by a similar fate.—C. J. Fox.

Not Edward, when he saw with courage fell,
The beaten foe beneath the stripling run,
And, his career in Cressy's field begun,
Did the black warrior's future fame foretell—
Not great Pelides, when in that dark dell
Of grisly Pluto, from Laertes' son
He learnt the trophies by his Pyrrhus won,
And stalk'd away, the proudest ghost in hell,
More joy'd—than ancient Faddle's shade, when late
The tidings through the grove of myrtle flew,
That mighty Love had caused young Faddle's fate:
Thus mortals, to their follies ever true,
Of favourite passions would extend the date,
And, in their offspring, love or fight anew!

But all this homage is not surprising. In her youth the Duchess must have been, in spite of Wraxall's allusion to red hair, a lovely woman; for, when she was about six-and-thirty, two years after the Doctor *botanized* her, she held no mean position in the following amusing estimate of the personal attractions of our then reigning beauties.[1] This arbitrary mode of estimating the comparative merits of individuals was the invention of Akenside, who first applied it to poets; and the plan, whether well or ill executed, in the present instance, is a far more complete one than Lord Byron's pyramid, or rather Isoceles triangle, of which the Pleasures of Memory form the apex. The point of perfection is twenty.

[1] See pp. 124-125.

The history of the Hon. Mrs Bouverie's domestic life, the mother of the beautiful Lady Erskine St Clair here mentioned,[1] is perhaps one of the most remarkable to be found in Debrett. She was a daughter of Sir E. Fawkener, Ambassador to the Porte, and in June 1764, when only fifteen, married the Hon. E. Bouverie. Having lived with him twenty-two years, or more (for their eighth child was born in 1786), she then placed herself under the protection of Lord Robert Spencer, son of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, to whom she was not married till 1811, a year after the death of her first husband. It is said that Mrs Bouverie was a very attractive and engaging woman, and that her conduct when living with Lord Robert, who was very constant to her, was in other respects so amiable and exemplary that it elicited from Charles Fox the paradoxical remark that "they made adultery respectable." He also wrote the following most extraordinary quatrain upon her, which I found in Brummell's collection:

"She loves truth, though she lies till she's black in the face;
She loves virtue, though none in her conduct you trace;
Her delicate feelings all wickedness shocks,
Though her lover's Lord Robert, and her friend is Charles Fox!"

Lady R. Spencer died in November 1825, and his lordship in June 1831. Mr Bouverie was an uncle of the present Dr Pusey, whose father first assumed that name: it is curious, but the Doctor is of a family descended from Protestant refugees!

[1] See p. 125.

	Form	Elegance	Grace	Feature	Complexion	Countenance	Softness	Expression	Loveliness
Princess Mary . .	15	16	19	16	18	14	18	16	20
Duchess of Devonshire	16	17	18	14	15	20	17	16	18
Duchess of Rutland .	17	18	12	19	14	16	14	14	18
Duchess of Montrose .	16	15	15	12	14	18	18	14	16
Lady Stormont . .	12	14	13	17	10	16	14	17	15
Lady Anne Fitzroy .	17	17	16	17	15	16	17	18	17
Lady Anne Lambton .	15	14	16	13	11	10	16	12	20
Lady William Russell .	14	16	15	12	16	14	15	14	17
Lady Erskine St Clair .	18	17	16	15	16	18	14	13	17
Lady Webster . .	16	16	12	12	17	18	14	18	14
Lady Caroline Campbell	18	16	16	17	19	18	18	12	20
Lady Elizabeth Lambert	15	14	15	18	20	14	17	18	17
Mrs Tickell . .	17	16	18	20	16	20	18	19	20
Mrs Law . .	18	16	14	20	15	14	17	17	18
Miss Ogilvie . .	17	16	17	14	12	15	14	18	16
Pamela . .	16	18	18	16	14	18	18	18	20

The Duchess of Gloucester, at this period in her seventeenth year, and perhaps the loveliest girl in England. Her Royal Highness's foot and ankle were faultless; a fact which was frequently divulged to her numerous admirers, by the short petticoats worn in 1797.

Georgiana, eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, at this time in her thirty-sixth year. Died 30th March 1806.

Mary Isabella, daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Beaufort, and mother of the present Duke of Rutland. Her Grace was an intimate friend of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; and in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Died 2nd September 1831.

Caroline Maria, daughter of George, fourth Duke of Manchester, in her twenty-third year. Her Grace is still living.

Louisa, youngest daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, afterwards Countess of Mansfield; and subsequently married to the Hon. Fulke Greville. Her ladyship was in her thirty-fifth year. She died in July 1843, aged eighty-three.

Probably the present Lady Anne Culling Smith, daughter of the first Earl of Mornington, then wife of the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, son of the first Lord Southampton, who died in 1794. Her ladyship was at this time in her twenty-fifth year.

Anne Barbara, second daughter of the fourth Earl of Jersey; married, in 1791, W. Lambton, Esq., and subsequently the Hon. Charles Wyndham, brother of the Earl of Egremont. She was in her twenty-first year. Died April 1832.

The lady of the late unfortunate Lord W. Russell. She was an elder sister of Lady Anne Lambton's, and was in her twenty-second year. Died in 1808.

Henrietta Elizabeth Bouverie, eldest daughter of the Hon. Edward Bouverie, uncle to Jacob, second Earl of Radnor. This lady, who was subsequently Lady Rosslyn, was in her twenty-second year, and died on the 8th August 1810.

Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Vassal, Esq., at this time the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster; which marriage was, in 1797, dissolved by Act of Parliament, when her ladyship married Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, and survives him.

Isabella Caroline, eldest daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Earl of Carlisle; at this time in her twenty-second year. Her ladyship is the mother of the present "Thane of Cawdor," and still retains considerable traces of her former beauty.

Daughter of Richard, sixth Earl of Cavan; married, in the November of this year, 1793, W. Ricketts, Esq.; which marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, in April 1799; when she remarried, in March 1800, Rev. Mr Brickenden. Her ladyship was at this time in her eighteenth year, and a lovely woman. She died in January 1830.

Mary, sister to the beautiful Miss Linley, Sheridan's first wife.

Possibly Anne, daughter of George Towry, Esq., who married, in October 1789, Edward Law, Esq., afterwards the first Lord Ellenborough.

There were two sisters, celebrated beauties, of this name; one of them married a Mr Locke.

Wife of Lord E. Fitzgerald, and a natural daughter of Philip Egalité, Duke of Orleans, by Madame de Genlis. This beautiful creature was in her twentieth year. Lord Edward and his young bride arrived in London in January of the preceding year.

CHAPTER XII

The Duchess of Devonshire—Her follies and infirmities—Taste for play at this period—Charles Fox and the Jews—His lines on the gaming-table—The Duchess's kindness of heart—Her enthusiasm—The contest for Westminster in 1784—Anecdotes of and squibs let off at this election—The Duchess's poem of *The Passage of the St Gothard*—Her knowledge of French and Italian—Her translation of one of Petrarch's sonnets

IN the short space of three years after her marriage the Duchess of Devonshire's extravagance became the subject of public criticism, and several pamphlets were addressed to her, reflecting severely upon her conduct; the motto of one was, "Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw"—alluding to Lord Carlisle's verses: that of another was also from Pope, "She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart"; and both of these were very severe. But long after this period, having been fifteen years devoted to pleasure, she was still foremost in every fashionable folly; and in 1793 was at the head of the Lady Patronesses of the celebrated picnic parties. There is, however, every reason to fear that Her Grace's excessive extravagance was not her worst fault; not only from traditional report, but from the evidence that may be met with in every autograph collection, we learn that the Duchess was devoted to faro, the fashionable game of the day, and other games of chance, which brought her into positions greatly detrimental to her character, and the dignity of her high station. In this she certainly was not discouraged, either by her male or female friends,

and gaming in private circles was then far more common than in the present day; though, unfortunately, the vice is not extinct, and fashionable women of rank might now be named who play as deep as did then Her Grace of Devonshire.

It was, indeed, one of the characteristic follies of "All the Talents," the absorbing passion of several members of the party who were most intimate at Devonshire House. The devotion of Fox to play is notorious, and he seems to have been scarcely able to pass forty-eight hours without it. A gentleman, now living, informed me, that one evening, when he and two or three other friends of Mrs Fox were drinking tea with her in South Street, the door opened, and Charles James came skipping into the room, in most unusual spirits; they were on the point of inquiring the cause, but he saved them the trouble, by exclaiming, as he continued his capers, which he cut all round the room: "Great run! Great run! Vingt-et-un; lucky dog; to-morrow morning pay the Jews—pay them all!" Unfortunately for him, and for them too, it was Friday night, which, in the excess of his honesty and happiness, he did not think of. Of course, the next day no Israelite would come for his cash; and that night the moneys were carried to the Club, and there lost—the love of powerful excitement, and the insatiable cravings of the gamester's heart, overcoming that great man's better feelings, and good but transient resolutions.

But, though a slave to this dreadful passion, and therefore to its degrading consequences, he wrote the following curious description of the gaming-table, in which the political feelings of this constitutional statesman are singularly interwoven with the subject, and in

terms that would scarcely be agreeable to, or in accordance with, the opinions of the Whigs, in these days of the march of *opinion*. The critical powers of Fox, however, on points relating either to history or historians, generally led him to just conclusions; and his denunciation of Cromwell, though on so trifling an occasion, is made in a spirit as liberal as that of his remark on the partiality of Hume and Gibbon, for their respective and favourite opinions—namely, "that one so loved a king, and the other so hated a priest, that neither of them could be depended upon, when either a priest or a king was concerned."

These lines by Fox were copied from the Beau's Album, and I believe have never been published.

The Gaming-Table

A spot there is, say, Traveller, where it lies,
And mark the clime, the limits and the size,
Where grow no trees, nor waves the golden grain,
Nor hills, nor vales, diversify the plain;
Eternal years without the farmer's toil,
Through all the seasons clothe the favour'd soil;
Fair pools, in which the finny race abound,
By human hands prepared, enrich the ground—
Not Indian coasts produce an ampler store,
Pearls, ivory, diamonds, gold and silver ore:
Yet, Britons! envy not these wealthy climes,
Perpetual war distracts and endless crimes
Pollute the soil; pale Avarice triumphs there,
Hate, Envy, Rage, and heart-destroying Care;
With Fraud and Fear, and comfortless Despair.
Their government not long remains the same,
Though they, like us, revere a monarch's name;
Now Cromwell like, a low and base-born knave,

Nobles, and Kings and Queens, presumes to brave:
The nobles fall—the king's a captive slave.
Britons, beware—let Avarice tempt no more—
Spite of its wealth, avoid the fatal shore."

But to return to the Duchess. Though she played high and all her amusements were of an expensive character, and her love of dissipation became so strong that she never deliberately improved her habits of life, yet she constantly gave remarkable instances of generosity and kind feeling; being in that respect, as she was in everything else, a creature of impulse, she yielded without discrimination to the supplications of distress, as easily as she did to the temptations of luxury, and those pleasures which her success and influence in society induced. She liberally assisted literary characters, and especially protected Charlotte Smith, the celebrated novelist, who at one period of her life lived at Devonshire House. But the most pleasing trait of her domestic character was the example she set her fashionable friends by nursing her own children; thereby discouraging the unnatural practice prevalent in her time of sending them into the country and leaving them to the management and discretion of ignorant, and sometimes unfeeling, nurses. A poet of the day thus refers to this incident:

"So when the mother, bending o'er his charms,
Clasps her fair nursling in delighted arms,
Throws the thin kerchief from her neck of snow,
And half unveils the pearly orbs below—
With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns
Her soft embraces, and endearing tones;
Sucks the salubrious fount with open lips,
Spreads his inquiring hands, and smiles and sips."

The interest which the Duchess of Devonshire took in public affairs was far beyond what had ever been displayed by any of her female contemporaries. When the American War broke out, she was seen at Tiptree and Warley Camps, dressed in the regimentals of the Derby militia—the consequence was a military fever amongst the women, which was followed by a naval one, when the victories of Howe, Jervis, Duncan and Nelson revived the national spirits; and the Egyptian, Aboukir and Nelson bonnets, caps and head-dresses were all the fashion. On the declaration of war being made against France she set to work with all her friends to make flannel waistcoats for the troops; and she showed the same enthusiasm in the cause of her friend, Charles Fox, in his great contest for Westminster in 1784, which appropriately enough commenced on "All Fools' Day," and, being in the "good old times," lasted for one month and seventeen days.

The excitement which this election caused amongst all grades of society was never exceeded in the most turbulent republics. The most refined ladies quite forgot all propriety of demeanour, and some of the highest rank actually pulled the favours from each other's bosoms in the Opera refreshment-rooms, accompanying the action with screams of "No Fox, no Fox!" Even at Carlton House, election jokes were permitted, and at the breakfast given by the Prince of Wales, on this occasion, someone pinned a Fox cockade on the head of Lady Talbot, who was a violent Tory; for some time her ladyship did not perceive it, but a tell-tale mirror at length revealed the affront, when the favour was removed with no gentle hand, and not only indignantly thrown at her

feet, but stamped upon—to the great amusement of the bystanders.

But no one was so devoted to the interest of the popular candidate or the success of his cause as the Duchess of Devonshire, who was then figuratively called, and is still distinguished by the appellation of, "Fox's Duchess." Accompanied by her sister, Lady Duncannon, and her friend, the Duchess of Rutland, she attended continually at the hustings, in an elegant equipage, with a favour in her hat and one on her breast, inscribed with the word "Fox"—and, supported by the presence of her scarcely less fascinating sister, she visited the houses and shops of the electors, and dazzled and enslaved them by her enchanting manners, her beauty and the influence of her high rank; nor did she object to convey the humblest of the electors in her own carriage to the hustings to vote for her friend.

But the most *convincing* proof of her ardour in his cause is the well-authenticated story that, rather than lose a plumper for her candidate, she permitted a *butcher*—a man probably surrounded at the time with slaughtered beeves and fat southdowns—to kiss her in Newport market! Of course, this enthusiasm called forth philippics from the Tories, and the greatest admiration from the Whigs; but what it called forth from the Duke, her husband, has not transpired. To excuse this kiss one of her party quoted Dean Smith, who says that "an over-nice man is a man of nasty ideas"; and another compared her to Cornelia, the wife of Pompey, and daughter of Metellus Scipio. In an account of this memorable election, which filled a thickly printed quarto volume of eight hundred pages, published by Debrett, a few months after, there are one hundred and thirty

squibs and pieces of poetry from the wits and versifiers of both sides. The following are specimens of their powers and the compliments paid to Her Grace :

" Fair Devon all good English hearts must approve,
And the Waldegraves,[1] God bless their sweet faces !
The Duchess she looks the sweet Queen of Love,
And they like the three sister Graces.

Then let each of us say,
May the D—l take Wray,
And Charley and Liberty carry the day.

E'en cobblers she canvass'd, they would not refuse,
But huzza'd for Fox and ' No wooden shoes.'
She canvass'd the tailors, and ask'd for their votes,
They all gave her plumpers, and cried, 'No turncoats.' [2]
Then let each of us say, etc."

But would a canvasser like Her Grace be so successful in these degenerate days of " pounds, shillings, and pence," in which the very ghost of chivalry has been hunted from the land? Could she still find in Newport market a butcher who would prefer a kiss to a ten-pound note? I fear not. It was during the excitement and turmoil of this election that the flattering and well-known exclamation burst spontaneously from the lips of the impassioned coalheaver, who, roused by her expressive countenance, said, while gazing with admiration upon

[1] Elizabeth Laura, at this time Lady Chewton, afterwards Lady Waldegrave; Charlotte Maria, afterwards Duchess of Grafton; Hannah Horatia, afterwards Lady Hugh Seymour. All three daughters of the second Earl of Waldegrave.

" The Ladies Waldegrave," writes Dr Warner to George Selwyn, in June 1779, " have been about marrying the whole town, but are not married. Lord Egremont was very near, but he said he should hang himself before the summer was over if he did."

[2] Alluding to Sir Cecil Wray's change of opinion.

it: "I could light my pipe at your eyes." This compliment was highly appreciated by the Duchess, and she always admitted it as the most gratifying one that had ever been paid her.

Though this celebrated woman devoted herself heart and soul to politics, and the gaieties and dissipation of the sphere of life in which she moved, she was capable of enjoying pleasures of a very different character; for on her return from Italy, in the autumn of 1793, to which country she had gone with her mother and Lady Besborough, on account of the delicate health of the latter, the passage of the St Gothard suggested to her the pleasing little poem of that name, the opening of which is an apostrophe to the lovely land she was leaving. A natural benevolence and warmth of feeling pervade this poem; the stirring points in Swiss history are evidently dwelt upon with energy and admiration; nor is the descriptive part wanting in beauty, simplicity and strength. Her Grace, with maternal feeling, dedicated it to her children; and perhaps the prettiest quotation to make from it is the concluding stanza, in which she thus addresses them:

"Hope of my life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more—oh! transport, reach its home and you."

Soon after this poem was published it was translated into French by the Abbé Délille, a member of the Academy and author of *Les Jardins*, who was probably an emigrant friend of hers. When the Duchess presented him with this specimen of her poetical powers she sent with it the following complimentary lines:

À Monsieur l'Abbé Délille

Vous dont la lyre enchanteresse
Unit la force à la douceur,
De la nature amant flatteur ;
Vous qui l'embellissez sans cesse,
J'ose vous offrir en tremblant
De l'humble pré la fleur nouvelle ;
Je la voudrais une immortelle,
Si vous acceptez le présent.

Georgine Devonshire.

Though these couplets are in themselves trifling, yet they show that Her Grace was, as I have before remarked, a perfect mistress of French ; but the following translation of Petrarch's thirty-fourth sonnet is a far more remarkable instance of her proficiency in the Italian language, an accomplishment which her friend Charles Fox also possessed. This the reader may see in his "Il piacere è il Desire," an imitation of Monk Lewis's poem, "In yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping," which is printed in the edition of "Dark Musgrave's" poems, published in 1812. The friend who was kind enough to send me a copy of this translation by Her Grace is perhaps better able to appreciate the merits of Italian literature than any Englishman now living. He gave me also some details of the circumstances under which it came into his possession, and I now insert them in his own words :

"My first visit to the Eternal city was in 1822, and it was there that I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. Knowing that one of my objects, was, to investigate certain controverted points in the life of Petrarch, she very kindly assisted me in my researches ; and one morning, whilst we were engaged in discussing the nature of his attach-

ment to Laura, she presented me with the translation of 'Levommi il mio pensier' as a specimen of the poetical talents of her predecessor, Georgiana, and a striking proof of the facility with which the English language, when properly handled, renders the sublimity and tenderness of the great lyrical poet of Italy." As the reader may like to compare it with the Italian I have given the original with it.

Sonnetto XXXIV

Dice essersi levato col pensiero infino al cielo, e quivi aver veduto Laura che lo prese per mano e parlogli. Dice in ultimo che al suon delle sue parole poco mancò che non morisse di dolcezza. Questo si può dir veramente il più bel sonnetto del Petrarca.

Levommi il mio pensier in parte, ov'era
Quella, ch'io cerco e non ritrovo in terra;
Ivi fra lor, che'l terzo cerchio [1] serra,
La rividi più bella, e meno altera.
Per man mi prese, e disse: "In questa spera
Sarai ancor meco, se'l desir non erra:
I'son colei che ti diè tanta guerra,
E compiè mia giornata innanzi sera.
Mio ben non cape,[2] in intelletto umano;
Te solo aspetto, e quel che tanto amasti,
E laggiuso è rimaso, il mio bel velo." [3]
Deh perchè tacque ed allargò la mano?
Ch'al suon de' detti, si pietosi e casti,
Poco mancò, ch'io non rimasi in cielo.

[1] *Il terzo cerchio.* Si finge rapito al terzo cielo, luogo assegnato dai Poeti agli amanti virtuosi e casti.

[2] *Mio ben non cape*, ac. l'intelletto umano non è capace di comprendere la pienezza della mia felicità.

[3] *Te solo aspetto e il mio bel velo* (il corpo), cioè, quello che tu tanto amasti e ch'è rimaso laggiuso sulla terra.—*Commentator's Note.*

Translated by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire

In spirit I had mounted to the sphere
Where she amidst its gentle inmates beam'd,
Whom still I fondly seek, but find not here:
More beautiful and less severe she seem'd.
She press'd my hand, and said: "In this bright star
With me, if hope deceive not, thou shalt dwell:
That maid I am who caused thy live-long war,
And closed her day of life ere evening fell.
My bliss transcends the reach of human mind:
Thee only I desire, and what thou prized'st so much,
Those beauteous spoils, I left on earth behind."
Why ceased she, why withdrew the pledge thus given?
That chaste, that thrilling voice, that holy touch,
Had sure sufficed to keep my soul in heaven!

CHAPTER XIII

The Duchess's fugitive poetry—The late Lord Morley—Borino the Brave—His feats at Melton described in verse by George Ellis —Short notice of that gentleman—The Duchess of Devonshire's lines on a bust of Charles James Fox—Her verses from a blind man to his wife—Death of Her Grace—Anecdote of Lady Besborough—Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire—Gibbon in love —Sketch of Her Grace's character—Her patronage of literature and antiquarian researches

NO doubt many other examples of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire's taste and acquirements exist in the domestic archives of Chatsworth; but though they were not accessible to me, I trust I have in some degree succeeded in my attempt to awaken the reader's interest in the lovely authoress of the fugitive poetry that I now transcribe from Brummell's Album, and which, after diligent search, I have not discovered in print. The first piece gives ample evidence of her classical taste, and the richness and elegance of her imagination.

"Here, in the bower of beauty, newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child
In Flora's cheek, when first the goddess smiled;
Nursed on the bosom of the beauteous Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing.
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew;
Then arm'd his head with glittering sparks of fire,
And tipp'd his shining arrows with desire.

Hence joys arose upon the wings of wind,
And Hope presents the lover always kind;
Despair creates a rival for our fears,
And tender Pity softens into tears."

The stanzas that follow are not so imaginative, but more natural, and on that account more pleasing.

"My cherish'd hope, my fondest dream,
Still, dearest! rests on thee;
A blank without thee all would seem,
And life would lifeless be.

The place thy presence glads to seek
Is where I'm ever best;
And when I hear thee kindly speak,
And speak to *me*, I'm blest.

But should hard fate command it so,
Still, dearest! I'm resign'd;
And if from me thou'rt bent to go,
Or alter'd, or unkind,—

Unfelt by thee, my silent care
Shall never claim relief;
And still I'll wish thou mayst not share
My solitary grief."

In the next, the Duchess seems to have adopted the metre of "Alonzo the Brave," and the "Fair Imogene," of M. G. Lewis.

The hero of this ballad was the late Lord Morley, then Lord Boringdon, who was a strong supporter of Mr Pitt and, when a young man, spoke frequently in the House of Lords. It is probably to these speeches that Her Grace alludes, which, no doubt, found but little favour in the eyes of such an ardent Foxite as she was. Of the ladies

that the youthful Lord Boringdon jilted the author has no gossiping details to give; but of the one who jilted him the *Peerage* gives due information, and shows that these verses were written previously to the 24th of June 1804, on which day he married the Lady Augusta Fane, second daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmorland, which marriage was dissolved in 1809, when her ladyship remarried the late Right Honourable Sir Arthur Paget. Lord Morley died on the 14th of March 1840.

Borino the Brave

A baron so bold, and of parentage fair,
Was riding beside the green sea;
His vizor was up, and his forehead was bare,
His face it was comely, and long was his hair,
And tall, and full portly was he.

He slowly rode on, 'twas for exercise' sake,
Nor trotted, nor canter'd did he;
He mused on the speeches he'd made, and would make,
Of the vows to fair damsels he'd keep or would break,
And on many a quaint repartee.

Oh! from him let the barons of England beware
How their loves and their palfreys they guide;
Many women may love them, for whom they don't care,
Many horses may stumble, unless they're aware,
Or if loose in their stirrups they ride.

A Bedlamite Duchess [1] was bathing hard by,
When she saw the young Paladin pass;
He bewilder'd her brain, and he dazzled her eye,
Her guides could not stop her, she strove to rush by,
And swore that she would, "by the mass!"

[1] *Query*, Her Grace of Gordon?

The baron was frighten'd, with reason and truth,
For her love and her frenzy were strong;
She turn'd as he turn'd, and with gesture uncouth,
Her arms she elongated straight at the youth,
And they seem'd to be half-a-mile long.

He spoke not, he flew not, he only could scream,
When plump in the water he fell!
And lo! all this bustle, though strange it may seem,
He found by awaking was only a dream,
Was a very good story to tell.

And now still at midnight, the supper just o'er,
Her spirit he seems to behold;
The story he told, though he told it before,
For each night, as the clock strikes, he tells it once more,
And forgets it has ever been told!

The following ballad is another quiz upon the same nobleman, for which reason I have placed it with the preceding one. It was written by George Ellis, another of Brummell's friends, and is in some measure a parody on Monk Lewis's ballad of "Durandarte and Belerma":

"Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncesvalles fight."

It was written when Mr Ellis was on a visit to his cousin, the present Lord Seaford. Brooksby Hall is on the road from Melton to Leicester.

"Sad and fearful is the story
Of the hunt in Leicestershire,
On that fatal field of glory
Met full many a dashing squire.

There fell bold Borino, never
Horse did such a baron bear,
Thinking he could ride for ever,
Mounted on so dun a mare.

Scarlet spencer deck'd his shoulders,
Of his coat the skirts were blue;
Pantaloons charm'd all beholders,
Leather, and of yellow hue.

Huge his hat, to put his head in,
Longer queue was never seen;
Round his neck his 'kerchief spreading,
Check'd with faded blue and green.

Leaps he thought were quite delightful,
Hedge and ditch, whate'er might hap,
Even gates were not too frightful,
Leap he would,—and chose a gap.

O'er the gap the dun mare vaulted,
Glow'd with joy his noble blood;
Pass'd the gap, the dun mare halted,—
Dropp'd the Baron in the mud!

'Although young I fall, believe me,'
Cried this lord, of noble mind,
'Think not, sirs, a fall would grieve me,
'Tis to fall before we find:

'Comforts twain my griefs have lighten'd,
Though your grooms have seen me down;
First I prove I was not frighten'd,
Next, the spencer's not my own.'

Laugh'd the grooms, the farmers hearty,
Laugh'd the huntsman till he cried;
Laugh'd each sportsman of the party,
'Good, my lord, thus ever ride.'

Baron, bolder, wiser, graver,
(Riding Spanish, sure to fall,)
Lord in scarlet spencer, braver
Started ne'er from Brooksby Hall."

Perhaps no one ever better united the character of a gentleman with that of a man of letters than the author of this humorous scrap, which is valuable as the trifle of a very superior man. Mr Ellis was a person of gentle and polished manners, and his mind was peculiarly formed to feel and inspire others with the warmest sentiments of friendship. Mr Lockhart, in speaking of the intimacy that existed between this talented individual and Sir Walter Scott, calls him the "elegant and amiable Ellis"; and that he was amiable there is little reason to doubt, for he was the friend of the great and good Heber, who introduced Scott to his acquaintance. The intimacy thus formed between Sir Walter and Mr Ellis lasted for many years, indeed until the death of the latter; for, besides the many social qualities which they possessed in common, their great taste for national antiquarian lore, and deep knowledge of this particular study, were subjects of mutual interest; and when in London the great novelist always reserved Saturday and Sunday for a visit to Sunning Hill, the residence of his friend. Dr Leyden, Sir Walter Scott's amanuensis and assistant, also paid him a visit there, and thus described his countenance in a letter to his patron:

"His eyen graye as glas ben
And his looks ben alto kene,
Loveliche to paramour;
Brown as acorn ben his faxe,
His face is thin as bettel axe,
That dealeth dintis doure."

This grotesque sketch by the enthusiastic lover of Old English verse does not convey to the mind of the unlearned any other idea than that of a rusty battle-axe—a very moat-drawbridge-and-portcullis cast of

countenance. In the early part of Mr Ellis's career he was, like Burke, a Whig, and contributed his share of satires to *Rolliad* and *Probationary Odes*; but in 1779 he changed his political opinions, a circumstance rather more unusual in those days than in the present; and after he became the coadjutor of Canning and Frere he wrote as ardently and well, and praised Mr Pitt as cleverly, in *The Anti-Jacobin* as he had abused him in the Opposition periodicals.

"Pert without fire, without experience sage,"

was the opening line of one of his gibes against that minister; but, though engaged in the literary warfare of the pen in early life, Mr Ellis was not afflicted with the odious asperity which frequently results from that occupation, or from entering actively upon the arena of politics.

His literary claims to our admiration and respect rest, however, upon more solid and commendable grounds than his political versification. His writing has been compared to Addison's for purity, and his "Essay on the Formation and Progress of the English Language," his antiquarian knowledge, and contributions to *The Quarterly Review*, of which he was one of the earliest supporters, will remain and be prized as the evidence of his talent long after the remembrance of his social accomplishments has passed away. Mr Ellis also wrote some light poetry, of which he limited the publicity to circulation amongst his intimate friends. In the latter years of this gentleman's life he was much harassed by a painful disease, which he bore with patience and fortitude, and expired at Sunning Hill, on the 18th of April 1815, in the seventieth year of his age.

There are several other pieces of the Duchess of Devonshire's poetry in Brummell's collection besides the preceding ones; amongst them are some lines on a bust of Charles J. Fox at Woburn, *The Battle of Aboukir*, and her celebrated *Negro Song*, "The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast," which was suggested by a circumstance that befell Mungo Park during his travels in Africa, and which was set to music many years ago. There is also an excellent specimen of Her Grace's wit and domestic satire; but as the joke on which it turns was taken up by Lord John Townshend I have placed it with his reply.

The following are her lines on the bust of Charles James Fox at Woburn:

"Here, 'midst the friends he loved the man behold,
In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold;
Whose patriot zeal and uncorrupted mind
Dared to assert the freedom of mankind:
And, whilst extending desolation far,
Ambition spread the baneful flames of war,
Fearless of blame, and eloquent to save,
'Twas he—'twas Fox, the warning counsel gave;
'Midst jarring conflicts stemm'd the tide of blood,
And to the menaced world a landmark stood.
Oh! had his voice in Mercy's cause prevail'd,
What grateful millions had the statesman hail'd!
Whose wisdom made the broils of nations cease,
And taught the world humanity and peace.
But though he fail'd, succeeding ages here,
The vain yet pious effort shall revere;
Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame."

The succeeding stanzas, on account of their peculiar beauty and pathos, I have reserved for the last, in order

that the impression they will naturally make upon the reader may not be impaired by any subsequent trifle from the same pen :

"I've known all the blessings of sight,
The beauties that nature displays,
And traced in the splendour of light
The glories that stream'd in the blaze;
Yet though darkness its sorrows has spread,
I grudge not the pleasures I've known,
Since, reclining, I thus lay my head
On a breast that I know is my own.

I have valued the charms of the rose,
As I pluck'd it all fresh from the tree;
I have kiss'd it, and bid it disclose
Its sweets, for I meant it for thee.
But memory still has its bliss,
Though no longer I gaze on thee now;
More sweet than the rose is thy kiss,
And more fresh and more lovely art thou.

The life of the roebuck was mine,
As I bounded o'er valley and lawn,
I watch'd the grey twilight decline,
And worshipp'd the day-breaking [1] dawn.
I regret not the freedom of will
Or sigh as uncertain I tread,
I am freer and happier still
When by thee I am carefully led.

Ere my sight I was doom'd to resign
My heart I surrender'd to thee,
Not a thought, or an action was mine,
But I saw as thou bad'st me to see.

[1] Day-breaking, query "*gay*-breaking."

Thy watchful affection I wait,
And hang with delight on thy voice;
And dependence is soften'd by fate,
Since dependence on thee was my choice."

These verses speak eloquently for a heart that the blandishments of fashion beguiled to a lamentable extent, but could never entirely corrupt. "To her mother, says Wraxall, "the Duchess of Devonshire was attached with more than common filial affection, of which she exhibited pecuniary proofs, rarely given by a daughter to a parent. Nor did she display less attachment to her sister, Lady Duncannon." It is said that in her last illness the retrospect of her life caused the Duchess of Devonshire the deepest regret, and that she felt acutely the utter insignificance and emptiness of the pleasures which had so constantly absorbed her mind and energies. The disorder which terminated in her death was an abscess in the liver, Her Grace having experienced the first attack of it about three months before, while dining at the Marquis of Hertford's; from that time it increased so rapidly as to baffle every attempt made to subdue it by the combined talents of Doctors Baillie, Pitcairn and others. Her disease was beyond the aid of human skill, and she expired at Devonshire House on the morning of the 30th of March 1806, in the forty-ninth year of her age.

The Prince of Wales had the greatest regard and respect for her, and expressed a wish to attend her funeral; but the honour was declined, as in London the ceremonials were conducted with great privacy. This, however, was not the case at Derby, for the hearse was met three miles from the town by the nobility and gentry of the county and the Duke's tenantry, who accompanied

it to the family vault of the Cavendishes, in St Stephen's Church. Fifteen years after, the late Countess of Besborough was, at her own request, laid in the same vault. In the zenith of their beauty and influence "the rival sisters," as they were generally called, were tenderly attached to each other; and how this feeling survived in Lady Besborough's mind is attested by an affecting anecdote, which Wraxall thus relates:

"During the month of July 1811, a very short time before the decease of the late Duke of Devonshire, I visited the vault in the principal church of Derby, where repose the remains of the Cavendish family. As I stood contemplating the coffin which contained the remains of that admired female, Georgiana, the late Duchess, the woman who accompanied me pointed out the relics of a bouquet which lay on the coffin, nearly collapsed into dust. 'That nosegay,' said she, 'was brought here by the Countess of Besborough, who had designed to place it with her own hands on her sister's coffin; but, overcome by her emotions on approaching the spot, she found herself unable to descend the steps conducting to the vault. In an agony of grief she knelt down on the stones, as nearly over the place occupied by the corpse as I could direct, and there deposited the flowers, enjoining me the performance of an office to which she was unequal. I fulfilled her wishes.'" When the Prince of Wales was informed of the death of the Duchess of Devonshire he is said to have exclaimed: "Then we have lost the best-bred woman in England!" And Fox observed, on the same melancholy occasion: "She had the kindest of human hearts." How characteristic the remarks of the two men!

In introducing the translation of Petrarch's sonnet

I had occasion to advert to Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke's second wife, and to allude to the estimation in which she held her friend and predecessor's accomplishments. Before concluding this chapter it may not be irrelevant to speak of her great taste and acquirements; indeed, it is impossible to mention one of these celebrated women without thinking of the other, for the intimacy that existed between them was perfectly Siamese—and after the separation of Lady Elizabeth from Mr Foster, her first husband, had taken place, she became an inmate of Devonshire House, on the gossip of which I forbear to dwell. The two friends afterwards travelled together on the Continent, and when at Lausanne, in 1787, an incident occurred which proves that she was scarcely less delightfully insinuating, or less talented, than her gifted companion.

The anecdote, charming in itself, is admirably related in a recent contribution to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and amusingly displays the consummate vanity of the philosophic Gibbon, who was a fixed resident in that town and formed a welcome addition to their society. "Beautiful in her person," says this writer, "fascinating in her manner, still under the age of thirty, and wholly unsuspicious of all amorous pretensions from a man of the mature years, ungainly figure, and love-repelling countenance of her learned countryman, she checked not the exuberance of her admiration of his genius: she had, unconsciously however, made a deep impression on his imagination, and one morning, more especially, just as he had terminated his elaborate performance, and felt elated with the achievement, as he so glowingly describes the sensation in his *Life*, he invited the seductive lady to breakfast; when in a bower, fragrant with

encircling acacias, he selected for her perusal various attractive passages of the concluding sheets.

" Enchanted with the masterly narrative, her ladyship complimented him on the completion of his task with a charm of language and warmth of address which the author's prurient fancy, much too licentiously indulged, as his writings prove, converted into effusions of tenderer inspiration. Falling on his knees, he gave utterance to an impassioned profession of love, greatly to the surprise of its object, who, recoiling from his contact, entreated him to rise from this humiliating posture. Thus recalled to cooler feeling, but prostrate and helpless from his unwieldy form, he vainly sought to regain his feet, and the delicate female, whose first astonishment soon yielded to irrepressible laughter at the ridiculous scene, was equally powerless in affording relief; until at length, with the aid of two robust women, he was reseated in his armchair, from which it was pretexted he had accidentally slipt. Thus ' solventur risu tabulæ,' a laugh at once dissolves the lover's enchantment, and with it evaporates the lady's anger, genuine or simulated; for with the Lady Elizabeth, this demonstration of the Promethean puissance of her charms, which could quicken into vivid emotion such a mass of seemingly inert matter, was, on reflection, felt rather as a homage than an offence; and though unfruitful of effect in evoking, as in the opera of *Zemir and Azor, or Beauty and the Beast*, a responsive flame, it in no sense interrupted her friendly intercourse with Gibbon."

This " decline and fall " in the historian's philosophy, and total forgetfulness of the chances of ridicule, certainly gives an exalted idea of the Lady Elizabeth's charms; but my amiable friend, to whom she presented

the translation of Petrarch's sonnet, and on whom, unlike Gibbon, time has exercised a softening influence over the passions, writes even now thus eloquently in her praise: "You are much too young to have known Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and therefore felt *la belle passion* for her, as every man did in my day. I had the honour of knowing both her and her successor, and, in spite of the fine eyes and seductive manners of the former, I preferred Elizabeth. I will not, however, draw any comparisons between them, unless, indeed, it should be between their literary accomplishments. Elizabeth did not, as far as I know, ever dabble in poetry: she did more than this; she was a zealous patroness of literature and the fine arts; she was the Duchess who, at her own expense, caused a machine to be fabricated for dragging the Tiber, in the vain hope of redeeming some of the statues which it is well ascertained had been thrown into it at different periods during the civil wars and the first invasion of Clovis. That praiseworthy attempt, though often repeated, was utterly fruitless.

"It was she also who caused, at her own expense, the *Æneid* to be translated into Italian verse, a magnificent work which, in point of elegance, fidelity, and typographical correctness, leaves nothing to be desired. With that in his hand, the traveller may trace the progress of Æneas from his first landing in Italy to the fatal termination of his combat with Turnus. Her palace at Rome, as well as her purse, was open to all men of genius, without distinction of rank or country. She may be said to have held the keys of the Vatican and other libraries; for, owing to her influence, I obtained admission to them when they were closed even to the Romans themselves, in consequence either of repairs or festivals. Though

others may, I have none but pleasing souvenirs of that charming woman, for I owed many obligations to her kindness during my residence at Rome.

"One of the most gratifying memorials I possess is a letter that she wrote to me shortly after her schemes for dragging the Tiber for antiques had failed, in which she feelingly deplores the result: it is a curious proof of fine feeling and affectation, two qualities not very compatible with each other; I allude to her mode of writing merely the initial and final letters of words, an affectation which often cost me considerable trouble in guessing at her meaning. Thus, in referring to her repeated disappointments on this subject, she writes: 'My l—t like my f—t at —s have failed!' Notwithstanding this, I have no hesitation in saying that, if a woman could be properly termed the Mæcenas of her age, Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, well deserved the appellation." She also published, at Rome, an edition of her friend and predecessor's poem, *The Passage of the St Gothard*, and the fifth satire of the First Book of Horace, with illustrations, several of which were designed and executed by herself. Her Grace's death, in March 1824, interrupted the completion of a Dante, which she had also intended to illustrate with one hundred plates. She was the friend of Cardinal Gonsalvi, of Canova, Cammucini, and Thorwaldsen, and was generally surrounded by eminent artists and men of letters; her influence in Rome was great, partly owing to her classical and literary taste, but still more to a munificence which scarcely knew a limit, and it was this influence, perhaps, which led the widow of the younger Pretender (and afterwards of Alfieri) thus to address the Duchess from her palazzo at Florence: "Ma belle amie, on dit ici, que vous regnez

à Rome, permettez moi d'aller vous visiter dans vos états," etc., etc. In the spirit of old Rome a medal of her was struck at her death, commemorative of her arduous exertions in the protection and advancement of Italian literature, and her unwearied efforts to preserve or restore to the world any remains of the classical antiquities which she so deeply venerated. Her Grace was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Bristol.

CHAPTER XIV

Brummell a Whig, but no politician—General Fitzpatrick—His contributions to the Beau's Album—His lines on a proposed grant of money for the prosecution of the war—Mrs Miller of Bath-Easton—Horace Walpole's description of her—Castles in the air—The late Lord Palmerston—His epitaph on his wife—Lord Upper Ossory—Lady Tyrconnel—Lines addressed to her by that nobleman—Lady Upper Ossory

AT the Duke of Devonshire's, Brummell had many and agreeable opportunities of improving his acquaintance with the wits, and celebrated men, of the party of which His Grace was the leader, and his Duchess such an enthusiastic supporter. But Brummell, though a staunch Whig, took little active interest in their political proceedings, and in all probability his reason for preferring their society was that their leisure hours were more convivially spent than those of the ministerial one, and the "Pilot who weathered the storm."

Foremost amongst these wits was General Fitzpatrick, and I shall in this chapter introduce two of his contributions to the Beau's Album, as well as those of several more of Brummell's friends, whose verses have likewise escaped the printing press. Richard Fitzpatrick, the son of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory, was born 30th January 1747. In his youth he served in the American War, but, having a political turn, he relinquished active service and entered the senate as member for Tavistock, in 1780. Though he attained the post of Secretary of War, he was far more celebrated as the friend of Fox,

and his companion at the gaming-table, and as one of the best political versifiers of his day, than as a statesman or an orator. The General was the author of some of the happiest pleasantries in the *Rolliad* and the *Probationary Odes*; he wrote the verses on Brooke Watson, those on the Marquis of Graham, and the Liars; he also wrote *Dorinda*, a town eclogue, and other short pieces. The following specimen of his politico-poetical talents is nearly, if not quite, equal to any squib Swift ever wrote:

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A BILL ENTITLED "AN ACT FOR GRANTING TO HIS MAJESTY AN ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTION FOR THE PROSECUTION OF THE WAR"!!

PLAN, by general confiscation,
To redeem a ruin'd nation;
Plan, through all its parts a blunder,
Credit to maintain by plunder;
Plan, which property protects,
By the seizure of effects;
Plan, securing general comfort;
Can we pay too large a sum for't?
Which such comforts soon shall bring, as
Writs of Capias and Distringas,—
Into poor folks' houses breaking,
E'en the beds they sleep on taking;
Thus by wives and children starving,
All that's dear to man preserving;
Virtue, and good morals guarding,
Base informers by rewarding;
Strengthening all our social ties
By encouraging of spies;
Setting down in each man's cot,
What he has, and he has not;
What though gone all Fortune gave him,
No economy can save him.

Base conceit to fight the French meant,
By prohibiting entrenchment;
Vital Christians, still repining
That religion is declining,
Here in her behalf decree
Premiums upon perjury;
Friends of due subordination,
Here, 'twixt high and humble station
Cordial union to secure,
Drive the rich to starve the poor.
Here a clause which needs must please us,
Of superfluous cash to ease us,
Whence the tax, by dexterous shift,
All at once becomes a gift;
Clause which leaves an option pleasant
To be robbed or make a present;
For, should you decline the honor,
To become a nation's donor,
Shortly to your cost you'll find
There's a process still behind;
Which, how closely e'er you lock it,
In due time will reach your pocket.
So sham cripples, whom you meet
Asking alms through many a street,
Rob by night (their wooden leg off)
Those they in the morning beg of,
And, as laws are made restraining
Suffering wretches from complaining,
These, to stop poor people's bawling,
Lift their crutch and lay them sprawling.
In this project what can men see
But the rulers in a phrenzy,
Still the desperate course pursuing
Which has brought us all to ruin?
Who 'mongst country lubbers sees one
So absurd and void of reason,
To increase the ass's loads
He has plung'd in miry roads?

British dolts, if 'tis your pleasure
To endure such loads as these are,
Prate no more about your freedom,
Empty boasts! for none will heed 'em.
All your spirit is but vapour,
Magna Charta mere waste paper;
All your boasted fire but smoke,—
Beasts of burden, bear the yoke!

Near these lines of the General's were the following anonymous verses, also humorously referring to the excessive taxation of the times. The name of Miller, in the first stanza, made me fear they might have been printed in a collection of poetry written for a fantastical lady of that name, who lived at a villa near Bath, and published in 1775, for charitable purposes, under the title of *The Vase of Bath-Easton*; but on consulting the work I did not find them, and this leads me to hope that they have never been printed. At this villa the lady used to receive a large and distinguished circle of friends every Thursday, and the chief amusement of these *réunions* was to read aloud the scraps of sentimental and other poetry that had been composed by them, perhaps in the King's bath, in the previous week, much of which was in praise of herself, her villa, and each other. Horace Walpole, in describing the Bath-Easton vagaries, writes thus to General Conway:

"Mrs Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as unsophisticated as Mrs Vesey. The captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*; and that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday,

give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with—I do not know what. You may think this is a fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers. The collection is printed, published. Yes, by my faith, there are *bouts rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; recipes to make them by Corydon the venerable, *alias* George Pitt; others very pretty by Lord Palmerston; some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre, and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short, since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull."

Castles in the Air

Were I content on earth to dwell,
To earth my views confine;
With rapture, Miller, I'd survey
This paradise of thine.

I too my willing voice would raise,
And equal praise bestow,
But that the scene which others praise,
For me is far too low.

I grant the hills are crown'd with trees,
I grant the fields are fair;
Yet after all one nothing sees,
But what is really there.

True taste ideal fancy feigns
Whilst on poetic wings;
'Bove earth, and all that earth contains,
Unbounded fancy springs.

To dwell on earth's gross element,
Let grovelling spirits bear,
Whilst I on nobler plans intent
Build castles in the air.

No neighbours there can disagree,
Or thwart what I design;
For there not only all I see,
But all I wish, is mine.

No surly landlord's leave I want,
To make or pull down fence;
I build, I furnish, lay out, plant,
Regardless of expense.

One thing, indeed, excites my fear,
Nor let it seem surprising,
Since Ministers, from year to year,
New taxes are devising,

Lest earth being taxed, as soon it may,
Beyond what earth can bear;
Our Financier a tax should lay
On castles in the air!

Well with the end the means would suit,
Did he in these our days,
Ideal plans to execute,
Ideal taxes raise.

Multifarious, indeed, were the schemes sent in to Government, towards the close of the last century, with a view of raising new taxes. It must have been at this

time that the Austrian General exclaimed one day, in the Haymarket: "Good heavens! you rule the seas, and you give a guinea-and-a-half for a codfish": a bitter epigram; for the Imperialist thought that a guinea was laid on by the Government as a tax!

It is impossible, with every proper feeling of veneration for Horace Walpole's taste, to coincide with him in his admiration of Lord Palmerston's poetry, in *The Vase of Bath-Easton*. Tickell is more correct when he says: "With chirps of wit, and mutilated lays, see Palmerston fineer his *bouts-rimés*." There are also, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, several specimens of his lordship's poetry, which are not very felicitous; but the following epitaph on his first wife, Miss Poole, which was also in Brummell's collection, might well have softened Tickell's satire. It is not exaggerated praise to say that these lines will bear comparison with those of Mason; and the composition was probably influenced by his lordship's having read and admired them; for the poet's wife died in her twenty-eighth year, at Bristol Hot Wells, 27th March 1767, two years before Lady Palmerston, who also expired at the same place.

"Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and pain,
Shall court these salutary springs in vain:
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch, in dumb despair, the shortening breath;—
If chance should bring him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine:
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose beauty warm'd me, and whose virtues bless'd,

Framed, every tie that binds the heart to prove,
Her duty, friendship, and her friendship, love;—
But yet remembering that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber—not to die—
The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the rod—
And, not to earth resign'd her, but to God!"

But these poems have interrupted the conclusion of this short notice of General Fitzpatrick. He had a very commanding presence and courtly manners, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of conversation as well as wit, which qualities, combined with great good nature, rendered him a universal favourite: but, like his friend Fox, and the rest of that party, Fitzpatrick appears to have been sadly deficient in the principle of moderation, the power of regulating his passions and habits, and the steadiness of character and industry which tended so much to the success of their opponents, and to command for them the respect in which they were held, even by those who differed from their political views. Long indulgence in the pleasures of the table impaired, in later life, his bodily as well as mental faculties, and Wraxall gives a painful account of the shattered state of both, shortly before his death. This took place on the 25th April 1813, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Lord Upper Ossory, General Fitzpatrick's elder brother, though not so witty or so popular, was a man of much more temperate habits, and highly and deservedly esteemed. Horace Walpole, in writing from Paris to George Selwyn, in 1765, mentions him in favourable terms: "We have swarms of English; but most of them know not Joseph, and Joseph desires not to know them. I live with none of them but Crawford and Lord

Ossory; the latter of whom I am extremely sorry is returning to England: I recommend him to Mr Williams as one of the properest and most amiable young men I ever knew." At this time Lord Ossory was only twenty years of age, and Walpole seems to have valued his acquaintance, as he was for many years after a frequent visitor at Ampthill.

His lordship, who was educated at Eton and Oxford, had a poetical turn as well as his brother; and, to judge by the lines addressed to Lady Tyrconnel, now given, this talent was usefully and kindly employed: the warning, however, that his poetry conveyed on this occasion was unheeded; or, if it caused a temporary check in her thoughtless career, she did not eventually profit by it. This lady, who was a daughter of the famous Marquis of Granby, married George, second Earl of Tyrconnel, and was divorced from him in 1777, being then in her twenty-fourth year. She subsequently married the Honourable Philip Anstruther, according to the *Peerage*; but *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in mentioning her death in 1792, says: "P. Leslie, Esq., once a wine-merchant in France, and second son of Lord Newark of Scotland."

This discrepancy in this gentleman's identity arose from the following circumstances: David Leslie, second Lord Newark, a staunch friend of Charles the First, died in 1694, leaving an only daughter, who married Sir A. Anstruther, Bart.: his son claimed the barony of Newark, after his mother's death, when the House of Lords gave a decision in his favour; but they afterwards retracted their verdict. Philip Anstruther, Esq., would therefore have been his proper denomination, in 1792, though the metre of the lines seems to indicate Leslie as the name used by Lord Ossory.

Addressed to LADY TYRCONNEL

[LORD UPPER OSSORY

ENVY, that loves not merit, ne'er will spare
A form so perfect, and a face so fair;
Let prudence, then, o'er all your steps preside,
And sage discretion every action guide.
For know, (but first I must demand excuse
For the plain bluntness of an honest muse,)
Know and reflect, ere yet it is too late,
You stand this moment on the brink of fate.
By fashion blinded, and by folly led,
The path of ruin and of vice you tread;
Reflect—long years of sorrow must repay
The short-lived pleasures of one fleeting day;
Lovely and young, and in Tyrconnel blest,
By strangers honour'd, and by friends caress'd,
How will they mourn to hear cursed envy tell
From what a glorious height of bliss you fell!
What charms can you in empty Leslie find,
To shake your virtue, or your judgment blind?
Shun him—not only him, but all the rest
That would plant daggers in thy youthful breast;
Guard from their arts thy yet unspotted fame,
And spare thy honour'd father's glorious name.

This is a singular subject for Lord Ossory to have touched upon, as, about seven years before these lines were written he had married the wife of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, who had been previously divorced from that notorious libertine. The Duke's profligate amours, and more especially his *liaison* with Nancy Parsons, a once beautiful but then superannuated courtesan, led to his estrangement from his accomplished and injured Duchess; and it must have been a deep interest in her misfortunes that tempted Lord

Ossory into forming an intimacy which led to a dissolution of this ill-assorted marriage. Many and great were the trials this amiable woman endured before she consented to take the step which tarnished her reputation and deprived her of the place in society that her virtues adorned. Gilly Williams, intending to throw ridicule on her religious feelings, writes thus in 1765: "The Duchess of Grafton goes nowhere but to church." Horace Walpole, who was, says Mr Jesse, an ardent admirer of her beauty, her good sense, and many endearing qualities, and who, more than once, speaks of her enthusiastically as "my Duchess," pays her a pleasing compliment in his poem of *The Three Herons*. Lady Ossory was the only daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth, and died in February 1804.

CHAPTER XV

Lord John Townshend—Lady Hunloke—Sir Robert Adair—Poem of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, supposed to be addressed to Sir Robert Adair by Lady Hunloke—Sir Robert Adair's reply to Lady Hunloke, by Lord John Townshend—Sir Gregory Page Turner—Sir G. Osborne Turner—Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt Jones—Mr Robson, M.P.

AMONGST the names of valued friends mentioned by Brummell in his letter to the lady to whom he presented his Album, is that of Lord John Townshend, son of the first Marquis Townshend, so much distinguished at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who had the melancholy satisfaction of receiving the keys of Quebec after the death of Wolfe. Lord John was born on the 19th of January 1757, and was a godson of George the Second. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards went to Cambridge, where his career was so brilliant that the University returned him as their member at the age of twenty-three. He had been a candidate the previous year, 1779, when he was defeated by the Solicitor-General Mansfield, but only by twelve votes.

It was on this occasion that the Marquis sent a man up to vote against his son, and for Lord Hyde, the third candidate. Lord John's adherence to the Whig party cost him his seat in 1784, when he was superseded by Mr Pitt. He was subsequently returned, with Fox as his colleague, for Westminster, and afterwards sat twenty-five years for Knaresborough, at the expiration of which time he retired from Parliament.

"Few men," says Wraxall, "held a higher place in Fox's friendship than the Lord John Townshend; a place to which he was entitled by the elegance of his mind, his various accomplishments, and his adherence to him through life. If party could ever feel regret, it would have been excited by his being excluded from a seat so honourable in itself as that of the University of Cambridge, to which he had attained by unwearied, personal exertions." In early life Lord John was conspicuous in society for the grace of his manners, and, as his friend Tickell says, "for his pathetic bow." His poetical productions were admired for their exquisite humour; and, in conjunction with Tickell, he wrote the satire entitled *Jekyll*. To him we also owe the *Probationary Ode* for Major Scott, and the playful parody of *Donec gratus eram tibi*; he likewise wrote a severe ode addressed to Lord North, and similarly pungent verses to Lords Barrington, Dartmouth and George Germaine.

A party at Chatsworth, at which Lord John was present, gave rise to the following pretty piece of scandal in verse by the Duchess of Devonshire. It has been already alluded to, and will introduce a reply by his lordship, who, as I have before observed, was one of her intimate friends. In this poem the *spirituelle* Georgiana appears to have been amusing herself not a little at the expense of Lady Hunloke, wife of Sir Henry Hunloke, Bart., and a sister of the late Lord Leicester. Her ladyship was one of the Duchess's country neighbours, and stands accused of having a predilection for Mr (afterwards the Right Honourable Sir Robert) Adair, also one of Her Grace's political friends, and a visitor at Chatsworth.

This gentleman, son of the celebrated surgeon of that

name by Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of William, second Earl of Albemarle, was the *élève* and friend of Fox, whose memory he defended against Tomline; and while he sat in Parliament, which he did first for Appleby and afterwards for Camelford, he steadily supported that statesman. In 1789, when Russia was menaced by England for her policy with regard to Turkey, Mr Adair, under Fox's auspices, visited St Petersburg (a fact which the reader must bear in mind as he peruses the poem) to counteract Mr Pitt's measures; and it was after this that the Empress Catherine requested Fox to sit for his bust, which she subsequently placed between those of Demosthenes and Cicero. That Charles Fox should feel an honest satisfaction in preserving his country from being embroiled in an unnecessary war is perfectly comprehensible; but it is difficult to believe that he attached any value to this hollow compliment from the great representative of absolute power. In 1806 Mr Adair was appointed ambassador at Vienna, and three years after was sent as minister to Constantinople; after which he retired from public life.

The "dingy home" of which the Duchess speaks in the opening lines of this poem is Wingerworth Hall, the seat of the Hunloke family; and it was probably the iron foundries in the neighbourhood of Chesterfield that suggested the allusion, for Wingerworth is but two or three miles from that town; the Hall is about ten from Chatsworth. Though the Duchess of Devonshire's love of literature was quite sufficient to excite the envious of her day to call her a Blue, she would, by the quiz she thus inflicted upon her contemporary, have completely escaped the more recent denunciation of that *clique* by Trebeck, who observes "that the Blues seldom con-

descend to scandal except scandal of the worst kind, such as ripping up old grievances and speaking shamefully ill of the dead. I met a Blue the other day who was discussing the Suffolk letters, and Walpole's memoirs, and then went on to say paw-paw things of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Now really this is quite atrocious: to attack a modern reputation is venial in comparison. Thank Heaven, with all my faults, it cannot be said that I ever slandered anybody's great-great-grandmother." Now I venture to hope the reader will not think that I have slandered a great-grandmother (for such would Lady Hunloke be were she now alive) by publishing these lines, as at the period they were written she was in her fifty-first year. Lady Hunloke is said to have been a merry, talkative and coquettish lady, and, like her friend the Duchess, very fond of play.

To Robert Adair *from* Lady Hunloke

[Duchess of Devonshire

Undone and plunder'd, waddling, sad, and slow,
From Chatsworth to my dingy home I go;
The barren heaths and mines of coal I view,
And turn my back, but not my thoughts from you;
The dreary landscape renovates my care,
Since gloom and cinders but recall Adair.
What though on all my smiles incessant shone,
Except when Besborough [1] the rubber won;
Though softest meanings on my accents spoke,
Save when I cursed Lord Granville Gower's [2] revoke?

[1] The late Earl of Besborough, who died in his eighty-seventh year, on the 3rd of February 1844, at Canford House, in Dorsetshire, the seat of his second son, Lord de Mauley.

[2] The present Earl Granville, who married the Lady Harriet Cavendish, second daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, by Georgiana, the noble authoress of this poem.

And though soft looks express'd my feelings bland,
Except when squinting into Denman's [1] hand;
Yet though on all with varying grace I rose,
Repeating scraps of poetry and prose;
My ample learning though I deign'd to show,
And quoted French and Latin *à propos*—
Yet still on thee my anxious thoughts were bent,
For thee, the smile, the nod, the wink, were meant.
And though, at first, I little understood,
The flattering import of thy pensive mood,
Thy frowning brow, pale cheek, and downcast eye,
And absent wandering of each set reply;
Yet soon I triumph'd in the inflicted smart,
And prized my conquest o'er a statesman's heart,
And, as bright rays, to one fix'd focus brought,
Concent'ring there to blazing flames are wrought,
My charms with shafts of fire inflamed thy pond'rous thought.
'Twas rash in me the dangerous sight to view,
Though fat, and red, I caught the infection too:
And, though much courted by the lordling band,
Though e'en Lord Ossulston [2] on tiptoe stand;
In spite of all the attentive Morpeth [3] spoke,
All Bennet's pedantry, and Townshend's [4] joke,
All Granville's beauty, and Duncannon's [5] youth,
To thee I vow my constancy and truth.
No longer, then, be politics thy care,—
For can a motion with *my* heart compare?—
No longer strike the Treasury bench with dread,
Nor like Lord Burleigh shake thy meaning head.
E'en Fox will yield the lightning of thy eye,
Thy frown terrific, and thy mute reply;

[1] Probably Lord Denman.
[2] The present Earl of Tankerville.
[3] The present Earl of Carlisle.
[4] The Lord John Townshend.
[5] The present Earl of Besborough, then in his twentieth year, and the youngest of the party.

For generous Fox can never disapprove,
That public toils should cede to happy love!
Let Buonaparte sway the jarring world
Be realms, be empires, from their bases hurl'd,
No counter-revolutions me shall wait,
No restoration of a monarch's fate;
For soon as poor Sir Harry breathes no more
I'll fly to meet the lover I adore!
Bucks and Archbishops, I'll alike discard,
And thou of all mankind alone regard.
Then take no mission to the Baltic's tide,
To freeze thy soul and pinch thy scanty side;
To warmer comforts let thy fancy turn
Nor longer from thee joys connubial spurn.
Nor let thy quondam party's tricks prevail—
Tell them their reign is o'er, their maxims stale,
And that thy choice is, pudding, beef, and ale;
Bid them alone their empty schemes pursue,
A glittering card-purse opens to thy view.
Then doubt no more, but hear thy Hunloke swear,
With thee, her life, her love,—her jointure too, she'll share.

As Mr Adair was a poet, for he is said to have contributed to the *Rolliad* and *Probationary Odes*, it may be supposed that he was ignorant of the joke that the party at Chatsworth were carrying on against him and the comely half-century from Wingerworth, or he would have seized his own lyre and sung his own strain, calm or impassioned. But, fortunately for my readers, this was not the case, or they would have lost the following droll and *desperate* reply, that Lord John obligingly concocted for him, and while composing which it is clear he ludicrously kept in view Pope's poem of *Eloisa to Abelard*. By the allusion to the Congress at Luneville these *vers de société* were evidently written late in the winter of 1800,

or very early in the succeeding year, as the treaty of peace was not signed until the 9th of February 1801. The "starving land," in the second line, was no exaggerated expression respecting the state of the country, for about this period the quartern loaf was sold for half-a-crown.

ROBERT ADAIR'S *reply to* LADY HUNLOKE

[LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND

IN times like these, when to St Stephen's walls
A starving land the legislature calls!
Now when the patriot band should be prepared,
Nor pamphlets now, nor paragraphs be spared;
Why rove I here when Parliament is met?
Why stray my steps beyond thy shop, Debrett? [1]
What means this stupor in a statesman's breast?
Fame, virtue, sleeps,—ambition is at rest,—
My long-made maiden speech remember'd not;
The House of Commons, the Whig club forgot!
Far other cares thy lover Hunloke, knows!
All Hackman's [2] sorrows, and all Werter's woes!

[1] Debrett's shop was opposite to Burlington House, and is now occupied by Mr Pickering the publisher. Mr Stockdale, who has been succeeded by Mr Thorpe, bookseller and autograph collector, lived next door. Perhaps Lady Hunloke's house was nearer to the Park, for a former family mansion of Sir Harry's was in Piccadilly; this house was purchased by Lord Coventry, in 1765, for ten thousand pounds.

[2] The Rev. James Hackman, who shot Miss Ray, the mistress of Lord Sandwich, as she was coming out of Covent Garden Theatre. Lust and jealousy hurried him to the commission of this deed on the 7th of April 1779, and he was hanged on the 19th of the same month at Tyburn. The hangman's cupidity on the occasion was of the most barefaced description; when the unfortunate culprit flung down his handkerchief as the signal for the cart to move on, instead of instantly whipping the horses he jumped on the other side of him to snatch it up, lest he should lose this perquisite in the crowd; he then returned to the cart, and, as Lord Carlisle writes to George Selwyn, "with the

Lost and extinct, my party zeal I see,
And pity fools that think of aught but thee.
What though, unmatch'd in diplomatic fame,
Beyond the Baltic they revere my name?
Though now at Luneville the Congress wait
Adair's decision upon Europe's fate;
Should at my feet the mighty Consul fall,
France, Austria, Russia, I would scorn them all.[1]
Not Fox's mission would I deign to carry,
Here let me stay, the rival of Sir Harry!
Thou know'st how first at Chatsworth I was made
Thy hapless victim, as at whist we play'd;
Each wink, each shrug, each whisper, and each look,
For softest hints my vanity mistook;
Too soon I found, how rash was my conceit,
All eyes but mine thou couldst contrive to cheat.
Say not for me were meant thy sly regards,
Not me they ogled, but Lord Besborough's cards;
Too plain I saw (no wonder in the dumps)
Thy side-long glances leering at his trumps;
Thou say'st that when Sir Harry leaves thee free,
Thy heart, thy card-purse, shall belong to me;
Nor beef, nor ale, nor pudding wilt thou grudge,—
All this thou say'st—but all thou say'st is fudge.
Soon as Sir Harry's fatal knell shall toll,

gesture so faithfully represented by your friend Lord Wentworth, Jehu'd him out of the world." There still exists in a private garden at Hampton Court a grotto that was constructed by Miss Ray—and with her own hands.

[1] "Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all.
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove,
No—make me mistress to the man I love."
POPE: *Eloisa to Abelard.*

Oh! that 'twere mine his widow to console![1]
But, ah! some youth more delicate than I,
Shall hush thy murmurs, and thy tears shall dry.
Some sturdier swain more suited to thy taste,
With keener stomach for the rich repast.
Then fly me, fly—to Wingerworth repair,
Forget, renounce, abjure, the lost Adair!
Yet say, my Hunloke, thou who every part
Of Shakespeare's drama canst repeat by heart,
Where's the mock envy, or fictitious spleen,
But some similitude in me is seen?
Long nursed and train'd in Melancholy's school,
One sad epitome of every fool.
Oft hast thou heard me sigh, and seen me look,
Like musing Jacques stretch'd by a murmuring brook;
Seen me its stream augment with many a tear,
And mourn and moralize the passing deer:
Vain of my yellow hue, oft seen me move,
The piteous pageant of Malvolio's love.
Oft, too, like Romeo's, is my woful plight,
Banish'd from thine, as he from Juliet's sight;
Prostrate the holy priest beheld him fall,
And heard the frantic wretch for poison call;
From thee exiled, not less I madly rave,
Or "take the measure of an unmade grave";
Not less resolved to play some desperate freak,
And stare, and terrify poor Parson Peeke!
Yet oh, vain cares, not all the fire I've felt,
"That solid, ah! too solid flesh can melt"—
Vain is my vacant stare, my random talk,
Vain the slow grandeur of my pensive walk;

[1] How much unnecessary trouble the Duchess and Lord John gave themselves about the Right Hon. diplomatist's love affairs was shown by his marrying, in 1805, Gabrielle Angelica, Countess d'Hagincourt, at which time Lady Hunloke was "a widow"—Sir Henry having died on the 15th of November 1804.

Vain is my faded form's pathetic grace,
My hopeless, endless, comfortless disgrace!
My sallow cheek—my sad funereal air,
And deep and hollow groans, that paint the soul's despair.
Then rouse, Adair! assume a nobler part!
Let fame, let glory, reinspire thy heart!
Lo! where St Stephen's chapel greets thine eyes,
Its proudest triumphs are thine easy prize;
There anxious ever, ever on the watch,
Each trick of singularity to catch,
To pause and bow, and every gesture ape,
That art assumes in senatorial shape;
Lend me, ye mimic powers! your aid divine,
Each grace concentrate, and each charm combine.
Teach me, like Grey,[1] to rise, or to sit down;
To stare like Sheridan, like Tierney frown;
To stoop like Wyndham, or erect, like Pitt,
Proudly take out my handkerchief, and spit;
Or rap, with all Dundas's force the box,
And shriek and scream, and almost sweat like Fox.
I fly, I fly, impetuous to town,
Pride of the Whigs, and terror of the Crown;
Rush to the House, and furious to impeach,
Discharge at Pitt my long-projected speech.
Then, not on thee, not on my Hunloke's face,
My ardent gaze is fix'd—but on the mace[2];
These eyes, that wont to languish in despair,
Then flash their fire around the Speaker's chair.
And now, both sides attentive homage pay,

[1] The present Earl, then Mr Grey.

[2] "Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you;
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love I lose my all."
POPE: *Eloisa to Abelard.*

Sir Gregory Page,[1] and Tyrwhitt Jones [2] give way;
I rise, and frowning at the Treasury-bench,
Full in their view my doubled fist I clench.
Loud and more loud the opposition cheer,
Sturt [3] in the van, and Robson [4] in the rear;
Pitt shrinks and trembles, as I shed
My long-stored vengeance o'er his guilty head.

[1] Sir Gregory Page Turner, third baronet, succeeded his great-uncle, Sir G. Page, in August 1795, when he added to his own the name and arms of Page. Sir Gregory was a Tory, and at the General Election in 1784 was chosen member for Thirsk, in Yorkshire, which he represented up to the time of his death. He did not, however, add much to the brilliancy of the debates, and when Mr Grey, in 1797, moved for a reform in the representation of the people, a motion that was seconded by Erskine, and supported by Fox, Sheridan, and others, Sir G. Page Turner gave it his most strenuous opposition, pathetically asserting, "that he always felt for the Constitution, and nothing else, when he got up in the morning, and when he lay down at night." His death is said to have been caused by his chagrin at not succeeding in a trial that he had with a builder, who made an iron bridge over a stream in his garden, the erection of which had been suggested to Lady Turner by a friend, and which cost nine hundred pounds. On examining his secretaire, his executors found in it sixteen thousand seven hundred guineas. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Gregory Osborne, who had as litigious a disposition as his father, and was defeated in two celebrated trials; one with a Mr Stroehling, who had painted a picture for him, of Daniel in the lions' den, for the sum of fifteen hundred pounds; the other, with the Rev. Mr Beazley, also on the subject of pictures. Sir G. Page Turner died on the 4th of January 1805, at his house in Portland Place.

[2] Thomas Tyrwhitt Jones, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and a great friend of the Prince of Wales. Mr Jones was a member for Bridgenorth, and created a baronet in 1808. In politics he was a Whig, and spoke often.

[3] Charles Sturt, Esq., M.P. for Bridport.

[4] Richard Bateman Robson, M.P. for Honiton, afterwards for Oakhampton; one of the "noisy patriots" of his day, and who had the satisfaction of proving, before the House of Commons, in February 1802, that the country was insolvent; for that a Mr Martin, another member of the House, had presented a bill at the Sick and Hurt Office, for nineteen shillings and sevenpence, which had been refused payment. He died at his house in Manchester Square, on the 10th of March 1827.

Then he whose voice now melts in strains of love,
Shall call for papers, for committees move;
Bill after bill bring in, fresh motions make,
Secure, at least, to keep himself awake;
Or, should a tasteless audience cough and groan,
Proud to prolong their pains and sufferings not his own;
Heavens! in what seas of patriot flame I'm toss'd—
How soon the lover's in the statesman lost!
Vain hopes, deceits—his heart's illusion o'er,
And thou and Wingerworth ne'er thought of more.[1]

[1] Lady Hunloke died at her house in Savile Row, on the 22nd of January 1820.

CHAPTER XVI

Charles Sturt, M.P. for Bridport—His gallantry in rescuing some shipwrecked seamen—His perilous adventure and great presence of mind—Mr Sturt in the House of Commons—The young ensign and the town clerk—The Reverend Pell Akehurst—An imaginary address of his to the Countess of Besborough, by Lord John Townshend—Lines by the same nobleman to the memory of his daughter—*The Foreign Grave*—Lord John Townshend's death

NO man better deserves a passing biographical notice than Charles Sturt, formerly M.P. for Bridport, for he was one of the most open-hearted, generous, and charitable men of his day, and many were the striking incidents in his life. His large fortune enabled him to indulge such a disposition without restraint; and in the town he represented he was idolized by all classes—more especially, however, by the bluejackets, who would have made Bridport a most uncomfortable abiding-place to anyone who said anything against him. These men looked upon him as one of themselves, for he was devotedly fond of yachting, which, from his island-castle of Brownsea, he had every opportunity of enjoying; but the adoration in which he was held by the sailors of the town and coast rested not only on his love of that pursuit, but the great personal courage he displayed in his impetuous desire to do good;—he was, indeed, always "in the van," and frequently at the risk of his own life.

On the 1st of February 1799 the *Bee*, bound for the West Indies, went on shore on the sands at Poole, the

wind being at east, and blowing a tremendous gale, with heavy snow. The boats of the *Tickler*, gun-brig, went off to her assistance; they failed, however, in their attempts to reach her, and she was left to her fate; but, in the course of the day, the crew were rescued by Charles Sturt, after having been, with his men, twice thrown from his boat into the breakers.

Eighteen months after this exploit, being out in his cutter about two leagues from shore, and sailing against Mr Weld's yacht, of Lulworth Castle, he observed that his own boat towing astern retarded her progress, and ordered a boy into her to take her ashore. The sea running very high, the lad declined, as did also the men; when Mr Sturt, feeling it then a point of honour, immediately jumped into her: at this instant the rope gave way, and, by the force of the wind and receding tide, he was drifted to sea; soon after which the boat upset. In this perilous situation his presence of mind did not forsake him: he regained, by swimming, his station on the keel, and pulled off all his clothes except his trousers. It was after one of the many desperate struggles that he made of the same kind, that, giving up all for lost, he wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper, which he put in his watch-case, the following words, "Charles Sturt, Brownsea, to his beloved wife," and fastened the watch to his trousers.

Shortly after, and almost by a miracle, a mate of a transport, three miles to windward, the last of several that had passed, happened to observe him, and four resolute fellows immediately embarked in a boat to his assistance; but as there was a heavy sea running, and they could only see him occasionally, it was not till after a hard pull of nearly two hours that they reached him.

Poor Sturt was all but exhausted, and on the eve of relinquishing his failing hold upon the boat, when his preservers took him into theirs: unable to articulate his thanks, he lifted his hands to heaven, and instantaneously burst into a flood of tears. Mr Sturt was one of those who, after the short Peace of Amiens, and in violation of the acknowledged laws of nations, were detained prisoner in France, from which country he escaped by his own energy and enterprise.

In politics he was a Whig, and he seconded some of the late lamented Sir Francis Burdett's early motions in the House of Commons: in debate he was most vehement, and not very discreet. When Mr Whitbread moved for a committee to inquire into the conduct of ministers respecting the French invasion of Ireland, his abuse of the Treasurer of the Navy was most copious. "The whole statement of the security of Ireland made by the honourable gentleman [Mr Dundas]," said Mr Sturt, "is a *mis*-statement"; he hoped in God he would not have much longer the direction of naval or any other affairs. He might wriggle, and grin (Mr Dundas showing symptoms of uneasiness), and twist, and toss his head about, as much as he pleased, but he hoped it would soon be twisted somewhere else.

The Sturts were not only a gallant but a merry race, and a most laughable anecdote is told of a relation of the member's, I believe a brother, who was in the army. This young gentleman, when an ensign in the —— Regiment, was quartered at Colchester, the town clerk of which place, a Mr S——, was a particularly thrifty attorney, who, in the pride of his heart, had given out, not by the bellman, but next to it, that he could, would, and should give the two Misses S—— the sum of twenty

thousand pounds each on their wedding day. This want of caution, into which his vanity had betrayed him, made it necessary, as he fancied, to exclude the officers of the garrison from all participation in his hospitalities; and his extreme discretion naturally became the subject of many a joke and discussion amongst them.

In one of these mess-room gossips young Sturt, to the amazement of his companions, offered a bet that he would dine with the unapproachable treasures at their papa's own table, at a dinner-party for which they all knew that invitations had just been sent out. Of course the bet was quickly taken, and, on the day in question, young Sturt walked up to the attorney's door precisely at the dinner-hour, and begged that he might see Mr S—— on most urgent business. He was immediately admitted, for that gentleman had no idea of losing a client, though in a red coat; but he was not a little astonished when the officer gravely informed him that he was the bearer of intelligence that would save him ten thousand pounds. At this juncture, however, the dinner was announced, and Sturt, with well-feigned regret, was on the point of retiring, saying that he would call the next morning, when the bewildered lawyer, fearful of neglecting his guests, perhaps old clients, and yet distressed at the idea of losing his particulars, became totally forgetful of the dangerous chance to which he exposed the Misses S——, and pressed him to join the party. This, after proper hesitation, the ensign consented to do, and, taking good care to place himself next to the forbidden fruit, made fierce love to the youngest lady and her father's oldest port during the repast.

No sooner was this over, and the gentlemen on their way to the drawing-room, than Mr S——, now in a

perfect fever, hurried the young gentleman into his private room, the door of which was scarcely closed when he exclaimed: "Well, Mr Sturt, how can you possibly save me ten thousand pounds?" "Why, sir," said the gallant five-and-threepence (sad odds in favour of six-and-eightpence), "they say in the town that you will, on their marriage, give your daughters twenty thousand pounds apiece; now, Mr S——, I will take either of them with ten." Tradition has not preserved the indignant town clerk's reply, but Sturt is said to have lost no time in returning to the barracks and claiming the bet. Charles Sturt, of Brownsea, married Lady Anne Ashley, daughter of Anthony, fourth Earl of Shaftesbury, and died on 12th May 1812.

But to return from this long digression to Lord John. To judge by the succeeding verses, it was not unusual for him to amuse himself and his friends with the real or imaginary flirtations of his acquaintances. In this pastime it is highly probable that he received every encouragement from the witty and beautiful "rival sisters," and it is to the effect that Lady Besborough's transcendent charms had upon the fiery temperament of the gentleman in whose name he addressed the following lines to her that we owe this original and extraordinary squib. In those days there was a race of clergymen, now happily extinct, whose unclerical habits and language were open to the most serious animadversions from those who respected their calling; and it is not, therefore, very surprising if they occasionally fell under the satirical lash of a witty man of the world, who, in all probability, would never have exercised it upon a worthy member of the profession. If the leading features of this pasquinade be true, Lord John's victim had little to complain of; still the

verses would not have been introduced here if the author had not ascertained that the reverend gentleman, who died at Ely in 1803, left no child or near relation to whom the publication of them would have given pain.

ON THE REVEREND PELL AKEHURST, RECTOR OF BUCKLAND, HERTS.; AND ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS OF BESBOROUGH

[LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND

BEHOLD the fatal hour approach,—
Adieu! the destined dilly's come;
D——d be the dilly, curst the coach!
The coachman curst that drives me home!
And must I live,—oh, d—n the life!—
Live without you, and with my wife.
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

Still shall I trace in dreams my fair
To operas, plays, assemblies, balls;
How this Lord flies to find your chair,
How t'other for your footman calls.
I start, I waken at the sound,
While fancied flambeaux blaze around—
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

When Sunday's summons claims the priest,
Far from his flock the wretch shall stray,
Where foot of man, nor foot of beast,
Or guides his step, or marks his way.
There lost, to woods and wilds he sighs;
Here d—ns his blood, and bl—s his eyes!
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

By verdant Jewin's silver streams,
Oft shall my listless length recline;
While pensive memory fondly dreams,
A thousand joys that once were mine.
Tears, such as devils weep, shall flow,
With oaths that none but parsons know.
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

Here, breathed I many an ardent vow,
Here, as you chanced—blest chance! to pass,
I said with a pathetic bow [1]—
"Miladi, voulez vous le bras?"
Here, wooed your hand with gentle squeeze,
Here, popp'd down plump upon my knees!
But who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

Lo! at your toilet as you sit,
Lordlings and embryo statesmen wait;
There love, and politics, and wit
In motley coterie debate!
While these young dogs, and millions more,
Day after day besiege your door,
Ah! who, my Lady, who can tell,
If you will ever think of Pell?

Think in my breast what wild despair,
What rash tumultuous passions rise!
Think of your glossy auburn hair,
Your pearly teeth, your hazel eyes!
Think how this barbarous last adieu,
Robs me of peace, of life, of you!
Think—think, but I'll be d—n'd to hell,
If you will ever think of Pell.

[1] Probably Lord John was thinking of Tickell's description of him, already alluded to in this chapter.

Such are the amusing evidences of Lord John Townshend's wit and humour that I found in Brummell's Album, which are characterized by a spirit of playful rather than malignant satire. In the heyday of youth, and even in manhood, when engaged in the turmoil of politics, and surrounded by the excitements of that brilliant society by which he was courted and admired, he had little time, or perhaps disposition, for reflection; and the last preceding stanzas were no doubt written at the earlier period. But a strong contrast to them is presented in the next and last example of his poetical talent, and greatly is the estimate that we should have formed of his character elevated by the impression that these lines leave upon the reader's mind; they evince not only how deep and sincere were his parental feelings, but also those religious ones, which, as he himself observes, were "to cheer his closing day." In the evening of life Lord John Townshend was visited by several heavy domestic trials, having lost three children; one of them was the godson of his friend Charles Fox, and named after him. The first of these afflictions was the death of a favourite daughter, and this melancholy event he thus feelingly records.

To the Memory of Georgiana Isabella Townshend, who died on the 17th of September 1811, in the twenty-first year of her age

[By her Father

Oh! gone for ever—loved lamented child!
So young, so good, so innocent and mild,
With winning manners, beauty, genius, sense,
Fond filial love, and sweet benevolence;
The softest, kindest heart, yet firmest mind;
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd;

Never, oh! never yet a fairer bloom
Of opening virtues found an early tomb!
How hard thy trials, how severe thy woes,
She, she alone, thy sorrowing mother knows,
Who, three long years, with sad foreboding heart,
Bankrupt of every hope from human art,
Still wept and watch'd, and still to Heaven for aid
Her fruitless vows with meek devotion paid.
But thou, pure spirit! fled to endless rest,
Dear child! my heart—Dear Bella! thou art blest.
And oh! the thought that we again may meet!
Oh! not another gleam of hope so sweet
Dawns on thy father's breast with welcome ray,
To soothe his grief, and cheer his closing day.

It was after reading this natural and affecting epitaph that the author, deeply impressed by its beauty, though unskilled in verse, wrote the following lines; they have no poetical merit, but may meet with charitable criticism from the many, and interest the sympathies of some, who have passed through the same ordeal as himself. They commemorate the death of Edgar, who was born at Odessa, in South Russia, and died there suddenly on the 7th of March 1840.

The Foreign Grave

Traveller, why shed the tear?—the flowing sails
Are spread, and fill'd by favouring gales!
Why sad and pensive thus, when, high and bright,
Old England's cliffs rise proudly on your sight?
When all around is gaiety and mirth,
Why listless view the land that gave you birth?

. . . . . .

The Traveller paused—then on his friend, his bride,
He threw an earnest glance, and thus replied:—

" Stranger, think not that with regret I view
Those headlands bold—to England I am true!
On mouldering Rome I've gazed with deep delight,
On Marathon look'd down from dark Pentelic's
height;
And wandering on with ardour unsubdued,
Symplegades I pass'd, and Euxine rude;
But not fair Hellas, with her southern smile,
Compares with yonder gem—our sea-girt isle.
To me that bay, that crag and inlet deep,
Are old familiar friends, yet still I weep;
For as we journey'd, full of hope and joy,
Death cross'd our cloudless path—we lost our boy!
With aching heart, his beauteous frame I bore
To the wild steppe on bleak Odessa's shore;
And there, where in the field of death is seen
A small enclosure, with its gate of green,
I laid him down: it was the place of rest
Of friends, who in that land I loved the best.
I look'd into the grave, the snow had drifted there;
Oh! what a winding-sheet for one so fair!
Though from his lips no word our ears could greet,
His glance was language, and his smile was sweet.
When last I saw his tranquil little face,
'Twas nestled in his mother's fond embrace;
So warm, so rosy, cast in such a mould!
Now wreathed in snow, inanimate and cold.
In foreign accents rose the burial hymn;
My eyes were fill'd—aye to the very brim—
No simple floweret decks that infant's tomb,
Nature denies the daisy there to bloom;
But near the wall a small acacia grows,
Which o'er the grave a transient shadow throws.
No sculptured marble decorates the spot—
Think you that cherub-boy is then forgot?
Oh no! so long as life and sense are ours,
His loss will tinge with gloom our gayest hours;

Tombs must, like man, decay; the foaming wave
May, in some ages hence, that churchyard lave;
Perhaps its mounds invade, and with rude hand
Sweep every trace away, and leave a sand——
Stranger! 'tis for my child these tears I shed;
Our hearts are on the Euxine with the Dead!"

Towards the close of his life Lord John Townshend spent much of his time at Brighton, where he was greatly respected, and received many and marked attentions from his late Majesty. He died on the 25th of February 1833, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

CHAPTER XVII

Estimation in which Brummell was held by clever men—The poet Crabbe's opinion of him—*The Butterfly's Funeral*—Brummell the author of it—Julia Storer—The Beau's verses on her child—An anecdote from the clubs of London—A rencontre between Sheridan and Brummell—Sheridan's fugitive poetry—Lines addressed to the Countess of Besborough — Tom Sheridan—The loss of the *Saldanha* frigate—His stanzas on the event—Lines to Julia

THAT Brummell possessed a refined taste, not merely in dress and manners, but on subjects more worthy of his intellect, is proved by his being admitted on intimate terms to the society of such women as the late Duchesses of Devonshire and Rutland, and men whose pursuits were of a much higher order than those of the idlers of Watier's, or the *flaneurs* of Bond Street and St James's. Had he indeed been nothing better than an elegant automaton he would never have acquired the influence that he decidedly obtained; he would not have enjoyed the society of clever men, neither would they have thought it worth their while to bestow a word upon him, even in their moments of relaxation. But the reverse was the case: his acquaintance was not limited to men of fashion only; it comprised a great portion of the most intellectual men of his time, and at what period of our history was there such a constellation of genii?

His acquirements, of which I have already spoken, were sufficient to make him a most delightful accession to any society; his reading, though desultory, was

extensive, and therefore he could always, in one way or other, take a respectable, if not a leading, part in conversation—that he showed admirable tact in adapting it to the taste of those in whose society he might happen to be, appears by the testimony of men very superior to himself. In the *Memoirs* of the amiable Crabbe, his son observes that his father, when visiting at Belvoir, "was particularly pleased and amused with the conversation of the celebrated Beau Brummell." *The Quarterly Review*, also, the Medo-Persianic lawgiver of literature, and the grindstone of mental reputations, actually acknowledged that he had talent; though it condemned him severely, and justly, for not having employed it in a more sensible and useful manner.

Of his poetry the following are specimens. The first, *The Butterfly's Funeral*, does not, it is true, possess the originality of Roscoe, or Mrs Dorset, but it is an admirable effort in the same style as their poems, to which Brummell subsequently alludes. Though familiar to, and the delight of, every child, these lines have hitherto been published under feigned initials, of which "B." however was the last letter; but they have never been attributed to him. Mr John Wallis, who, in 1804, first brought out this trifle, and printed three thousand copies of it, which were speedily sold, says, in his reply to my inquiry on the subject: "I cannot recollect whether I knew at the time who was the author of *The Butterfly's Funeral*; it is, however, very likely I may have received it *direct from Mr Brummell*, for I knew, and was in the habit of seeing, him, and other conspicuous characters about town, at the time I published that poem."

Brummell sent these verses to a lady at Caen, and I subjoin the following extract from the letter that accom-

panied them. "But to change," he says, speaking of his miseries, "this *larmoyant* egotistical strain, I will transcribe you some verses that I have omitted in my Album—they are not of the gayest subject; but never mind! they were written at the period when *The Peacock at Home*,[1] *The Butterfly's Ball*,[2] and other trifling but meritorious poetical things of the same description were in vogue with all the world in London: *The Butterfly's Funeral* was then commended by good-natured friends, and, as probably you never read it, should you like it, it may meet with the same charitable eulogy from you."

The Butterfly's Funeral

Oh ye! who so lately were blythesome and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away;
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead!

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
To join with their friend in the Grasshopper's dance;
For see his thin form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshoppor mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark! to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle, who follows as solemn as he;
And see where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn;
And the Moth, who was grieved for the loss of a sister,
Bent over the body and silently kiss'd her.

[1] *The Peacock at Home* was written by Mrs Dorset, a sister of Charlotte Smith.

[1] *The Butterfly's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast* was written by W. Roscoe, Esq., for his children, and set to music by order of Their Majesties for the Princess Mary, the present Duchess of Gloucester.

The corse was embalm'd at the set of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the Silk-worm had spun;
By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarves came the Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall;
And the Spider came there, in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glowworm soon frighten'd him back.

The Grub left his nutshell, to join in the throng,
And slowly led with him the Bookworm along;
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines, to be placed on her tomb:

EPITAPH

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave;
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallow'd the mound which her ashes had made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow;
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning his friend, shall the Grasshopper sing.

The succeeding stanzas were also in the Album, and Brummell asserts that they are his likewise; but a gentleman well read in the fugitive poetry of the last and present century is not of that opinion, and thinks they have been published: he referred me to the collections of Dodsley, Nicholls, and Pearch, in which, however, I could not find them. It might be supposed that Brummell would scarcely have felt sufficient interest in the subject, to take up his pen either to transcribe or

compose them; but, whether he wrote them or not, if he only applied them to the circumstance to which they refer he showed some feeling, and very good taste. He told the lady to whom he sent a copy that he wrote them in 1806 for Julia Storer, whose unfortunate history I shall pass over in silence—she died a few years after.

"Unhappy child of indiscretion,
Poor slumberer on a breast forlorn!
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born.

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heaven, thy mother fain would dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken prayer:

Yet, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall loved and guarded be!

And though to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life an humble course must run;
Still shalt thou learn to fly the danger
Which I, too late, have learnt to shun.

And, lest the injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine, or for thy father's ill;
A nameless mother still shall aid thee—
A hand unseen protect thee still.

Meanwhile, in these sequester'd valleys
Still shalt thou rest in calm content;
For innocence may smile at malice,
And thou,—oh! thou art innocent!"

But, amongst all Brummell's friends, none contributed so largely as the Sheridan family to enrich his collection of poetry; there being in it three sets of stanzas by Mrs Sheridan, two by Tom, and seventeen by Richard Brinsley. The following anecdote, however, taken from a work entitled *The Clubs of London*, is scarcely consistent with the friendly terms on which he and Sheridan appear to have been, as shown by that paragraph of Brummell's letter in which he mentions Sheridan as "one of those who, in other and happier days, gave him their minor productions before they had assumed any other form than that of manuscript." This author says that "the wit, meeting Brummell one day near Charing Cross, and perceiving that he appeared anxious to avoid him, accosted him thus: 'Ah! Brummell, my fine fellow, where have you been at this time of day?'

"The Prince of dandies was at first rather nonplussed, but at length drawled out, 'Sherry, my good boy, don't mention that you saw me in this filthy part of the town; but perhaps I am rather severe, for His Grace of Northumberland resides somewhere about this spot, if I don't mistake. The fact is, my dear boy, I have been in the d-a-mn'd City—to the Bank: I wish they would remove it to the West End, for re-al-ly it is quite a bore to go to such a place; more particularly as one cannot be seen in one's own equipage beyond Somerset House, and the hackney coaches are not fit for a chimney-sweeper to ride in. Yes, my dear Sherry, you may note the circumstance down in your me-mo-randum-book, as a very remarkable one, that on the twentieth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three, you descried me travelling from the east end of the town like a common citizen, who had left his counting-house for

the day, in order to dine with his upstart wife and daughters at their vulgar residence in Brunswick Square.' When Brummell had concluded this affected rhapsody, Sheridan said:

"'Nay, my good fellow, travelling from the east! After all, that is surely impossible; you must be joking.'

"'Why, my dear boy, why?' demanded Brummell.

"'Because the *wise* men came from the east,' replied Sheridan.

"'So then, s-a-r,' exclaimed the fop, 'you think me a fool, do you?'

"'By no means,' answered Sheridan, turning away, 'but I know you to be one, and so, good morning.'

"Brummell, like the equestrian statue just opposite to him, was struck dumb and motionless for a few seconds: at length he vociferated, 'I tell you what, my friend Sherry, I shall cut you for this impertinence, depend on't; I mean to send the Prince to Coventry for the next twelve months, and you shall accompany him.' Sheridan laughed heartily at the idea of being put under Brummell's imperial ban, and to the great amusement of the fellow of his excommunication announced to him the woeful tidings the same evening."

That the first answer was really given by Brummell to some jocular remark of Sheridan's, as mentioned by the author of this work, is very possible; but there are circumstances in the details of the narrative which cast a doubt on the genuineness of the whole story. The "dear boying," and "dear Sherrying," are not like the Beau; nor did he ever drawl out his words, or "vociferate," in the manner here described; and though Brummell was not able to cope with Sheridan's wit, he would never

have been struck dumb and motionless (by-the-by this is the first time I ever saw it intimated that this statue once possessed the powers of speech and motion), or have been so simple as to place himself in a position to be called a fool; neither is it at all credible that the orator would have made such a vulgar speech, more particularly without the slightest provocation.

The principal part of the poetical trifles that Sheridan sent to Brummell have been already published; but the following interesting fragments of the versatile genius of that clever man have not, I think, met the public eye:

"The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night.
Dear spark! that oft through Winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows.
The wandering tar, who not for years has prest,
The widow'd partner of his day of rest;
On the cold deck, far from her arms removed,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan loved.
The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile:
But ere the battle, should he hear her cries,
The lover trembles and the hero dies.
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops at a sigh, and sickens at a tear."

To the Countess of Besborough

When memory, chill'd by absence, shall decay,
And love's first warm impression fade away,
Oh! may this sketch, with more than mimic art,
Recall the living likeness to your heart;

Revive affection, threatening to decline,
And while it pleads my faith, recover thine.

On Female Influence

In female hearts, did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Shamed into sense, the scholars of your eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love.

To ——

Dear object of my late and early prayer,
Source of my joy, and solace of my care,
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live;[1]
To thee the Muse, with grateful hand would bring,
These first fair flowers of the doubtful Spring.
Oh, may they, fearless of the varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye,
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away.

To ——

The stricken deer that in his velvet side,
  Feels at each step the trembling arrow play;
In shades of thickest covert loves to hide,
  And from the cruel hunter speeds away.—
But I, more wounded than the stricken deer,
  Scarce wish from my destroyer's aim to fly—
I weep, but 'tis, alas! too soft a tear,
  And e'en my groans are mingled with a sigh.[1]

[1] See Pope's lines on his love for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

On a Child

In some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gardener moves it ere it blows,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.
Such was thy fate, dear child!
Thy opening such!
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown;
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much—
Heaven saw, and early mark'd thee for its own.

Delusion, Phantom, and Fiction

In Britain's sad hour of grief and contention,
The three new estates fairly met in convention;
'Twas to help the poor country's distracted condition
And of royal authority make a partition.
Delusion's attorney, lest things might grow worse,
Laid claim to his household, his peers, and his purse:
"You're right," exclaim'd Phantom, "I'll serve you with zeal,
But, remember, I'm keeper of him and his seal."
Quoth Fiction: "My object with yours quite accords;
So I rule the proceedings of Commons and Lords":—
The physicians all said, the decision was fair;
But old Anarchy swore he'd put in for his share.

The next stanzas are by Tom Sheridan, whose name, alas! at the moment I am writing, excites the most melancholy reflections; for death has recently dealt severely indeed with his kindred. His brother, the last of his own generation, died lately; and in the same newspaper was announced the death of poor Frank, his son, the gayest, the wittiest, and the idlest of pleasure-loving beings; he also has "shuffled off this mortal

coil," and in a foreign country. Everyone, as I have often seen, did their best to spoil him; therefore it was not extraordinary that he had many foibles; but there was a large balance of generous qualities in his character, which, as he was his own enemy, and never other people's, will not fail to outweigh the remembrance of his faults and infirmities. Both father and son died abroad; the former, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 12th of September 1817; the latter, at the Mauritius, in the autumn of 1843.

Both of these pieces of poetry, by Tom Sheridan, who had much of the convivial wit of his father, are of a far more original character than any verses that Richard Brinsley ever composed. The first was written shortly after the wreck of the *Saldanha* frigate, commanded by the Honourable William Pakenham, brother of the late Earl of Longford, who, with his officers and the whole of the ship's company, amounting to three hundred men, were lost off the coast of Ireland, on the night of the 4th of December 1811. The *Saldanha* was a new frigate, one of the finest in the navy, and her commander, a rising officer of the highest character, was only in his twenty-ninth year This dreadful catastrophe is thus recorded in the *Annual Register*:

"Rathmilton, December the 6th. His Majesty's ship, *Saldanha*, Captain the Honourable William Pakenham, sailed from Cork on the 19th of November, to relieve H.M. ship *Endymion*, off Lough Swilly; and having reached that harbour, she, with the *Endymion* and *Talbot*, sailed on the 30th inst., with an intention, it is said, of proceeding to the westward: on the 3rd of December it blew very hard from the north-west; the wind continued to increase till the 4th, and in the evening and night of that

day, it blew the most dreadful hurricane that the inhabitants of this part of the country ever recollected. At about ten o'clock at night, through the darkness and the storm, a light was seen from the signal-towers passing rapidly up the harbour, the gale then blowing right in. This light, it was supposed, was on board the *Saldanha*; but this is only conjecture; for, when the daylight discovered the ship a complete wreck in Ballyna Stokerbay, on the west side of the harbour, every soul on board had already perished, and all knowledge of the circumstances of her calamitous loss thus perished with her." The bodies of Captain Pakenham and two hundred of the crew were washed ashore, and the only living thing that escaped, on this dreadful occasion, is said to have been a parrot, belonging to one of the officers.

THE LOSS OF THE "SALDANHA"

[T. SHERIDAN

"BRITANNIA rules the waves":
Heard'st thou that dreadful roar?
Hark! 'tis bellow'd from the caves
Where Lough Swilly's billow raves,
And three hundred British graves
Taint the shore.

No voice of life was there,
'Tis the dead that raise the cry;—
The dead, who heard no prayer,
As they sunk in wild despair,
Chaunting in scorn that boastful air,
Where they lie.

"Rule Britannia," sung the crew,
When the stout *Saldanha* sail'd;

And her colours, as they flew,
Flung the warrior-cross to view,
Which, in battle, to subdue
Ne'er had fail'd.

Bright rose the laughing morn,
That morn that seal'd her doom ;—
Dark and sad is her return,
And the storm-lights faintly burn,
As they toss upon her stern,
'Mid the gloom.

From the lonely beacon height,
As the watchmen gazed around,
They saw their flashing light
Drive swift athwart the night ;
Yet the wind was fair, and right
For the Sound.

But no mortal power shall now
That crew and vessel save ;
They are shrouded as they go
In a hurricane of snow—
And the track beneath her prow
Is their grave.

There are spirits of the deep,
Who, when the warrant's given,
Rise raging from their sleep
On a rock or mountain steep,
Or 'mid thunder clouds, that keep
The wrath of Heaven.

High the eddying mists are whirl'd,
As they near their giant forms ;
See their tempest flags unfurl'd !
Fierce they sweep the prostrate world ;
And the withering lightning's hurl'd
Through the storm.

O'er Swilly's rocks they soar,
  Commission'd watch to keep;
Down, down with thundering roar
  The exulting demons pour—
The *Saldanha* floats no more
                On the deep!

The dreadful hest is past,
  All is silent as the grave,
One shriek is first and last—
  Scarce a death-sob drank the blast,
As sunk the quivering mast
                'Neath the wave.

"Britannia rules the waves";
  O vain and impious boast!
Go, mark, presumptuous slaves,
  Where He who sinks or saves,
Scars the sands with countless graves,
                Round your coast.

The following are on a very different theme, and in striking contrast to the preceding:

To Julia

Since you will needs my heart possess,
Julia, 'tis just I first confess
  The faults to which 'tis given;
It is much more to change inclined
Than restless seas or raging wind,
  Or aught that's under Heaven.

Nor will I hide from you the truth,
It has been from its very youth
  A most egregious ranger;

And, since from me it oft has fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill scarce stay with a stranger.

The black, the fair, the gay, the sad,
It is so very, very mad,
With one kind look can win it;
By nature 'tis so prone to rove
'Twill quit success, for change, in love,
And what's more, glories in it.

And now, if you dare be so bold,
After the truths that I have told,
To like this arrant rover;
Be not displeased, if I confess
I think the heart within *your* breast,
Will prove just such another.

CHAPTER XVIII

Other contributors to Brummell's scrap-book—Lord Melbourne—His lines *On the Bust of Fox—The Dream*—Translation of an ode from Anacreon—The Honourable George Lamb—*The Robber's Good-Night*—R. Payne Knight—*The Yellow Leaf*—George Canning—His squib on Mr Whitbread's speech at the impeachment of Lord Melville—The Duchess of Gordon's salute—Mrs O'Neill—Stanzas by that lady

AMONGST the long list of distinguished persons who sent *vers de société* to Brummell, Lady Dacre, Lady Granville, and Lord Melbourne are the only three individuals who now survive, and consequently the only persons to whom it was necessary to apply for permission to publish these evidences of their taste and accomplishments. The reply that I received from Lord Melbourne was couched in terms of amiable circumspection, and perfectly in accordance with his known good nature; he says: "I can have no objection to your inserting any poetry of mine, in your intended work, which you think may add to its interest, provided there be in it nothing discreditable to the writer, nor injurious to the feelings of others; on both of which points you will exercise a sound discretion." No objections of this nature can possibly be urged against the first, or the three succeeding trifles from his lordship's pen: they were probably written very early in life, and had been the elegant occupation of leisure hours passed, in reality, by the side of the tranquil Cam; but, in imagination, reposing on the banks of some streamlet wild in the classic island of Cythera. His lordship had,

however, even at this time, not only distinguished himself by his classical, but by other and more solid attainments; and perhaps the most flattering testimony of this was given by Fox, when he made his celebrated speech on the death of his friend the Duke of Bedford—one of the finest declamations of the heart ever made within the walls of the House of Commons. On that memorable occasion, he finished his painful task by introducing the following passage from the essay of William Lamb, *Sur l'Avancement Progressif de l'Esprit Humain*, recited at the University of Cambridge, in December 1798: "Le crime n'est un fléau que pour le temps où le succès le couronne, tandis que la vertu, soit qu'elle triomphe soit qu'on la persécute, est un bienfait du ciel, non seulement pour l'âge où nous vivons, mais pour la postérité la plus reculée; elle sert au bonheur des hommes, dans le moment présent par ses actions, et dans l'avenir par ses exemples." Lord Melbourne's admiration for this great, though unsuccessful, statesman is powerfully and simply expressed in the following apostrophe to his bust:

On the Bust of Charles James Fox

Live, marble, live! for thine's a sacred trust,
The patriot's name that speaks a noble mind;
Live, that our sons may stand before thy bust,
And hail the benefactor of mankind!
This was the man who, 'midst the tempest's rage,
A mark of safety to the nation stood;
Warn'd with prophetic voice a servile age,
And strove to quench the ruthless thirst for blood.
This was the man, whose ever deathless name
Recalls his generous life's illustrious scenes;
To bless his fellow-creatures was his aim—
And universal liberty his means!

The three succeeding pieces were also from his lordship's pen.

The Dream

Hide, Sun, thy head! delay thy light,
And yield to Love's befriending night
Some portion of thy sway;
I would not change the airy form
Which seems to meet me kind and warm,
For all the blaze of day.

In vain I sue—stern Fate denies:
My slumbers break, the Vision flies,
I lose my Laura's charms;
That taper waist, that bosom fair,
Dissolving into empty air
Eludes my eager arms.

No wretch, his day of respite done,
Who sees his last uprising sun
And only wakes to die,
Curses the light with so much pain,
And weeps, and sighs to sleep again,
So ardently as I.

Invidious light! my hated bane,
Why rudely break the ideal chain
On which my raptures hung?
I saw sweet Laura's angel grace,
My eyes were fix'd upon her face,
My soul upon her tongue.

Her rosy lips I seem'd to press,
Nor seem'd the maid my fond caress
By frowns to disapprove;
I heard her voice so sweet, so clear,
Sound music to my ravish'd ear,
For it express'd her love.

Smile, then, sweet Laura! let me find,
For once, reality as kind
As golden visions seem;
For it has been my lot to rue,
That all my sorrows still were true,
And all my joys a dream.

The following ode was translated by a Mr Shepherd —see the *Poetical Register* for 1810—or rather do not see it, for the translation is sadly inferior.

Translation from Anacreon

Who calls upon some Eminent Artist to paint his Mistress

Ἄγε, ζωγάρφων ἄριστε·
γράφε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε.

Come, Painter, who with skilful hand
Canst rival even Nature's art;
Come, Painter, draw, as I command,
The absent mistress of my heart.

Paint first each soft and jetty tress,
With which her graceful head is crown'd;
If colours can so much express,
Oh! paint them breathing odours round.

Above her cheek, full, lovely, fair,
Where modest blushes reddening glow,
Beneath her mildly curling hair,
Describe with skill her ivory brow.

Ah! how to imitate her face
Thy chiefest science will be tried;
Between her brows the middle space
Nor quite confound nor quite divide.

Here let the eyelid's lash be shown ;
  Here let her semblance bear complete,
Dark arching eyebrows like her own,
  Which meeting, scarcely seem to meet.

But, Painter, do not here forget
  To give her eye its native flame,
Azure, Minerva-like, and yet,
  As melting as the Paphian dame.

Her nose and cheek then fashion well—
  That white as milk, and roseate this :
Her lips, like soft Persuasion's swell,
  Pouting and challenging the kiss.

Beneath her chin, where dimples play,
  About her neck of Parian stone,
Let all the Loves and Graces stray ;
  That happy spot is all their own.

But, oh ! those beauties of my fair,
  Which I alone must e'er reveal,
Come, Painter, with the strictest care
  Beneath the purple robe conceal.

Yet sometimes let the skin of snow
  Through the thin garment's covering shine,
And faintly tell what beauties glow
  Unseen by any eyes but mine.

Enough, enough ! upon my sight
  Her charms with dazzling lustre break ;
She seems to breathe ! with fond delight
  I pause, for she ere long will speak.

Come, Painter, Love demands thy care,
  Thy strongest, brightest powers command ;
Thy most unfading lines prepare,
  Thy finest eye, and happiest hand.

For though I oft have seen to grow,
Beneath thy touch, the mimic face;
Have seen thy magic pencil throw
Upon the canvass living grace;
This task must e'en thy labour foil,
Unequal all thy skill must prove;
This task will mock thy utmost toil,
I think thou canst not paint my Love.
Thy pencil—thine alone—may reach
The charms that fav'ring beauty gave,
And thou, like her, perhaps, may'st teach
The cheek to blush, the hair to wave;—
But, ah! a lover more requires
Than waving hair, and blushing cheeks;
He asks the idea his flame inspires,
The form that lives, the face that speaks:
He asks that brow that teems with sense,
The feature with expression fraught;
The eye that beams intelligence,
The pregnant glance, and silent thought.
He asks that lip that seems to swell
With love it does not dare reveal;
He asks that eye that fears to tell
The pleasing tale it can't conceal.
Oh! couldst thou trace the gentle heart,
As in her features it is shown!—
But here, unpractised in thy art—
That charm, my Love, is thine alone!

There were two or three other fragments of Lord Melbourne's poetry; and one of them, written in his brother's pocket-book, after Mr Lamb had recovered from a dangerous illness, offers a pleasing testimony of the friendship that existed between them. This gentleman, well known to the world as the author of a translation of Catullus, appears also to have added several

pieces of his composition to Brummell's collection; and the following very original song is the happiest effort amongst them. At the period of his death, which took place in London on the 23rd of January 1834, in the forty-ninth year of his age, Mr Lamb was Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department.

The Robber's Good-Night

[George Lamb

The goblet is empty, and toll'd are the chimes,
Sleep hides from mankind both its sorrows and crimes;
And, in quiet repose till the dawning of day,
The guilty and honest, the wretched and gay.

The guilty can sleep, though terrific, 'tis said,
The dreams and the ghosts that encircle their bed;
But he who a victim's last curses can bear,
Will not shrink from the bodiless spectres of air.

The wretched can sleep, for the bosom is worn,
The heart has grown dull with the weight it has borne;
More sweet are the visions in slumber that live,
Than the mournful realities daylight can give.

Yes! the goblet is drain'd, and its floods in their course
Have drown'd all reflection, regret, and remorse;
And shall spread o'er my pallet as tranquil a rest,
As the moralist paints on the couch of the blest.

There were likewise the following verses by Payne Knight, the author of *Taste*, and one of the most eminent Greek scholars of his day. At his death, which took place at his house in Soho Square, on the 28th of April 1834, he bequeathed his collection of medals, drawings, and bronzes, worth more than thirty thousand pounds, to the

British Museum. Amongst the drawings was a volume of Claude's, for which Mr Knight gave sixteen hundred pounds to a person, who, a few days before, had purchased it for three pounds!

The Yellow Leaf

[R. P. Knight

Round flew the bowl, the laugh rose high,
Whilst summer's richest canopy,
The wedded boughs of emerald dye,
Was all our shade.

So soft the air, so gay the plain,
Though August's moon was in her wane,
We said that summer's verdant reign
Would never cease.

High rose the laugh, the transports swell,
When sudden, potent as a spell,
Detach'd by no rude zephyr, fell
One yellow leaf!

The mirth was hush'd, the songsters' lays
Broke short; and each in solemn gaze
Hung on the leaf, nor dared to raise
A timorous eye;

Each fear'd, upon the other's face
His own sad feelings writ, to trace,
As the pale emblem spoke the race
Of summer run.

It seem'd some fairy, throned in air,
Had mark'd our bliss, and pausing there,
Dismiss'd a monitor to bear
Truth to each heart.

To tell us that the scene might glow,
But soon should change in cheerless snow,
To tell us that our bliss should know
An autumn too.

That joys but coming sorrow speak,
As calms precede the tempest bleak,
That death his surest victim's cheek
With roses paints.

Yes, in that moment, on that day,
Reflection stole my smiles away;
And, like him, weeping to survey
His myriad bands,

Methought, ere many a year goes round,
Few may, of us, who on this ground
Now gaily revel, few be found
To meet again.

The young before the old may go;
And he who bids this measure flow
May fall, perhaps, the first, to show
This moral true.

I will close this chapter with the following lines of George Canning's and some by Mrs O'Neill, also from the scrap-book: the former do not certainly impair the force and truth of Mr Lockhart's remark on his satirical powers. "No man," he says, "ever possessed a gayer wit in society than he did; his lash fetched away both skin and flesh, and would have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros": it would indeed have penetrated the hide of that animal, and tanned. I have not found these lines amongst Canning's published poems. They were written on Mr Whitbread's speech at the opening of the impeachment of Viscount Melville in 1805, of which trial Chief Baron Thompson observed, that he had "heard of an

'impeachment of waste,' but that these proceedings were, in his humble opinion, a waste of impeachment." Many were the droll stories that the amiable old judge had to tell of this trial, and that of the famous one of Warren Hastings; at which he used to assure his delighted listeners, the juniors of the Bar, that his Brother Gould, when proceeding with great solemnity to take his place at the spot appointed for the judges, sat down on one of the heralds—who was so disguised by his tabard that he mistook him for a state chair!

[GEORGE CANNING

"I'm like Archimedes for science and skill,
I'm like a young princess that went up a hill;
And, to interest the hearts of the fair, be it said,
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
Would you know why th'eleventh of June I remember,
Much better than April, or March, or November?
'Twas because on that day ('tis with pride I assure ye)
My sainted progenitor took to his Brewery.
That morn he began his first brewing of beer,
That evening commenced his connubial career:
On that day he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels cried, 'Look! here's old Whitbread
a-coming.'
So that day I hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beer with an E, and his bier with an I.
And on that day each year, in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family feast altogether.
My Lords, while the beams of this hall shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court,
(Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos,)
While the beams of the sun shall shine in at the windows,
My name shall shine bright, as my father's now shines,
Emblazon'd on Journals, as his is on Signs."

A most extraordinary and touching circumstance closed the proceedings of this trial, which, however it may have flattered Lord Melville, did not perhaps afford him such unalloyed gratification as it did amusement to his brother peers. It is said that, when his acquittal was pronounced, the eccentric Duchess of Gordon, his countrywoman, rose from her seat and, with a warmth of feeling which made every particular hair of his lordship's ermine stand on end, rushed forward and kissed him!—exclaiming, in no very subdued tone: "Weel, my lord, I'm very glad to see that we have at least one honest mon in this hoose."

Henrietta Boyle, the authoress of the amusing verses that conclude this chapter, born in 1758, was the only daughter of Charles, Viscount Dungarvan, eldest son of John, fifth Earl of Cork. On the 18th of October 1777 she married John O'Neill, Esq., of Shanes Castle, near Antrim, in the streets of which town he was cruelly and brutally piked by the rebels in 1798.

[Mrs O'Neill

"Ere raging seas between us roll,
Oh, come and soothe my tortured soul!
Return once more to me;
Come, and each anxious fear remove,
Speak peace, and tell me that you love,
And bid me live for thee.

Come, and my wayward fancy cheat,
Persuade me by some dear deceit
That long I shall not mourn;
Calm all my woes, subdue my sighs,
By some sweet lawful perjuries,
And be for once forsworn.

Swear, that ere three eternal weeks,
You'll kiss the tear from off my cheeks,
Though you mean twice the time;
Swear, that for worlds you would not be
Another day or hour from me,—
Love will absolve the crime."

Mrs O'Neill died on the 3rd of September 1793, and her husband was created a peer on the 30th of November following. This accomplished lady wrote some interesting poetry, amongst which, under the name of Geraldine Verney, was an "Ode to the Poppy," originally printed in her friend Charlotte Smith's novel of *Desmond*, and subsequently in the Rev. A. Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses*.

CHAPTER XIX

"Wales, ring the bell"—The real delinquent—Brummell's quarrel with the Prince of Wales—Causes that led to it—Ben and Benina—Mrs Fitzherbert—The Beau's impudence—"Who's your fat friend?"—Brummell's intimacy with the Duke of York—Letters from the Duchess to Brummell—Her great partiality for dogs—Fête at Oatlands—The Duke's reply to his servant—A pastoral dialogue by R. B. Sheridan—The Right Honourable George Rose

NOTWITHSTANDING the great disparity of rank, the intimacy that was formed between Brummell and the Prince of Wales continued for some years uninterrupted. He was a constant guest at Carlton House, and was distinguished by many marks, never pecuniary ones, of his royal friend's partiality for him. At length, however, a rupture took place, but it was not caused by the circumstance to which it is usually attributed. The story of "Wales, ring the bell!" was always denied by Brummell: indeed he seemed indignant at its being generally credited; and I have heard him, in explanation of the subject, say, "I was on such intimate terms with the Prince, that if we had been alone I could have asked him to ring the bell without offence; but with a third person in the room I should never have done so, I knew the Regent too well." The vulgar impudence of the action itself, without Brummell's denial of it, makes the anecdote extremely improbable; and he was also too good a judge of his own interests to run the risk of being turned out of the Prince's society for the mere fun of enacting such a piece of tomfoolery.

Another version of the story is, that one evening, when Brummell and Lord Moira were engaged in earnest conversation at Carlton House, the Prince requested the former to ring the bell, and that he replied, without reflection: "Your Royal Highness is close to it"; upon which the Prince rang the bell and ordered his friend's carriage, but that Lord Moira's intervention caused the unintentional liberty to be overlooked.

This act of folly has, and I believe with more truth, been attributed to a young relation of Captain, afterwards Admiral, Payne,[1] and under circumstances far more creditable to the Prince's good taste and good feeling. Admiral Payne, a wit and *bon vivant*, was Comptroller of the Household, and owing to the position he occupied, and his intimacy with the Prince, this lad, a midshipman in the navy, was sometimes asked to dine at Carlton House. Of course, boy-like, he boasted of the honour in the cockpit; and one day, when rallied by his companions on the extremely easy terms that he represented himself to be upon with his royal friend, he made a bet that the next time he dined with the Prince he would tell him to ring the bell. A few days after he was again invited to Carlton House, and, having primed himself with champagne, actually did ask the Regent to ring the bell. His Royal Highness immediately complied, and when the page-in-waiting, or some other subordinate, made his appearance said good-humouredly: "Put that drunken boy to bed."

Brummell, as well as his friends, attributed his quarrel

[1] John Willett Payne was a Rear-Admiral of the Red, Vice-Admiral of the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall, Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries; he died on the 17th of November 1803.

with the Prince of Wales to a series of sarcastic remarks in which he had indulged at the expense of Mrs Fitzherbert; indiscretions that he was led into by foolishly espousing the part of a noble lady, her rival: but his talent for ridicule once enlisted in her cause, he did not spare even the Prince himself. There was at that time a burly porter at Carlton House, nicknamed "Big Ben," who was so tall that he could look over the gates, and, as the Regent was then increasing in size, Brummell often designated the master by the appellation of the servant —and Mrs Fitzherbert by that of "Benina." It is also said that he annoyed her by various remarks of the same kind; and that, when desired by the Regent at a ball at Lady Jersey's to call her carriage, he obeyed, but, in doing so, substituted the word *mistress* for the usual one of Mrs, and laid a strong emphasis on the insulting epithet. If this anecdote is true, no wonder that when it came to the lady's ears, as well as the Prince's, with the allusions to their *embonpoint* (upon which subject they were, as people frequently are, extremely sensitive), such ill-timed jokes were resented; and that Brummell was dismissed. He always, however, considered that the continuation of the Regent's anger was owing to Mrs Fitzherbert, whose absurd vanity in identifying herself with the Crown of England—for it was that or nothing—made her peculiarly unforgiving on this subject; and her dislike to Fox renders it probable that Brummell's opinion was correct. Moore, however, in a parody on a celebrated letter from the Prince Regent to the Duke of York, on the 13th of February 1812, gives the former the credit of all the indignation against Brummell, and adduces another well-known *mot* of the Beau's as the reason of it.

"Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should
come ill
To mortal, except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell;
Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion."

But, whatever the causes of offence may have been that led to the quarrel, the Beau treated the affair with his usual assurance; and, waging war upon his royal adversary, assailed him with ridicule in all quarters, and affected to say that he had himself cut the connexion: it was in this spirit, no doubt, that he said to Colonel McMahon, "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him." Of course, after this break, the Regent determined to take advantage of the first opportunity that occurred of showing the world that he was no longer anxious to continue the acquaintance. An occasion for his so doing presented itself not long after in a morning walk, when the Prince, leaning on Lord Moira's arm, met Brummell and Lord A—— coming in the opposite direction, and, probably with the intention of making the cut more evident, His Royal Highness stopped and spoke to his lordship, without noticing the Beau—little thinking that he would resent it; great therefore must have been his surprise and annoyance, as each party turned to continue their promenade, to hear him say in a distinct tone, expressive of complete ignorance of his person: "A——, who's your fat friend?" But Brummell was sometimes in a humour to adduce other reasons than the right one for the *fracas* which led to his final rupture with the Regent, and the favourite fiction that he then palmed upon his most eager listeners was, that they had been rivals in a love affair, in which the Prince was, of course, the unsuccessful suitor.

When Brummell found that His Royal Highness had really closed the doors of Carlton House against him, he cultivated with greater assiduity the friendship that had always existed between himself and the Duke of York, who was never known, in good or ill report, to desert a friend; and his conduct, and that of the Duchess, to the Beau in his exile, were striking instances of the steadiness and sincerity of their friendship. "The Duchess," says Mr Raikes, "was a person of excellent taste, and a very nice discriminator of good breeding and manners, and the regard which that Princess entertained for Brummell was highly creditable to him. It may, indeed, be said in favour of the manners of that day, that Her Royal Highness often remarked how superior they were to the tone of those that existed at the period of her marriage, when the Duke was surrounded by a set of *roués* who seemed to glory in their excesses, and showed a great want of refinement and courtesy in women's society. At the time Brummell visited at Oatlands, England had been for many years without a Court, and the limited circle that surrounded the Duke and Duchess of York, though differing scarcely from that of a private family, rendered it the only Royal residence that was the scene of constant hospitality; and it might have been appropriately termed a little Court, in which the affability on the one side, and the affectionate deference on the other, were equally remarkable. Here used to assemble, at the end of the week, Brummell, and all the most agreeable men of the day, intimately acquainted with each other, and sincerely attached to their Royal host and hostess."

I am ignorant of the precise dates at which the two

following notes from the Duchess to Brummell were written; but they were copied by myself from her autograph, and are inserted as a proof that he must have stood high in her esteem, and that she corresponded with, and received him, on the most intimate footing. The first was written to acknowledge the receipt of a note announcing the loss of a lottery ticket which they had purchased together: the paragraph alluding to the chances of his future life is happily expressed, and the sincerity of the concluding sentence was fully proved in after-years by her generous conduct towards him when she had the pain of seeing that her good wishes turned out unavailing.

"Oatlands, *ce* 20 *Septembre.*

"Vous avez une manière si aimable d'annoncer les plus mauvaises nouvelles, qu'elles perdent par là de leur désagréments; je ne puis cependant que m'affliger avec vous de la perte de tous nos beaux projets de fête, qui s'évanouissent avec la perte de notre billet de loterie, dont je vous acquitte la dette ci-joint, et y joignent les vœux les plus sincères que ceci puisse être le dernier mauvais tour que la Fortune puisse vous jouer, et que dans toutes les autres circonstances de votre vie, elle puisse toujours vous être favorable. Ce sera me rendre justice que de vous persuader que personne ne peut s'intéresser plus sincèrement à votre bonheur et à tout ce qui vous concerne.

"Je n'ai rien à vous dire de ma solitude qui puisse exciter votre curiosité, n'y ayant vu personne *de ceux qui vous* intéressent depuis votre départ. J'espere que vous reviendrez bientôt dans ces contrées, et qu'il me sera permis de vous réitérer moi-même ici les assurances de

l'amitié sincère et de la considération parfaite avec laquelle je suis. Votre toute affectionnée amie et servante,

"F."

The next note from Her Royal Highness was to thank him for remembering her fête-day, and sending her a beautiful little dog, which Brummell, with his usual good taste, had selected for his present in preference to anything else, knowing the passion his royal friend had for that animal. Her Royal Highness is said to have had at one time upwards of one hundred dogs at Oatlands, and she sometimes erected monuments over her especial favourites: they are grouped round a fountain in the grounds in front of a grotto, to which, during the summer months, she frequently retired with her work or a book. It is, I believe, near this spot that the inhabitants of the parish in which Oatlands is situated erected a monument to the memory of this amiable woman, to which the humblest amongst the parishioners spontaneously requested permission to contribute their mite.

"WINDSOR, *ce neuf de Mai.*

"On ne saurait être plus sensible que je le suis au souvenir obligeant que vous avez bien voulu me donner au jour de ma fête, et au charmant cadeau que le Duc m'a remis de votre part. Recevez mes remercîments les plus sincères pour ce joli petit *chien*, c'est l'emblême de la *Fidélité*; j'aime à me flatter qu'elle sera celui de la continuation de notre amitié à laquelle je vous assure que j'attache le plus grand prix.

"J'ai une toux de *cimetière* qui menace ruine; si elle ne m'a pas mis sous terre avant le commencement du mois prochain, je compte me rendre à Londres, dans ce

temps-là, et un des motifs qui me fait envisager avec le plus de plaisir ce séjour est qu'il me procurera l'avantage de vous y rencontrer et de pouvoir vous réitérer moi-même combien je suis. Votre toute affectionée amie et servante,

"F."

Though the parties at Oatlands were generally, as I have before remarked, of a very unostentatious character, the Duchess's birthday was sometimes celebrated with great splendour, particularly the one of 1811, of which I have heard Brummell speak. The King and Princesses were present, and, after they left, the park gates were thrown open to the public, consisting principally of the tenants and labourers in the neighbourhood, who assembled in the lower part of the house. Here tables were laid out with refreshments, which were soon cleared; and the punch, six quarts of which were placed upon each, having freely circulated, at nine dancing commenced, the Duchess leading off the first dance, called the "Labyrinth," with Colonel, now General, Upton.

It was by these unaffected examples of hospitality that the Duke endeared himself to high and low about him; and the numerous instances on record of his generous disposition, more particularly when in command of the army, and his unvarying anxiety to promote the comfort of the most subordinate member of it, have rendered his memory dear to the service and completely effaced the recollection of his failings. Very many are the anecdotes related of the unpremeditated proofs of his kindness of heart, and ready consideration for his inferiors in station; but every soldier should know the following one—and every insolent lackey too. The Duke was on the point of

mounting his horse one day at Oatlands, to take a ride, when, observing a poor woman slowly retreating from the door, he inquired of the servant who she was. The fellow flippantly replied: "Nobody, your Royal Highness, but a soldier's wife, a-begging." "And, pray, sir," said the Duke, indignantly, "what is your mistress?" It is needless to add the poor woman was relieved.

In Brummell's Album are several interesting souvenirs of his visits at Oatlands, written by Sheridan and Lord Erskine, who very likely gave them to him as having also been a guest on the occasions to which they refer. They are pleasing instances of the cheerful and friendly feeling that existed amongst those who enjoyed the Duke's hospitality; and it was probably after one of these brilliant and agreeable parties that Sheridan wrote the following admirable and good-humoured quiz upon l rskine, which, though satirical, is much too harmlessly witty to have offended the ex-Chancellor. There was no date attached to it, but it was evidently written after that nobleman resigned the seals, and previously to May 1812, as Mr Perceval, who is mentioned in it, was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons on the 11th of that month.

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN
OR
THOMAS AND RICHARD
(*Erskine*) (*Sheridan*)

A Pastoral Dialogue

[R. B. SHERIDAN

WHERE Oatlands' lofty bank, in sylvan pride,
Looks o'er the Thames and the fair prospect wide,
There is the spot where once two shepherds stood,
Safe from the river's fast encroaching flood;

Fictitious shepherds, true, and eke 'tis truth,
Swains not exactly in the bloom of youth;
Yet both had skill to talk, and verse could scan,
And now in measured rhyme their converse ran;
While Thomas clear'd his pipe, sly Richard thus began:

RICHARD

How could'st thou, Thomas, at the festive board,
Admitted guest of Oatlands' royal lord,
Decline the challenge which I gave to thee
To break a lance in sportive poesy?
Thou know'st, ere now we've tried the gay dispute,
Unvanquish'd then, how could'st thou now be mute?
Unstudied verse might royal care beguile,
And raise on listening beauty's cheek a favouring smile.

THOMAS

Friend Richard, well I saw your treacherous aim,
You sought to triumph, and bring me to shame;
To make a boast in royal beauty's eyes
You dared the contest, and you hoped the prize;
By nature dull, by art a rhymer made,
Verse your profession, poetry your trade.
I, bred to nobler purposes, disdain
A puny contest with the scribbling train;
And though I sometimes condescend to rhyme,
When humour prompts, and business grants me time,
I never publish—do you ask the cause?
I'm quite contented with my own applause.

RICHARD

Nay, Thomas, hold! for now, by heaven, you wrong
The taste of friendship, and thy power of song;
For who has read a line that bears thy name,
Which, though withheld by thee from vulgar fame,
Taste would disown, or genius fail to claim?

THOMAS

Thy praise, dear Richard, is no doubt sincere,
But justest praise may yet be bought too dear;
Practised in jingling verse, you know your power,
I, the chance poet of an idle hour,
With thee in verse will battle, when George Rose [1]
Shall hate employment, and demand repose;

[1] The Right Honourable George Rose, son of the Rev. David Rose, of Lethnet, and descended by his father from an ancient family in Nairnshire, was born on the 17th of June 1744. At the early age of four years he was brought to England, where he was educated, and rose to distinction entirely through his own exertions. One of the first patrons of this leviathan of industry was Brummell's father, who, from his position in the Treasury, was of great service to him in forwarding his interests. The following is an epitome of his lucrative and honorary occupations. In 1767 he took a principal share in the publication of the Journals and Records of Parliament, from the earliest period: in 1772 he was appointed to the Keepership of Records in the ancient Treasury at Westminster: in 1776 he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Taxes: in 1782 he was named Secretary to the Treasury under Lord Shelburne and Pitt; was removed on the change of Government in the spring of 1783, and reappointed under Pitt in the December following. In this year he also obtained a reversionary grant of the office of Clerk of Parliament. In 1784 he was elected M.P. for Launceston, and in 1788 he vacated that seat on succeeding to the above-mentioned office, and was returned M.P. for Lymington. In 1790 he sat for Christchurch. In 1801 he resigned his Secretaryship of the Treasury, and in 1804, on Mr Pitt's return to power, was appointed Joint Paymaster-General of the Forces, and Vice-President of the Committee of Privy Council for the Affairs of Trade, which he retained till the death of that minister. In 1807, under the Duke of Portland, he was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, and reappointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He was likewise a Privy Councillor, Trustee of the British and Hunterian Museums, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, Deputy Warden of the New Forest, and one of the Verderers of the same. Under these circumstances it is wonderful the Honourable Gentleman did not "demand repose." Sir George Rose died at his seat, Cuffnells, near Lyndhurst, on the 13th of January 1818, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

When Trotter [1] shall the prince of lies outfib,
And Spencer Perceval [2] shall challenge Cribb;
An eagle you, from your own wing your pen
You draw—then bravely challenge a poor wren!

RICHARD

Nay, Thomas, sure this flattery's unfit,
Or wish you irony to pass for wit?
Your simile forego,—I dared the test,
Not who was strongest, but whose muse was best;
To cover your retreat retract your theme,
Who hears an eagle's voice must hear a scream;
Quick then, dear Tom, some new allusion bring,
Till wrens bear thunderbolts, and eagles sing.

THOMAS

By heavens! I do my lofty spirit wrong,
To grate this jarring pipe with thee so long:
Hast thou not known me in my hour of pride,
When at the bar I led the legal tide?
Who could more surely, by each trick and fudge,
Humbug the jury, or browbeat the judge?
How many patriots [3] has my fluent tongue
Lifted to glory, who had else been hung!

[1] John Barnard Trotter, Esq., private secretary to C. J. Fox, of whose life and career he published a very strange account. This work drew forth some strong animadversions from different writers, and among the rest, Dr Moseley, who decidedly contradicted the author, with respect to the medical treatment of the illustrious statesman. It is probably to Mr Trotter's book that Sheridan alludes, and to the proverbial saying, "He lies like the d——l."

[2] A specimen of Sheridan's drollery; for this unfortunate gentleman was particularly thin, and slightly formed, and not exactly the person who might be expected to throw down his glove to the Champion of England.

[3] Lord Erskine defended Lord George Gordon, Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall.

While, advocating freedom's sacred cause,
I won the mob, and gain'd each jail's applause—
Proving the right of treason to upset the laws.

RICHARD

Nay, not so warm, my dearest Thomas, pray,
I grant your merit, and grant all you say;
Thou hast indeed saved many of the gang,
Who in return would gladly see thee hang.

THOMAS

Richard, I scorn thy taunts and wiliest sneers;
The merit's mine, the ingratitude is theirs.
But, grant my labours no due thanks obtain'd,
Can you forget the higher post I gain'd?
Must I remind you of the seal I bore,
The wig and golden tassell'd robe I wore,
The flowing train behind, and broider'd purse before?
Now, by these glorious honours, which again
I surely shall possess—(though God knows when,)
In verse with thee I never will contend,
Unless I choose the theme——

RICHARD

Agreed, my friend.

THOMAS

Then will I sing to our great Master's praise. . . .

CHAPTER XX

A dinner-party at Oatlands—Lord Erskine's description of it in verse—The company present—Colonel Armstrong—The Honourable William Spencer—Monk Lewis—Kangaroo Cooke—Lady Anne Culling Smith—Miss Fitzroy—Colonel de Lancey Barclay—Brummell—Le Chevalier Cainea—Lord Erskine's childhood—One of his letters written from school—Goes to sea in the *Tartar*—Letter to Lord Cardross from Jamaica

THIS challenge of Sheridan's seems to have had its effect upon Lord Erskine on the 31st of December 1812, on which day, in compliance with the good old custom of seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in, a dinner-party was given at Oatlands; and this he afterwards described in the following lively and agreeable manner:

"The fair Princess[1] sat first, far the highest in place,
But her rank in eclipse by good nature and grace—
Her manners no court upon earth could bestow,
To the best of all hearts their perfection they owe;
And her converse, so pleasant, so keen, so refined,
No reading could give—its bright source is the mind;
Her elegant form gives a life to the whole;
Coalition complete of the body and soul.

[1] Her Royal Highness Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catharina, Princess Royal of Prussia, married to the Duke of York on the 29th of September 1791, and died at Oatlands on the 6th of August 1820, in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

Next, Armstrong [1] was seated; on Armstrong depend,
For wit as companion, for truth as a friend;
As a man of the world he's completely at ease,
No effort he makes to amuse or to please;
Yet is sure to do both, with his manners so quiet,
Sliding in better things than many who try it.
To Armstrong next sat, my friend William Spencer [2];
Why Spencers such poets are, I would fain ken, Sir;
I hate all monopolies—never was seen
Such a fuss as we had, with the famed *Faerie Queen*.
Ere England had numbers, this bard took the lead,
And wrote like an angel when few men could read.
Thus centuries pass'd; and now when Old Time
Has exalted our language, and fashion'd our rhyme,
William Spencer runs in, other poets before,
To witch us as Edmund has witch'd us of yore;
And yet not content with this talent divine,
Whenever he *speaks*, he must sparkle and shine.
But to make such a picture as friendship would draw,
You must lend me, dear Spencer, your pen or your jaw—
Each a capital prize to a man of the law.

[1] Lieut.-Colonel James Armstrong, originally in the Tenth Foot, and subsequently in the Ceylon and 50th Regiments, was at this time an aide-de-camp of the Duke of York. He died on the 15th of August 1828.

[2] "Polished William Spencer, the Poet of society," as he was usually called, was the second son of Lord Charles Spencer, by the Honourable Mary Beauclerk, daughter of Lord Vere, and sister of Aubrey, fifth Duke of St Albans. The first of Mr Spencer's poetical works, and published in 1790, was a translation of Bürger's *Leonora*, embellished by his aunt, Lady Diana, the wife of Topham Beauclerk, a great macaroni in his day. Subsequently to this, he wrote a drama called *Urania, or the Illuminé*; it was performed at Drury Lane with some applause, and his friend, Lord John Townshend, wrote the prologue. In 1811 he published a collection of poems which were dedicated to Sarah, Lady Jersey. This accomplished gentleman, one of the most agreeable dining-out men of his day, died at Paris, on the 23rd of October 1834.

"Other poets," cried Lewis,[1] who sat next beside,
"Who shoulder us thus, may all evils betide!"
But Lewis all earthly approach may defy;
As a canonized monk he may mount to the sky;
No, no, we can't spare his original brain,
Which has led us so often in Fancy's fair train;

[1] Matthew Gregory Lewis, born in London in 1773, was the son of a large West Indian proprietor, at one time Under-Secretary at War. Educated at Westminster, he afterwards travelled on the Continent, and remained some time in Germany, where he imbibed that excessive love of the marvellous which he afterwards displayed in his works; exhibiting all the fantastic vagaries of his Teutonic models, in addition to the wildness, originality, and licence of his own ideas. He had talent, but it was of an illegitimate and unhealthy description; and his novel and nickname, *The Monk*, by which he acquired an infamous notoriety, and which on account of its licentiousness was very popular with a certain class, will be a lasting monument of his depraved taste —lasting, because society will never be without readers who delight in works of that character; and in this respect he lives for posterity, a posterity of demireps and courtesans, inexperienced youth and debauchees. Mr Lewis was a senator as well as a novelist; but seldom took part in the business of the House, and never made a figure in it. The notoriety that he succeeded in obtaining by his works, a superficial skill in poetry, and great conversational powers, his wealth and the letters M.P., enabled him to insinuate himself into the society of people of rank. He was a constant visitor of the Princess of Wales at Kensington House, and, as seen by this poem, an occasional one at Oatlands, where he made himself agreeable to Her Royal Highness, by writing elegies and epitaphs on the death of her dogs, and possibly birthday odes when they were living. In the periodicals of the day, and particularly in a satirical poem, published in 1802, Mr Lewis and his works are severely criticized, and the author concludes his censures with these two lines:

> "That the man who to talent makes any pretence
> Should write not at all, or should write common sense."

In fairness, however, it ought to be mentioned, that his friend Mr Galt says, in the Diary illustrative of the times of George the Fourth, that he possessed generous and noble feelings, and talents of a very high description. Lord Byron, another intimate friend of his, observes that he was a "*good* man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores—especially Madame de Staël, or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis, he was the jewel of a man, had he been

The scenes that surround us so dully the same,
Who shifts with his genius well merits his fame.
Next to Lewis there sat, would you wish to know who?
I will tell you—my worthy good friend Kangaroo [1];
He who goes by a name by parents not given,
Depend on't is one highly favour'd by Heaven;
The friend whom we love we mould at our pleasure,
And count on his temper, the best of all treasure;
Since in spite of the misanthrope's sullen pretence,
Good nature is still the companion of sense.
Thus take the world o'er, you will find very few
Who have more of sound brains than this same
Kangaroo;
And as for his person, his breeding, and taste,
They speak for themselves, so I pass on in haste.

better set; I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory, to everything and everybody, Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica.

'I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again.'

That is—

I would give many a sugar-cane
Mat Lewis were alive again!"

But it is not easy to reconcile these opinions with the spirit of Mr Lewis's works, which deliberately tend to debase the human heart, always sufficiently prone to error and infirmity. The most correct view of the Monk's character appears to have been taken by Madame de Staël, who wittily and piquantly remarked that he was not only "*inférieur, mais très inférieur.*" Mr Lewis died at sea, in 1818.

[1] Major-General Henry Frederick Cooke, C.B. and K.C.H., commonly called Kang-Cooke—a portrait of whom, under that sobriquet, is to be found in Dighton's caricatures—was at this time a Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Coldstream Guards, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of York. Various rumours have been circulated to account for his name having been thus humorously associated with the mammalia of New Holland. One is that he let loose a cage full of these animals at Pidcock's menagerie; another, that on being asked by his old patron, the Duke of York, how he fared in the Peninsula, he replied that he "could get nothing to eat but kangaroo." General Cooke died on the 10th of March 1837, at Harefield Park. He was the last surviving brother of Lieutenant-General Sir George Cooke, K.C.B.

By this Colonel sat one, in gay circles well known,
Yet, who see him in rounds of amusement alone,
Know little about him—they see him at ease,
A high man of fashion, with talents to please;
But believe me, in London to rise to the top,
Like Brummell, (since London discarded the fop,[1])
You must know all that's known to the highest in place,
And possess the rare gift to give knowledge a grace.
But why should the muse, his acquirements to show,
Fly to commonplace truths which the vulgar well know?
Since the brighter the emerald the duchess now wears,
The higher of course is the polish it bears.
Oh what shall I write? next him sat Lady Anne,[2]
How shall I describe her? describe her who can.

[1] Probably some *passé* dandy about town.

[2] This lady, who is still living, is the only daughter of Garrett Wellesley, second Lord Mornington, and sister of the late Marquis Wellesley. Her ladyship was born on the 13th of March 1768, and married, first, Henry Fitzroy, third son of Charles, Lord Southampton, and subsequently, on the 9th of August 1799, Culling Charles Smith, Esq. Of the distinguished persons mentioned by Lord Erskine in this poem, Lady Anne and her husband are, I believe, the only individuals that still survive. The following obituary, taken from a morning paper in the spring of this year, is strong presumptive evidence that Lord Erskine's amiable and friendly portraiture of Lady Anne was not merely an unmeaning courtesy, and that though her beauty was great, and her love for children intense, she extended much kindness and consideration to her dependants. "Died, at the Palace, Hampton Court, on Saturday evening, May the 13th, in her seventy-fifth year, beloved, esteemed, and deeply lamented by all who knew her, Mrs Sarah Milner, for fifty-two years the faithful and affectionate servant of Lady Anne Culling Smith." This testimony to the memory of a tried and faithful servant leads me to speak of another instance of the same kind, which, while waiting to examine the register to ascertain a date for this work, I observed on a modest tablet in a secluded corner of St Martin's Church. The tablet is of grey marble, and though the letters are gilt, they were not easily distinguished; but on climbing over the side of a pew, and standing on a seat, I found the following inscription upon it, which is such an excellent proof of Her Most

When I think on her face ev'ry thought's at an end;
And my numbers must flow as their chances may send,—
Her eye, full of fire, passes through to the heart,
As Wellington sees through his ranks at a dart;
But a truce is soon put to this turbulent pother,
By the chain-shot of wife tied together with mother;
Each beauty-bred wish she's for ever annulling,
All lost in her daughters, and Frederick,[1] and Culling.[2]
Well, I thought myself safe, and that nought could annoy
One pass'd through this furnace,—but Madame Fitzroy,[3]

Gracious Majesty's kind feeling for an old servant, and probably, from its retired position, so little known, that I have ventured to insert it here, as an example to her countrywomen:

Sacred to the memory of Louisa Louis,
For many years the faithful and devoted servant of Her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and, from her earliest infancy, honoured by the affectionate attachment of
Her Majesty Queen Victoria;
By whose gracious command this tablet has been placed in St Martin's Church.
Born at Erbach, in Germany, 1771; died at Buckingham Palace, on Easter Sunday, 1838.

[1] Frederick William Culling Smith, only son of Culling Charles Smith, Esq., and Lady Anne, and a godson of the Duke of York. On the 18th of January 1820 he was appointed to an ensigncy in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, and subsequently obtained a troop in the Blues, in which corps he remained till 1826, when he received an unattached majority, and afterwards joined the 80th Regiment. To the deep regret of his family and friends, Major Smith died at Malta, on the 19th of June 1828, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

[2] Culling Charles Smith, Esq., father of the above, and son of Charles Smith, Esq., Governor of Madras, who was a younger brother of Culling, the first baronet of that family.

[3] Anne Caroline, daughter of Henry Fitzroy, third son of Charles, Lord Southampton, and Lady Anne Wellesley, afterwards Lady Anne Culling Smith. Henry Fitzroy's father was a great-grandson of Henry Fitzroy, first Duke of Grafton, and, through him, descended from the unfortunate House of Stuart—his Grace having been the illegitimate child of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, by Charles

A plague on such king-craft! renew'd the temptation,
With beauty new hatch'd in the fifth generation.
Ah Stuarts! I feel in the depth of my soul,
The madness that led ye from loyal control;
The child of your blood, I renounce your command,
The people's free Brunswicks shall reign in this land;
Yet still, like a traitor, my fair Caroline,
Your subject I live, as *your* right is divine.
Halt, blundering muse, to the right-about face,
You have pass'd over Barclay,[1] go back to his place;
You sure must have seen him, so handsome, so tall,
A straighter has never sprung up since the fall;
Better fashion'd without, nor freer within
From malignant ill-nature's original sin.
Him famed in our armies one day we shall see,
Though a Barclay, a Quaker he never will be.
What sounds melt on air? sure I'm raised to the skies,
What harmony swells on the senses and dies?
Then rises again and pulls at the heart
With strong chords of Nature, made stronger by art.
Can this be a dream? No, La Cainea[2] appears;
The music I thought must be his, or the spheres'.
What again? have the fairies encircled me round,
And carried me off to their spell-bedew'd ground?

the Second. The cleverness with which Lord Erskine maintains his political principles, and at the same time indulges his gallantry, is very amusing. Miss Fitzroy died on the 16th of December 1835.

[1] De Lancey Barclay, C.B., another aide-de-camp of the Duke of York, and one of the most popular men in the army. He was at this time in the Royal Corsican Rangers, and died very suddenly of a cold, caught by travelling too lightly clad on the top of a coach. Colonel Barclay was in the Guards at Waterloo; and, at the period of his death, which took place on the 28th of March 1826, he was one of the aides-de-camp to George the Fourth.

[2] Le Chevalier Cainea, a celebrated amateur Italian singer, who resided in England for several years at the commencement of the present century. He was a frequent guest of the first families in the country, as well as at the Duke of York's. His voice was a beautiful tenor, and his style of chamber-singing replete with taste and feeling.

Do I hear Catalani, or is it a thrush,
In spite of the winter, that sings from his bush?
No; those beautiful sounds, so novel, so true,
Discover their author; yes, Mercer,[1] 'tis you:
Yet think not their notes which yet dwell on the ear,
Are all we enjoy when their sources are here.
No—they heighten their value in these social hours
By taking their parts in the mind's higher powers:
Miss Muse, you seem tired, but remuster your pith,
For, next, sat the man of my heart, Culling Smith.
His friendship I've tried, and for ever have found
His soul as sincere as his judgment is sound;
To look at him now, so sprightly, so gay,
As airy and light as a bird on the spray,
You would think him but made for the joys of the table,
And that all we have heard of grave parts was a fable—
But let Downing Street tell, which has seen him so late,
Alas! snatch'd away by a too fickle fate,
How he show'd himself form'd for the business of state;
Quick, active, intelligent, full of resource,
In manner all mildness, in matter all force.[2]
Tom Erskine sat last—sailor, soldier, and lawyer,
A cross, beyond doubt, between the de'il and old Sawyer[3]
He tried all the tricks of the old common law,
Till to Chancery sent, which can cure every flaw:
So merrily, merrily, let him live now,
With the planters of trees and the holders of plough."

[1] A gentleman who moved in this circle of society, also an excellent singer.

[2] The allusion which Lord Erskine here makes to the part Mr Culling Smith took in public life refers to the period when he was Under-Secretary of State to his brother-in-law, the late Marquis Wellesley, at the time Minister of Foreign Affairs.

[3] Sir Robert Sawyer was Attorney-General in the reign of Charles the Second. When the attack was made on the Charter of the City of London, ballads were sung about the streets comparing him to the d—l. His daughter and heiress married Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, and by him had issue Henry, the ninth Earl. She died in 1706.

By two autograph letters of Lord Erskine's, now in my possession, the first of which was written when he was only twelve years of age, it appears that he was at school at St Andrews; and, as trifling circumstances connected with the childhood of such a distinguished man cannot fail to interest the reader, I have given the letters a place here. Their introduction is the less abrupt, as they will in some measure illustrate the allusion made to his own life in the words "sailor, soldier, and lawyer"; for a paragraph in the first seems to account for the early predilection he displayed for a seafaring life; this was probably acquired in his visits to the captains of the Norway galliots that he speaks of, or in his walks about the quays of the good city of St Andrews.

"St Andrew's, *August* 11, 1762.

"My dear Brother,[1]—I received your letter, and it gave me great joy to hear that you were in health, which I hope will always continue. I saw in the papers that you have got a new cousin, by your commander, Major Seton,[2] marrying Miss Murray, of Abercarney. I am in my second month at the dancing-school; I have learned Shantrews and the single hornpipe, and I am just now learning the double hornpipe. Our school has the vacation just now: we got them on the 4th day of

[1] David Stewart, Lord Cardross, Lord Erskine's eldest brother, afterwards eleventh Earl of Buchan. His lordship was at this time a Lieutenant in the Thirty-Second Regiment, which he joined as Ensign on the 2nd of August 1761. He retired from the army in 1763. "Lord Buchan's political career," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "commenced under the patronage of the great Earl of Chatham, in the diplomatic department; but he passed the larger portion of his life in literary retirement, cultivating the muses, and occasionally laying before the public the fruits of his acquirements."

[2] Also in the Thirty-Second Regiment, and at this time a Lieut.-Colonel in the army.

August, and all the boys that live in the country have gone home. There is a pretty large Norway ship in the harbour: the captain took Harry [1] and me into the cabin, and entertained us with French claret, Danish bisket, and smoak't salmon; and the captain was up in the town seeing papa to-day. He intended to go out that day or the next, if the wind was favourable; but he had not water enough to carry him out. He is to sail on Friday because the stream is great.

"Yesterday I saw Captain Sutherland, a nephew of Lord Duffus [2] his lady, who has a lieutenant's commission in Lord Sutherland's militia, exercise his party of Highlanders, which I liked very well to see. In the time of the vacation Harry and me writes themes, reads Livie and French with Mr Douglas between ten and eleven. Papa made me a present of a ring-dial, which I'm very fond of, for it tells me what o'clock it is very exactly. You bid me, in your letter, write you when I had nothing better to do; but I assure you I think I cannot employ myself better than to write to you, which I shall take care to do very often.

"Adieu, my dear brother, and believe me to be, with great affection, yours,

"Thomas Erskine."

In this letter, which is a correct copy of the original, a martial spirit is also observable, and the future sailor

[1] The Hon. Henry Erskine, the celebrated advocate, and an elder brother of Lord Erskine.

[2] Eric Sutherland, called Lord Duffus by courtesy, being the son of Kenneth, third Baron Duffus, a distinguished naval officer, who was attainted after the Rebellion in 1715. Eric died in 1768, having failed to reverse his father's attainder. He married his cousin, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Dunbar, of Hempriggs. The title was restored in 1826.

and soldier alike peep forth: the note is written very neatly with lines, and in a plain schoolboy's hand, and considering the age of the embryo Chancellor of England, the mistakes of orthography and grammar are not to be complained of; there was, however, very little or no punctuation, a point on which Mr Douglas, probably, did not care to weary his spirited and clever pupil. Two years after this capital specimen of his epistolary powers was written, young Erskine went to sea in the *Tartar*, with Commodore Sir John Lindsay,[1] which was ordered in the first instance to Pensacola, in the Gulf of Mexico, and subsequently to Jamaica, from whence the following letter was dispatched to his brother:

"KINGSTON IN JAMAICA, *July* 1764.

"MY DEAREST CARDROSS,—I wrote to you about ten days ago, giving you some small account of what I had seen here. I am still with Dr Butt, but shall sail now in about ten days; he is appointed Physician General to the Militia of the Island of Jamaica, by his Excellency Governor Lyttleton,[2] whom I waited upon at Spanish Town, along with the doctor, some days ago. He is a very affable and agreeable man, as I ever saw, and one of great learning. The longer I stay in the West Indies, I find the country more healthful, and the climate more agreeable; I could not help smiling when Mama

[1] Sir John Lindsay, K.B., died at Marlborough House, on his way to Bath, 4th June 1778, aged fifty-one years.

[2] Sir William Henry Lyttleton, elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, in July 1776, by the title of Baron Westcote, and afterwards to that of England by that of Lord Lyttleton, which title had expired with his nephew and predecessor. His Lordship was Governor of South Carolina in 1755, of Jamaica in 1760, and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Portugal in 1776. Lord Lyttleton died in September 1808.

mentioned in her letter, how much reason you had to be thankful, that you gave up your commission, or you would have gone to the most wretched climate on the earth. I don't know indeed, as to the rest of the West Indian Islands, but sure I am, if you had come here you would have no reason to repent it. To be sure, to stay here too long, might weaken a constitution, though hardly that; but to stay here some time is extremely serviceable. As for me, I have great reasons to like the West Indies; I have never had an hour's sickness in them, never enjoyed better spirits, and found in them so good a friend as ever I desired to meet with, as I mentioned in my last letter. She supplies the place of mother when at a distance from all my relations, and behaves to me in every respect better than many relatives, whom, from their kindred to my parents, ought to do; that is a great advantage, especially when one is in a foreign country.

" I suppose you will by this time be thinking of going abroad, as it draws near the time you intended going: I suppose you will go first to Italy. Remember to write to me from these places; you will have many opportunities when you are in Portugal, or Spain, as they have great trade with the West Indies; so that I expect you won't forget the poor Pots, for I assure you, he always dearly remembers his own Cowly.

" I begin to draw indifferently: I am studying Botany with Doctor Butt, so I will bring you home drawings of all the curious plants, etc., etc., and everything that I see. I have sent Mama home a land turtle, to walk about Walcot garden; it is very pretty, particularly its back, which is all divided into square lozenges, and the shell is as hard as a coat of mail. If you have got any-

thing that you wish to send me, you need only direct it to Dr Butt in the same manner you direct letters, and put it into a merchantman bound for the West Indies, and it can't fail coming safe. Doctor Butt desires his best compliments to you, and will be obliged to you, if you will send him out such a profile of you, as you copied from Mr Hoar's. Pray give my compliments to all, and know and believe me to be, my dear Cardross, your affectionate brother,

"Thomas Erskine."

Both these letters evince an affectionate, studious, and active disposition, and, from the young sailor's having been made an acting-lieutenant by Sir John Lindsay, it is only reasonable to suppose that he did not abandon his profession on account of either inefficiency or insubordination: this decided step was, however, taken by Erskine soon after Sir John was relieved by Commodore Johnson, and the cause which led to it was said to be the harsh conduct of his new commander.

CHAPTER XXI

Lord Erskine enters the army—His slow promotion—Leaves the service—Enters at Cambridge—His great admiration and friendship for Fox—Lines written by him at Oatlands on receiving from the Duchess of York a lock of that statesman's hair—Lord Byron—Two fragments of his unpublished poetry—Stanzas on the murder of Mr Weir, by the Rev. J. Mitford—*The Younger Brother's Claim—Les Mille Colonnes—Epigrams*

AFTER his return home, young Erskine tried the sister service, and on the 1st of September 1768 obtained an Ensign's commission in the second battalion of the First, or Royal, Regiment of Foot, most of the officers of which corps, as well as the Colonel, John Duke of Argyll, were his countrymen. In this regiment he remained seven years, having been promoted in 1770, at the early age of twenty, to the rank of *Benedict*, and to a lieutenancy on the 21st of April 1773.

It was possibly this slow promotion which induced Lieutenant Erskine to quit the army two years after, added to the encomiums that his talents elicited from clever and intellectual men; which possibly encouraged the idea that he might distinguish himself in an arena more suited to his genius. Dr Johnson, when on his tour in Scotland, and at the time sixty-three years of age, dined at Sir Alexander Macdonald's, where, as Boswell says, "was a young officer in the regimentals of the Scots Royals, who talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision, so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention; he proved to be the Honourable T. Erskine, youngest brother to the Earl of Buchan, who has risen

into such brilliant reputation at the bar of Westminster Hall. Erskine told us," says Boswell, "that when he was in the island of Minorca, he not only read prayers, but preached two sermons to the regiment"; on which Mr Croker observes: "Lord Erskine was fond of this anecdote; he told it to me the first time that I had the honour of being in his company, and often repeated it, with an observation that he had been a sailor and a soldier, was a lawyer, and a parson; the latter he affected to think the greatest of his efforts, and to support that opinion would quote the prayer for the *clergy* in the Liturgy, from the expression of which he would (in no commendable spirit of jocularity) infer, that the enlightening them was one of the *greatest marvels* 'which could be worked.'"

This anecdote completes the illustration of the line,

"Tom Erskine sat last—sailor, soldier, and lawyer,"

with the addition of another profession; and, as Lord Erskine, in his letter to his brother, says, that he "studied botany with Dr Butt, the Physician-General," it is not impossible that he practised under him, and took a degree. This would establish his credit to a very extraordinary claim—that of having belonged to all the "liberal professions," and would account very satisfactorily for his having so heartily espoused the Whig cause.

After retiring from the army, Mr Erskine went to Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1778; in 1783 he was made King's Counsel, and in 1806 appointed Lord Chancellor. The change of his uniform for a silk gown did not, however, annihilate his military feelings, for during the war he was Colonel of the Law Association

Volunteers; and it was while in command of this distinguished corps, at a review in Hyde Park, that he gave one of the many amusing proofs of his talent for repartee. It was the King's birthday, and, the royal cavalcade having passed down the line, the Duke of Cambridge fell back and spoke to Erskine, saying: "How well your corps behaves: are they all lawyers?" "Yes, sir," he replied; "and some of them very good lawyers too." "And good soldiers," said the Duke; "for how silent they are!" "Yes," said Erskine; "but does your Royal Highness recollect that we have *no pay*?"

Lord Erskine had not lost his military spirit at the age of sixty-five, for, in one of his letters, written from the Continent in July 1815, he observes: "As soon as I return you shall have an account of my tour with the army in France, and going with it to Paris: we shall have peace at last." "Neither Lord Erskine's conversation," writes Mr Croker "(though, even to the last, remarkable for fluency and vivacity), nor his parliamentary speeches, ever bore any proportion to the extraordinary force of his forensic eloquence. Those who only knew him in private, or in the House of Commons, had some difficulty in believing the effect he produced at the Bar. During the last few years of his life his conduct was eccentric, and justified a suspicion, and even a hope, that his understanding was impaired." Eccentric he certainly was towards the close of his life. A friend of mine met him one afternoon walking in the Park, accompanied by his little dog (that, with reverential feeling, he had christened after the great orator of his party), and asked him what had been going on in the House of Lords the night before, when he replied: "Oh, it was all G—d d—n butter and Ireland. Fox,

Fox," he continued, as he walked on, whistling to his four-footed representative of Charles James, "Fox, Fox," etc. Lord Erskine's attachment to the memory of his friend was very great, and the following lines, also in the Beau's collection, were written by him, at Oatlands, on receiving a lock of his hair from Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York.

"Could reliques, as at Rome they show,
Work miracles on earth below,
This hallow'd little lock of hair
Might soothe the patriot's anxious care;
Might, to St Stephen's chapel brought,
Inspire each noble, virtuous thought
With which its echoing benches rung,
Whilst thunders roll'd o'er Fox's tongue;—
Alas! alas! the vision's vain!
From the dark grave none come again.
That spirits wait on human weal
Is but the dream of holy zeal;
Yet, not for that less dear should be
Whate'er may lift my mind to thee;—
And this shall tell beyond the grave,
The head that bore, the hand that gave!"

It is singular, considering the number of witty but briefless barristers, which either an increase in the population, and therefore in their own numbers, or a disinclination to employ them, has left in the enjoyment of learned leisure, that not one of them should have amused himself and others with the biography of their great model, and collected the *jeux d'esprit*, impromptus, and other memorials of his humour and talent, with which he used to "humbug the jury, and browbeat the judge." The description of the dinner-party at the Duke of York's is an interesting specimen of the light and

lively spirit which, at sixty-two years of age, animated this great advocate's leisure hours, after his retirement from public life. His egotism, which has so often been complained of by his contemporaries, and which has been alluded to by Sheridan in *The Eagle and the Wren*,

" I'm quite contented with my own applause,"

is certainly not perceptible in that poem. Lord Erskine seems to have been amiably occupied in selecting topics for praise in others, instead of extorting their admiration for himself, which he is represented by Lord Byron to have done, to a most unpleasant degree, in the summer of the very same year. They were dining together at Middleton, Lord Jersey's, and, in Byron's words, " amongst a goodly company of lords, ladies, and wits, etc., there was . . . Erskine too! Erskine was there, good, but intolerable. He jested, he talked, he did everything admirably, but then he would be applauded for the same thing twice over; he would read his own verses, his own paragraph, and tell his own story again and again, and then the *Trial by Jury*, I almost wished it abolished—for I sat next to him at dinner. As I had read his published speeches, there was no occasion to repeat them to me." Lord Byron, who was only twenty-five years of age when he made this flippant remark, appears to have dwelt frequently and severely upon this point of Lord Erskine's character, for he says: " March 6th, 1814. On that day I dined with Rogers: Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Mademoiselle Récamier's handkerchief:—Erskine, a few stories of himself." If Lord Erskine was vain, which appears to be universally admitted, he had at least good grounds for being so; though not on account of his poetry—very

nearly all that Lord Byron had to be proud of; and this he was, as Lucifer himself: had he lived to Counsellor Ego's age, he might possibly have talked over *Childe Harold*, and *The Corsair*, till his hearers were sick of listening to him. In his youth the noble poet was certainly not deficient in anxiety for praise, as his actions and talented lampoon upon better men than himself, though not such clever poets, fully attest. Brummell was very intimate with Lord Byron: he not only speaks of him in the letter which accompanied his Album, when he presented it to his young friend, but also in another, given towards the close of this memoir. In that, he alluded to a correspondence that existed between them "in our familiar days"; and as the two following pieces of his lordship's poetry, taken from the Album, are not printed in the latest edition of his works, I venture to hope that they have never been published:

To One who promised on a Lock of Hair

Vow not at all, but if thou must,
Oh! be it by some slender token;
Since pious pledge, and plighted trust,
And holiest ties, too oft are broken.
Then by this dearest trifle swear,
And if thou lov'st as I would have thee,
This votive ringlet's tenderest hair
Will bind thy heart to that I gave thee.

To ——

Go! triumph securely—the treacherous vow
Thou hast broken, I keep but too painfully now;
But never again shalt thou be to my heart
What thou wert—what I fear for a moment thou art:

To see thee—to love thee—what heart could do more?
To love thee—to lose thee, 'twere vain to deplore!
Ashamed of my weakness, however beguiled,
I shall bear like a man what I feel like a child.
If a frown cloud my brow, yet it lours not on thee;
If my heart should seem heavy, at least it is free:
But thou, in the pride of new conquest elate,
Alas! even envy shall feel for thy fate.—
For the first step of error none e'er could recall,
And the woman once fallen for ever must fall;
Pursue to the last the career she begun,
And be false unto many, as faithless to one;
And they who have loved thee will leave thee to mourn,
And they who have hated will laugh thee to scorn;
And he who adored thee—must weep to foretell
The pangs which will punish thy falsehood too well.

The following stanzas, certainly possessing as much originality as any that have yet been given, were the last that Brummell inscribed in his commonplace-book. They must have struck his fancy much, for it was evident, by the carelessness of the writing compared with every other piece in the book, that he had long ceased to make any additions to it. In them the author apostrophizes the bird of night, on the subject of Weir's murder, by the cold-blooded villain Thurtell, in Gill's Hill Lane, near Elstree, Herts, on the evening of the 24th of October 1824. The principal features of this notorious crime are dexterously introduced, and the reader may fancy the feathered witness of it one of the owls in *Der Freischutz*, who, with dilated eye and waving wings, relates the dark horrors he beheld.

On Weir's Murder

[Rev. J. Mitford

Owl! that lovest the boding sky!
In the murky air
What saw'st thou there?
For I heard through the fog thy screaming cry.
"The maple's head
Was glowing red,
And red were the wings of the autumn sky;
But a redder gleam
Rose from the stream
That dabbled my feet as I glided by!"

Owl! that lovest the stormy sky!
Speak! oh, speak!
What crimson'd thy beak,
And hung on the lids of thy staring eye?
"'Twas blood, 'twas blood!
And it rose like a flood,
And for this I scream'd as I glided by!"

Owl! that lovest the midnight sky!
Again, again,
Where are the twain?
"Look! while the moon is hurrying by:—
In the thicket's shade
The one is laid,
You may see through the boughs his moveless eye."

Owl! that lovest the moonless sky!
A step beyond,
From the silent pond,
There rose a low and a moaning cry;
On the water's edge,
Through the trampled sedge,

A bubble burst, and it gurgled by:
My eyes were dim,
But I look'd from the brim,
And I saw in the weeds a dead man lie!

Owl! that lovest the darken'd sky!
Where the casements blaze
With the faggots raise,
Look! oh, look! what seest thou there?
Owl! what's this?
That snort and hiss!
And why do thy feathers shiver and stare?
"'Tis he, 'tis he!
He sits mid the three,
And a breathless woman is on the stair!"

Owl! that lovest the cloudy sky!
Where clank the chains
Through the prison panes—
What there thou hearest tell to me:
"In her midnight dream,
'Tis a woman's scream,
And she calls on one—on one of the three."
Look in once more
Through the grated door—
"'Tis a soul that prays in agony."

Owl! that hatest the morning sky!
On thy pinions grey
Away! away!
I must pray in charity,
From midnight chime
To morning prime,—
Miserere, Domine!

Thurtell's victim was buried in the churchyard of the village of Elstree, a little off the road from London to

St Albans, and in the chancel of the church are also the remains of Miss Ray, the unfortunate mistress of Lord Sandwich, the circumstances of whose violent death have already been mentioned. The talented author of these lines gave me permission to insert them here, and to that gentleman, Mr Leigh Hunt, and the Rev. A. Dyce, I am indebted for much kind and valuable assistance in my endeavours to ascertain what portions of the poetry in Brummell's Album had already been published. This has, I trust, together with my own researches, protected me from the error of publishing, as a novelty, what has been printed before—a remark which I hope will also apply correctly to the remaining little pieces and epigrams: they were entered anonymously, and, with the exception of the epigrams, may or may not be what he designates in his note as, some of his own "namby-pamby productions"; if so, the following was probably written at Calais or Caen:

To Miss F——

Though such unbounded love you swear,
'Tis only art I see;
Can I believe that one so fair
Should ever dote on me?

Say that you hate, and freely show
That age displeases youth,
And I may love you when I know
That you can speak the truth.

The Younger Brother's Claim

Whene'er in rapturous praise I speak
Of Susan's eye, of Susan's cheek,
And own my ardent flame;

They tell me that I praise in vain,
For Susan proudly will disdain
A *younger* brother's claim.

Yet my fond heart will not resign
The hope it form'd to call her mine,
When first my eyes beheld her;
I still believe my Bible true,
For there 'tis clearly proved that you,
Susannah, hate an Elder.

Les Milles Colonnes

Boast, Versailles, thy hundred fountains;
Paris, boast thy marble domes;
Jove may take thine air-built mountains,
Pluto take thy catacombs.

Place Vendôme let Mars arouse, and
Raise one column o'er War's throne;
Cupid elsewhere builds a thousand,
Vive! ah, vive les Milles Colonnes.

English, French, there throng together
Round a dame too fair to view;
Who with glove of white kid leather,
Rings a bell of or-molu.

Prince Eugene's Italian throne is
Hers, her smile confers the ton,
Men who once preferr'd Tortoni's,
Now frequent les Milles Colonnes.

Pallas wove her Mechlin laces,
Amphitrite strung her pearls,
Iris tinged that face of faces,
Flora dress'd those towering curls.

But the Queen of love and joy, all
Heaven forsook, her azure zone
Casting in the Palais Royal,
Round la dame des Milles Colonnes.

As the dog of Nile when drinking
Coy the alligator shuns,
Quaffs the stream with terror shrinking,
Runs and laps, and laps and runs;

Dread, fond youths, this Gallic Circe,
Sip your demie-tasse alone:
Love and Beauty know no mercy,
Fly! ah, fly! les Milles Colonnes!

On the Collar of a Lady's Dog

Je ne promets point de largesse
A quiconque me trouvera:
Qui me ramène à ma maîtresse,
Pour récompense—il la verra.

Epigrams

Certain rimeur, qui jamais ne repose,
Me dit hier arrogamment
Qu'il ne sait point écrire en prose;
Lisez ses vers—vous verrez comme il ment.

Well known, but worthy of a reprint:

D'une Femme par son Mari

Ci-gît ma femme; ah! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien!!

CHAPTER XXII

Brummell at the clubs—Watier's—Lord Byron and the Dandies—The ball at the Argyle—Brummell one of the four gentlemen who gave it—The Regent goes to it—The Beau's run of good luck at hazard—Alderman Combe and Brummell—High play at Watier's—Brummell's continued losses—His friend's good-natured attempt to save him—Ill success of his scheme—Dick the Dandy-killer—A new way to pay old debts—The sixpence with a hole in it—The storm gathering

AT the commencement of Brummell's career he was generally with the Prince or his great friends, and but seldom at the clubs; so seldom, indeed, that one of his chums in the Tenth told me that he rarely met him at them. He did not at this period require strong excitements, like his friends Sheridan and Fox, and men of similar dispositions; to them the clubs were like night taverns, to which they retired for amusement, after undergoing the terrible sufferings of politicians wisely condemned by the country to legislate for it till midnight. Deep potations, blade-bones of mutton, and the music of the dice-box he had, at this time, the good sense to eschew: 'tis true he dropped in occasionally upon their orgies, *pour se dévaliser l'esprit*, and to enjoy the jokes of others, but not to steep his own intellects in wine. After his quarrel with the Prince he was a great deal more at the clubs, particularly Watier's,[1] which was at the corner of Bolton Street, and extremely select: this club was established

[1] Brummell was also a member of Brooks's; he was proposed by Mr Fawkener, on the 2nd of April 1799, and *declined*—as it is delicately expressed in the ledger of the club—in May 1816.

by a person of that name, with a committee of gentlemen, Brummell being one of its principal supporters. It is thus alluded to by Lord Byron, who calls it the "Dandy Club," and he speaks of Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Mildmay and Pierrepoint as the four chiefs.

"I liked the Dandies," says the noble poet; "they were all very civil to me, although in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like, most damnably. They persuaded Madame de Staël that A—— had a hundred thousand a year, etc., etc., till she praised him to his face for his beauty, and made a set at him for —, and a hundred fooleries besides. The truth is, that though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones, at five-and-twenty. I had gamed and drunk, and taken my degrees in most dissipations, and having no pedantry, and not being overbearing, we ran on quietly together. I knew them all, more or less, and they made me a member of Watier's, (a superb club at that time,) being, as I take it, the only literary man, except two others, (both men of the world,) Moore and Spencer, in it. Our masquerade was a grand one, so was the Dandy ball too."

This memorable fête was given at the Argyle Rooms in July 1813, by the four gentlemen already mentioned, after winning a very considerable sum one evening at hazard. Elated with their run of good luck, they very gallantly determined to give a fancy ball, one that would astonish their friends: a serious question, however, arose among them, whether they should or should not invite the Prince, who had previously quarrelled with Brummell and Sir Henry Mildmay; but after a long, loyal,

and solemn discussion on this most important subject, Brummell very properly laid aside his own feelings, and it was agreed that Mr Pierrepoint should sound the Regent, and ascertain if he would like to accept the invitation. The Prince immediately intimated, and with some eagerness, his desire to be invited, and he accordingly was so, in the names of *all* the four votaries of Terpsichore; and on the night in question my informant went early, with a few others, in order that they might get well placed, for the purpose of witnessing the manner in which His Royal Highness would notice Brummell and Sir Henry.

When the Prince arrived he made one of his stately bows to Lord Alvanley and Mr Pierrepoint, and shook each of them cordially by the hand; but of the other two gentlemen he took no notice whatever, nor would he even appear to know that they were present. The consequence was, that when the Regent retired, Brummell, justly incensed at the insult thus publicly and designedly put upon him, would not attend him to his carriage: this the Prince did not fail to observe, and the next day, when speaking of the circumstance, said, "Had Brummell taken the cut I gave him good-humouredly, I would have renewed my intimacy with him," which, in conformity with the feeling thus expressed, he never afterwards did. This anecdote is in strong contrast to the general opinion, that the Prince was the most finished gentleman of his day. Surely it was undignified on his part to take advantage of his rank and cut his old companion when he was actually his guest, and certain that he could not retaliate.

When Brummell first commenced play, he was very successful, the case with nine men out of ten, and on one

occasion, he won six-and-twenty thousand pounds—pretty high play for a man whose patrimony did not much exceed that sum. His friends, after this lucky hit, strongly recommended him to buy an annuity; but he either refused to adopt the suggestion, or neglected to act with sufficient promptitude upon their advice, and, a few nights after, he lost it all again. The following is an example of his success and of his impudence, and also the rather unusual circumstance of his getting the worst of a joke. The loser was the late Alderman Combe, also a great gamester, and who, though unsuccessful in this instance, made, it is said, as much money by his dexterity at play as he did by brewing. One evening, while he filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, he was busily engaged at a full hazard-table at Brooks's, where the wit and the dice-box circulated together with great glee, and where Brummell was also one of the party. "Come, *Mash-tub*," said the Beau, who was the caster, "what do you set?" "Twenty-five guineas," answered the Alderman. "Well, then, have at the Mayor's pony [1] only, and seven's the main," replied Brummell; and he continued to throw until he drove home the Brewer's twelve ponies running; he then rose from his chair, and, making him a low bow whilst pocketing the cash, exclaimed: "Thank you, Alderman; in future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," said Combe, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same." [2]

The reaction, however, came at last; the stakes were too high, and the purses of his companions too long, for him to stand against any continued run of bad luck;

[1] In gaming slang a *pony* means twenty-five guineas.
[2] *New Monthly Magazine.*

indeed, the play at Watier's, which was very deep, eventually ruined the club, as well as Brummell, and several other members of it; a certain Baronet now living is asserted to have lost ten thousand pounds there at *écarté*, at one sitting: but play ran high at all the clubs: "Pay fifteen hundred pounds to Lord ——," said the late Marquis of H. one night to the croupier at White's—it was for one rubber of whist. "It should, however, be remarked," added the member of this club who mentioned the circumstance to me, "the order was more often given by the noble Marquis's adversary." The influx of foreigners in the years 1814 and 1815 greatly contributed to increase the taste for play at this period, and the celebrity gained by Blucher, at the baths of Pyrmont, did not desert him in London. Gay and gallant Guardsmen too, fresh from their late achievements in the field, and tired of "roughing it on a beefsteak and a bottle of port," were eagerly bent on indemnifying themselves for the hardships they had undergone; Almack's and the clubs were burning to receive them, the women were all crazy to have them in their drawing-rooms, and they lost no time in making love as ardently as they had made war, or in losing their back pay, that had accumulated by a disease under which the army in Spain had frequently and severely suffered—an affection of the military chest. Elder brothers, who unfortunately did not fight, were immediately laid under contribution; at least all those who were able and willing to honour the heroes and their cheques; and these new levies, or a portion of them, also found their way to the board of green cloth. The season of 1814 saw Brummell a winner, and a loser likewise, and this time he lost not only his winnings, but "an unfortunate ten thousand

pounds," which, when relating the circumstance to a friend many years afterwards, he said, was all that remained at his banker's.

One night, the fifth of a most relentless run of ill luck, his friend Pemberton Mills heard him exclaim that he had lost every shilling, and only wished someone would bind him never to play again. "I will," said Mills, and taking out a ten-pound note he offered it to Brummell, on condition that he should forfeit a thousand if he played at White's within a month from that evening. The Beau took it, and for a few days discontinued coming to the club; but about a fortnight after, Mills, happening to go in, saw him hard at work: of course the thousand pounds was forfeited; but his friend, instead of claiming it, merely went up to him, and touching him gently on the shoulder said: "Well, Brummell, you may at least give me back the ten pounds you had the other night."

He was at last completely beggared, though for some time he continued to hold on by the help of funds raised on the mutual security of himself and his friends, some of whom were not in a much more flourishing condition than himself; their names, however, and still more their expectations, lent a charm to their bills, in the eyes of the usurers, and money was procured—of course at ruinous interest. It is said that some unpleasant circumstances connected with the division of one of these loans occasioned the Beau's expatriation, and that a personal altercation took place between Brummell and a certain Mr M——, when that gentleman accused him of taking the lion's share.

The author will not undertake to say to whom, or to what extent, culpability is to be attached in this affair:

Brummell might have hoped that a turn of luck would enable him to retrieve his losses and repay those of whom he had borrowed; and as to the punctuality attending the payment of play-debts at White's and Brooks's, it does not appear that a want of it was at all unusual—that is, if we are to judge by the letters of Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and others. The impossibility, however, of settling this quarrel is assigned by Lord Byron as the reason which led to Brummell's departure from England. "When Brummell," says his lordship, "was obliged by that affair of poor M——, who thence acquired the name of Dick the Dandy-killer (it was about money, and debt, and all that), to retire to France," etc., etc. Certain it is that he was well acquainted with the moneylenders, for several of these parchments emerged from their obscurity during Brummell's sojourn at Calais. Some of these bonds were drawn by Lord C——, the Marquis of ——, and George Bryan Brummell, and, as fragments of them were occasionally sent to one of his friends there, to mix his snuff in, it may be presumed that at least a few of these proofs of mutual love and affection had been redeemed; but there is also every reason for supposing that, in similar transactions, several of his obligations were left unfulfilled: those who were parties to them suffered of course by his departure, and I believe no one more so than Lord R—— M——.

Among the numerous anecdotes with which he has been charged is one which applies specially to his indifference on these matters. According to this, *on dit*, Brummell once consented to borrow five hundred pounds of an individual who, from his position in society, had some difficulty in getting introduced into the world of

fashion, and who hoped that his assistance, in the emergency referred to, would secure him, through the Beau's influence, the much-desired honour: it did so, but not exactly in the manner that he expected, for when, in Brummell's decadence, his applications for payment became frequent, and of course annoying, the falling meteor at last replied, that he had already paid him: "Paid me," said Mr ——. "When?" "When?" re-echoed Brummell, with assumed indignation, "why when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed: 'Ah, how do you do, Jemmy?'" But verily "there is a tide in the affairs of men," particularly in such men, and it was a neap one with him: Fortune, who had been his housekeeper so long, now fairly gave him warning; it was useless calling for fresh cards, the game was up. Yet, great as his extravagance was, it was play that completed his ruin: had he refrained from gaming, this great man might have lived all his life on the sunny side of St James's Street, and been buried by the side of his respectable ancestor in the churchyard of that parish, instead of wearing away a monotonous existence, upon the charity of his friends, in pacing the dirty streets of a Continental town.

Brummell had a very odd way of accounting for the sad change which took place in his affairs at this time. "He used," observes one of his friends at Caen, "when talking about his altered circumstances, to say, that up to a particular period of his life everything prospered with him, and that he attributed this good luck to the possession of a certain silver sixpence, with a hole in it, which somebody had given him years before, with an injunction to take good care of it, as everything would go well with him so long as he did, and *vice versa*, if he

happened to lose it. The promised prosperity attended him for many years, whilst he held the sixpence fast; but having at length, in an evil hour, unfortunately given it by mistake to a hackney coachman, a complete reverse of his previous good fortune took place, and one disastrous occurrence succeeded to another, till actual ruin overtook him at last, and obliged him to expatriate himself. On my asking him why he did not advertise and offer a reward for the lost treasure, he said, 'I did, and twenty people came with sixpences having holes in them to obtain the promised reward, but mine was not amongst them.' 'And you never afterwards,' said I, 'ascertained what became of it?' 'Oh! yes,' he replied, 'no doubt that rascal Rothschild, or some of his set, got hold of it.' If you think the foregoing *plaisanterie* worth inserting, do so; I can vouch for its authenticity, as it occurred in conversation with myself. Whatever poor Brummell's superstitious tendencies may have generally been, he had unquestionably a superstitious veneration for his lost sixpence." But, to continue: a cloud also had for some time been gathering over his fame as well as his fortunes; the *prestige* of his name was going, and his fiat no longer regarded; public events had eclipsed him, and the ladies of the *beau monde* were far more interested in hero-worship, or in procuring a hair from the tail of Platoff's horse, than securing the good opinion of the once all-powerful dictator. Brummell and Buonaparte, who had hitherto divided the attention of the world, fell almost together; the former being doomed to the mortification of seeing his share bestowed on the sea-fight in the Serpentine, the Chinese Pagoda, and Oldenburg hats, and his cleanliness forgotten in that of the fierce sons of the Don.

CHAPTER XXIII

Symptoms of a move—Brummell's epistle to his friend Scrope Davies —The wit's laconic reply—His extraordinary *penchant* at college —Brummell cuts his cable and comes to an anchor at Calais— The author passes through that town—Boxing, gouging, and the "savate"—The table d'hôte at the Royal—The mysterious stranger—A walk on the market-place—English refugees— Various reasons for expatriation

AT length the pressing solicitations of the Dandy-killer made London—London, in the height of the season—positively unpleasant to the unfortunate Antonio, who would perhaps have given a pound of flesh, ay, and perhaps more, to have averted the crisis; but his creditor was no Shylock, and ducats there were none, so there was but one alternative left, and on the 16th of May 1816 he suddenly retired from the stage on which he had played such a conspicuous part. On this eventful Thursday he dined off a cold fowl and a bottle of claret, which was sent him from Watier's, and it is said that only a few hours before he took wing he wrote the following laconic note to one of his *intimes*:

"My DEAR SCROPE,—Lend me two hundred pounds; the banks are shut, and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning. Yours,

"GEORGE BRUMMELL."

His friend, very probably thinking that he was hard up, immediately sent him this equally laconic reply:

"My dear George,—'Tis very unfortunate; but all my money is in the three per cents. Yours,

"S. Davies." [1]

"Scrope Davies," says Lord Byron, "is a wit, and a man of the world, and feels as much as such a character can do." In this respect the resemblance between the two friends was sufficiently strong, and, if the anecdote is true, the answer could scarcely have occasioned Brummell any surprise. But he was not a man to moralize upon it, or soliloquize in front of his club or the houses of his friends—those houses in which he had been so often a welcome guest; though, as he passed them this evening for the last time, the future must have pressed itself upon his mind with a very cheerless and unpromising aspect. On the night that he left London, the Beau was seen as usual at the Opera, but he left early, and, without returning to his lodgings, stepped into a chaise which had been procured for him by a noble friend, and met his own carriage a short distance from town. Travelling all night as fast as four post-horses and liberal donations

[1] A clergyman, a friend of mine, told me that he was once roused from his slumbers in the dead of the night by a violent knocking at his bedroom door, and a shrill female voice calling out in accents of terror: "Sir, sir, Mary's a-beginning to cut her throat"—another Abigail of the establishment. I allude to the circumstance as an introduction to an anecdote told of Scrope Davies, who, when at Cambridge, is said to have cut his after every Newmarket meeting; indeed, so frequently did he amuse himself in this way, that on one occasion the medical man who was sent for refused to hurry when he heard it was Scrope's throat that he was required to sew up, saying: "There is no danger of him, I have done that six times already." Knowing that Mr D—— has survived this extraordinary habit forty years, I trust that I shall not be accused of imputing to him any intention of becoming a *felo-de-se*.

could enable him, the morning of the 17th dawned on him at Dover, and immediately on his arrival there he hired a small vessel, put his carriage on board, and was landed in a few hours on the other side. By this time the West End had awoke and missed him; particularly his tradesmen and his enemies, both of whom had long scores against him.

In much less haste, and happily with a very different object in view, I took my departure for France in the spring of 1842. Calais lay in my route, and, in the few days I remained there, I collected the little that was remembered of the Beau's history during his long residence in that sanctuary of English debtors. The absurd privileges of bygone times, which were so long left untouched by corrupt Governments, are now falling rapidly before the power of public opinion; and perhaps no greater proof of the desire to promote the interests of honest men has been given in the treaties with foreign Powers of late years than that clause which has opened the shores of America to the righteous claims of justice. To her demands "la Grande Nation" is still deaf, but though it may be a Utopian idea to suppose that any particular creed of the Christian religion will ever be universal, we may at least hope that this, the greatest of its attributes, will at some period be recognized by all mankind: with us the principle of leaving the course of justice free has long been recognized, and the last remnant of a contrary character was destroyed when the privileges of the Isle of Man were abrogated. While the rogue has been thus defeated in his plans of emigration, greater facilities for arranging his difficulties, and a greater share of personal liberty, have been afforded to the honest debtor; for the protection of such

men, no country can show a more humane code of laws than England.[1]

If there was anyone on board the *Belfast* absconding from them, or his creditors, the slow rate at which we made our way down the river, against the still flowing tide, must have given him some qualms, even while we were in smooth water, for a silver oar might easily have overtaken us before we reached Gravesend. Old Father Thames is always a stirring sight to an Englishman, but the Pool was nearly clear of shipping, owing to the lengthened set-in of westerly winds: and not even a barge was run down, or a wherry swamped, to enliven the tedium of looking at the sedgy banks of the Essex shore. Tired of nature, I turned to my steaming companions; but with them, alas! all was unprofitable as on terra firma: they were as taciturn as Englishmen when strangers, and dependent entirely on each other for amusement, usually are; and the only sociable creature on board was Boatswain, the captain's Newfoundland dog, whose good opinion I soon secured with a biscuit: it would have been difficult to say how long it would have taken me to secure that of my companions. It was night when we reached our destination, but there was still light enough to see that the "juste milieu" authorities had grubbed up the plate on the pier that marked the spot on which Louis the Eighteenth

"Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet"—

his left foot: unfortunate omen!—when he returned from his exile. Everything else wore the same aspect

[1] Since the above was written, and on the 13th of February of the past year, 1843, a Convention was signed between England and France for the mutual surrender in certain cases of persons fugitive from justice.

here as on a previous visit, when, to prevent me from introducing the cholera, I was obliged to submit to a quarantine of three days, in company with a Spanish courier, as highly seasoned with garlic as any *olla podrida* that he had ever eaten. A villainous place near Fort Rouge was the one appointed for our purification; whether that happy consummation was ever obtained by my companion, in this world, I will not undertake to say positively—in purgatory it might have been just possible. The morning after my arrival I took a stroll on the ramparts, and found Hogarth's Gate looking not a day older; the fishwomen and their skate not a whit more handsome; they—the women, not the skate—still wearing huge gold earrings, and blue-and-red worsted stockings and petticoats. The habits of the people, at any rate those of the lower orders, appeared to have remained as unchanged as their costume; and it still happens that a Frenchman may be seen to bite his friend's nose off on the Grande Place, in the squabbles that take place on a market-day, or beat his head in with his *sabot* after he has got him down.

Boxing may be termed a noble science, though the exhibitions in the prize-ring of late years have led many to think it otherwise; as the lion does not yet lie down with the lamb, nor is likely to do so for some time to come, the utility of "the noble art of self-defence" must be acknowledged—in so far as it restrains all unfair and savage propensities, when men will not settle a quarrel without proceeding to blows. What will its enemies say to the execrable American practice of gouging? or the disgusting mode of fighting, indulged in by our neighbours, called the "savate"? It was, probably, a detestation of these, or other brutalities, and a conviction of the

necessity of maintaining in the more humble classes what is natural to every one of us, a love of fair play, that induced such men as the late Duke of York, Lord Albemarle, the present Lord Grey, Mr Wyndham, and others, to countenance the prize-ring by their presence.

Calais has great attractions in the eyes of a "levanter," but, I imagine, in his only: he sleeps securely within its walls, and does but dream of those which might have held him within their stern embrace in his own country. With all its disagreeables of "canaux et canaille," and its deficiencies of all sorts, there is one fact which must recommend Calais, not only to the debtor, but to every Englishman, above all the towns in

"The vine-covered hills and gay regions of France"—

it is the nearest to Shakespeare's Cliff in that country of England, which the Beau, in the amusing quintessence of his refinement, always spoke of as "Albion."

Various are the shades of guilt or necessity that have made it expedient for so many of our countrymen to expatriate themselves to this uninteresting place, and to give a detailed account of the reasons which have induced the greater portion of the English residents to cross the Channel would, indeed, be a work of labour, and invidious as well as useless; but, without concerning oneself upon the subject, it was impossible to take a morning walk and not meet some of them loitering about the streets, and hearing of their various misdemeanours.

The "table d'hôte" at the Royal introduced me to a countryman who was, I firmly believed, an unfortunate *échappé* of some sort, but what I could not divine; and such a surmise was not uncharitable at Calais, where a "table d-hôte" is scarcely *en règle* without one.

The stranger sat opposite to me, and I saw at the first glance that he was not a debtor; or, if so, not a *chevalier d'industrie*, or a ruined man about town; he was too well-dressed to be either; moreover, his countenance had not the slightest characteristic of the genus Diddler. His face was one of those faces which the French call *impassible*, and looked as if it had never been ruffled since his last flagellation at school, some fifty years before. I allude only to his nose and mouth, for his eyes were concealed by a pair of dark green goggles, which defied all speculation as to the shape or colour of the features behind them. During the repast he ate but little, and spoke less; and I observed that he appeared very uneasy and fidgety whenever the door was opened by the servants on entering the *salle*. Once, too, during dinner, he removed his spectacles, and then I saw that his eyes were as strong as the bull's-eyes in a ship's deck: indeed, I felt from this moment certain that they were put on as a disguise. While speculating, however, in my own mind what this mysterious elderly gentleman could be, or why, with such eyes, he wore goggles, the dinner concluded—and as I was sipping the remainder of my Bordeaux and watching the assiduous manner in which he continued chopping up his apple-parings, the waiter came in and announced the arrival of the English mail. Ah! how strangely was the stout gentleman agitated at this intelligence! How he chopped away! I could hear him breathing as loud as the beast in Sinbad's cave; and his complexion, from being the colour of the *vin ordinaire* before him, became as white as the tablecloth—indeed, whiter, for that was, as usual at every "table d'hôte," anything but white. "Are you unwell, sir?" said I, across the table. "No, sir, thank you," replied the

stranger hesitatingly; and, while he was yet speaking, the *garçon* again entered with a bundle of English newspapers. The forced calmness of his demeanour now forsook him altogether; off went his goggles, and before the papers were well out of the waiter's hands he seized one of them. How he trembled as he tore away the envelope! How he buried his eyes in the type! He seemed to throw each into a different column, to skim it the quicker—down the middle and up again; his organs of vision were fairly dancing a country-dance. At length *The Times* was scanned, was searched in every part, and, having terminated his examination, he, to my surprise, threw it down, quite careless of the general contents.

The suspicious goggles were then replaced, and monosyllables came slowly from between his half-closed lips: "Oh! ha! very odd!" and then a groan, and then a pause—and then a "Not yet," like the thief in *Ali Baba;* and the good man threw himself back in his chair with a most hopeless expression of countenance. Very soon after he left the room, and, my compassion being increased rather than diminished, I followed him out into the courtyard of the hotel, and approached him. "You appeared anxious to see the paper, sir," said I, "was there any news?" "Nothing particular," replied the stout gentleman; "funds wonderfully high—wonderfully high; ninety-three, sir, ninety-three; but it is a mere flash in the pan, Peel must go out." How I happened to fix upon the subject I know not, but my next inquiry was, whether the election petitions were concluded. He started, as if I had been a rattlesnake; and, struggling to gain composure for his answer, another "Not yet" came from his rotundity in thick and laboured accents. In a few minutes he was confidential, and I was

informed why he was domiciled in Calais. "Sir, you see before you a most unfortunate individual; but let me ask you first of all whether you are a Whig?" "No, sir," said I, "I am not now, they are extinct." "Well, sir, Whig or Tor——" I frowned. "Conservative I mean—no offence, sir—I hope no offence, but cannot you feel for a man in my situation?" "That I can," I replied, "but pray what is your situation? Are you in debt, sir?" "In debt! No, sir"; and the gentleman looked dreadfully shocked at the imputation—the green spectacles rose at least half-an-inch. "Why then here?" I continued. "Ah, sir! you may well inquire why I, one of the first merchants in Liverpool, am living in this frog-hole of a place. I hate the French, sir, and thank Heaven I do not speak a word of their language: the fact is"—and the old man sunk his voice to a whisper, and looked anxiously round the court—"the fact is, sir, I am here to get out of the way, sir—out of the way of a Speaker's warrant." Then came all the details of the election, how the Tory member bribed, and how the affable Lady Anne had induced him to administer to the necessity of the electors on the other side; and finally, what a martyr he was to the cause.

A month in Calais, away from his wife and children, and his coal fire and bottle of port, to say nothing of his ledgers, had, however, worked a miracle with the enthusiastic reformer, and most solemnly did he swear never to have anything more to do with elections or Lady Annes again. "Sir, they may return who they like for me in future"; and as the exiled merchant said this we reached the Grande Place. There he drew my attention to several Englishmen who were promenading up and down, and pointed out certain individuals amongst

them who had acquired an unenviable notoriety in England. "That person crossing the square," said my informant, "is Mr R——o, who figured in the Exchequer Bill affair; that one moving off through the crowd is Mr M——, a forger in another line; and that dissipated-looking fellow crossing to the Hôtel de Ville at one time drove his four-in-hand, and was one of the most wealthy commoners in England. The only thing he drives now is a hard bargain, which he does with every tradesman he deals with." A political refugee was next pointed out as the ex-Radical candidate for Marylebone; and in conversation with him was a dark-looking, pock-marked, black-whiskered man in a blue greatcoat and two yards of red comforter. "Who do you think he is?" said my cicerone. "I can't imagine; perhaps a fisherman."

"Oh no! he is an English policeman in disguise, just come over to arrest three well-known jail-birds, who have lately committed a burglary with horrible violence near Nottingham, and, as I live, sir, there go the rascals —look! near the café, in fustian jackets and corduroys. See how they are laughing at B64; and well they may, for do you know, the French Government has refused to give the scoundrels up! The only chance the policeman has is to kidnap them when they are drunk, and smuggle them on board the packet; but he has been here a fort-night, and they have not yet given him an opportunity." "And are you acquainted with any of the *soi-disant gentlemen* delinquents?" "Oh no!" replied my now talkative acquaintance, "I heard their histories from the Englishman who sat on my right at the 'table d'hôte.' He meets every packet that comes in, and if it arrives in the morning knows, before I meet him at dinner, the

name, height, parentage, and age of half the passengers; their business, both here and at home; whether they are in the army or the fleet, the church or the law; whether they are travelling solely for amusement or escaping from their creditors; or whether they are, like myself, sir, keeping out of the way of a Speaker's warrant. I know your name, sir; your name is Jesse; you are in the army; you live at Brighton; and your age is thirty-two." "And how on earth does he know this?" said I. "Easy enough," replied my acquaintance; "my right-hand neighbour is acquainted with all the *commissionaires*, and sees all the passports when they take them to be *visés*."

A man-monkey, in a cocked hat and red breeches, who had just perched himself on a chair to astonish the natives of the environs (for it was market-day), now commenced *Grenadier, que tu m'afflige!* in tones less human than those of his crazy violin; and, making my bow to the irreproachable and independent elector, I elbowed my way through the crowd, and soon found myself at the door of M. Leleux, in the Rue Royale, where Brummell lodged during his residence at Calais.

CHAPTER XXIV

Brummell's lodgings in the Rue Royale—His good-natured landlord —M. Leleux's regard for him—Proofs of it—Brummell's effects sold by auction in London—Copy of Mr Christie's Bill of Sale —The snuff-box that was destined for the Regent—Brummell furnishes his rooms—His passion for buhl furniture—Ridiculous extravagance in the indulgence of it—His Sèvres china—Napoleon's paperweight—The Beau's conundrum snuff-box

MONSIEUR LELEUX'S house, originally the old Hôtel d'Angleterre, is on the right-hand side of the street, and but a few yards from the Hôtel de Ville: the two oval frames that are still seen over what in former days was the gateway once encircled portraits of George the Second and his Queen; but these bas-reliefs were destroyed by the rioters during the popular outbreaks of the Revolution. Half-a-dozen doors farther on is a shop which has for its sign "Au Pauvre Diable," not an inappropriate one in the town of Calais.

Pressing down the latch of M. Leleux's door, the noise of which was the signal for opening another, at the extremity of the shop, I stood in the presence of the best bookseller in Calais, and one of its most good-natured-looking citizens. His cap, with that odd snipebill-looking peak so commonly seen in France, and my best André, were immediately raised; and to my request that he would assist me in gleaning some intelligence of the deceased Beau he acceded with ready politeness, and with a frank and soldier-like bearing that I certainly thought smacked not of the *Garde Nationale*. In my

further intercourse with him I found that my surmise was correct: it had been acquired in the tent of Miranda, during the wars of the South American republics, for M. Leleux was secretary to that celebrated man. His countenance lighted up as he spoke of his old lodger; and, having opened the trenches of conversation, by taking a large pinch of snuff, he commenced a kind of recitative of his sayings and doings, which unfortunately amounted to very little in the end. "Ah, mon cher Monsieur," said the old *militaire*, "je n'ai aucun documents de lui. Je pourrais cependant vous fournir quelques petits détails, et cela volontiers. D'abord, c'est moi qui l'avait bien connu, car quatorze ans il a demeuré dans cette maison, et je vous ferai voir son appartement"; and we ascended the staircase together to the first floor.

"This, sir," observed M. Leleux, in very good English, but with a slight accent, "was his drawing-room, and this one adjoining, his dining-room; you see they are front rooms; his dormitory was on the other side of the passage. After he had resided with me about five years I allowed him to have the rooms a little to the left of these; they are approached by a different staircase: that suite consisted of a dining-room on the ground floor and a drawing-room over it, and a handsome bedroom at the back. It was at this time Mr Brummell's ambition to obtain the office of consul at Calais, and the gentleman who held it being then in very bad health made him rather sanguine on the point. The expectation, however, was never fulfilled, for he is still living, and likely to live; but, being won over by my *locataire's* persuasive manner, I permitted him to decorate his rooms in his own way; and though he did it very

well, I can assure you I was not much the richer for the money he laid out. Mais, monsieur, le pauvre homme était si amusant, si amusant, qu'on ne pourrait rien lui refuser. Sir, I would have kept him for nothing if he would have stayed: ah! he certainly was a very droll fellow."

Our conversation here terminated, and I took my leave; but on a subsequent visit the old gentleman showed me over the rooms already alluded to. They must have been very comfortable: but the black-and-white marble pavement of the private entrance, which Brummell laid down, and the rich crimson paper of the dining-room, are all that remain as evidence of his acknowledged taste and extravagance.

I must now "hark back to his burst from London," when, in the words of Pope, he bid farewell to the "dear d—d distracting town," and left the box of Lady —— with a joke more than usually satirical. The dogs of the law were quickly on the scent; but they no sooner reached Dover than they dropped their tails discouraged, for Reynard, instead of running to earth, had taken the water, and not a hope remained of their catching him. On his arrival at Calais, he took up his temporary abode at Dessin's hotel, then in the hands of Quillacq, to whom he sold his carriage; he remained there a short time, and afterwards hired a set of rooms belonging to the same proprietor.

When Brummell left London he was living at No. 13 Chapel Street, Park Lane, to which house he had removed from Chesterfield Street, some time before; it belonged to Mr Hart, the Duke of Gloucester's steward. The change appears to have been much for the worse, a mews gracing one side of the house; his trades-

men also began to whisper that he was getting shaky, and would not pay much longer. By the dinner-service and glass that were disposed of after he left Chapel Street, it seems that he occasionally entertained his friends in his new residence, though he had discarded his cook on quitting Chesterfield Street. He did not ever replace him, and found, no doubt, that other people's viands were much cheaper than his own, and quite as good; when by any accident he was thrown upon his own resources he managed to content himself with the best repast Mr Brookes could provide:

> "Liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
> Was hasty credit and a distant bill."

A few days after his flight, his furniture and effects were sold at public auction by Mr Christie; the following is a copy of the first page of the book of sale:

A Catalogue
of
A very choice and valuable assemblage
of
Specimens of the rare old Sêvres Porcelaine,
Articles of Buhl Manufacture,
Curiously Chased Plate,
Library of Books,
Chiefly of French, Italian and English Literature, the best Editions, and in fine condition.

The admired Drawing of the Refractory School Boy, and others, exquisitely finished by Holmes, Christall, de Windt, and Stephanoff.

Three capital double-barrelled Fowling Pieces,
By Manton.

Ten dozen of capital Old Port, sixteen dozen of Claret (Beauvais), Burgundy, Claret and Still Champagne,

The whole of which have been nine years in bottle in the
Cellar of the Proprietor;
Also, an
Assortment of Table and other Linen, and some Articles of
neat Furniture;
The genuine property of
A MAN OF FASHION,
Gone to the Continent;
Which,
By order of the Sheriff of Middlesex!
Will be sold by Auction
By Mr. Christie,
On the Premises, No. 13, Chapel-street, Park-lane,
On Wednesday, May 22nd, and following Day.

Amongst the articles of Brummell's furniture were a mahogany-framed sliding cheval dressing-glass on castors, with two brass arms for one light each, a medicine chest, and colour box. The drawing-room had a chimney-glass in a carved ebony frame, chintz furniture and Brussels carpet; the back drawing-room had also a chimney-glass, bookshelves, and library bookcase. The dinner service consisted of twelve oval dishes, twenty soup-plates, seventy-eight meat ditto, nine wine-coolers, a breakfast service for eight persons, three claret jugs, twelve hock glasses, forty wine ditto, decanters, etc. There were sixteen pairs of sheets, forty huckaback towels, napkins, etc. Amongst the Sèvres china was a pair of oval vases, which sold for nineteen guineas; they were green, with flowers and fruit, and mouldings of burnished gold. A small cup and cover of the same, eighteen pounds. A ewer and basin, mazarine-blue-and-gold ground, richly ornamented with birds and exotics finely painted in compartments, with the name of each specimen upon them; the handle of this ewer was silver

gilt, and the lot fetched twenty-six pounds. There were also a variety of chocolate cups and other articles, a clock of Vulliamy's, a letter scale (no doubt, all his letters were franked)—the design a figure of Cupid, weighing a heart with a brace of doves; this was in ormolu on a black marble plinth. A silver tea-kettle, embossed and chased, brought forty-seven pounds. There were only six spoons and four forks—how did they happen to be left behind?

Amongst the books were some good historical works, the Standard Poets, two editions of Shakespeare, his friend Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, bound in curiously raised calf; the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, the *Memoirs of de Grammont*, Chesterfield's *Letters*, Berrington's *Abelard and Eloisa*, and a large collection of novels now forgotten. *A Family Party at Dinner*, by Holmes, fetched eighty-five guineas. There were also editions of Flaxman's designs for the *Iliad*, *Æschylus*, and Bürger's *Leonora*; a copy of the *Musée Français*, portraits for the *Memoirs of de Grammont*, prints by Cipriani and Bartolozzi, a portrait in oils of his father's benefactor, Lord North, and portraits of Nelson, Pitt, the Duke of Rutland, and George the Third. The Beauvais claret sold for five pounds eight shillings; the champagne, three pounds five shillings; and the port, four pounds per dozen.

The sale was attended by many members of the fashionable world, everyone being apparently anxious to purchase something; the Duke of York was not there, but he gave orders for some Sèvres china to be bought for him. Purchases were made in this manner by many of his friends. Amongst the company present were Lords Besborough and Yarmouth, Lady Warburton, Sir Henry

Smyth, Sir H. Peyton, Sir W. Burgoyne, Sir T. Stepney, Colonels Sheddon and Cotton, General Phipps, Mr Massy Dawson, Acland, of the Albany, Mr Mills, of Park Street, Mr Tower, and the Rev. — Belli.

The competition for the knick-knacks and articles of *virtù* was very great; amongst them was a very handsome snuff-box, which, on being opened by the auctioneer before it was put up, was found to contain a piece of paper with the following sentence, in Brummell's handwriting, upon it: "This snuff-box was intended for the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with more propriety towards me." The proceeds of the sale amounted to about eleven hundred pounds, and the sum was paid to the Sheriff of Middlesex.

But I must return to Calais. Brummell remained but a few months in M. Quillacq's lodgings, from them he removed to the house of M. Leleux, where he remained till he left for Caen, in the September of 1830. He was no sooner in possession of his new apartments than he set about furnishing them in the most expensive manner; and five-and-twenty thousand francs, which he took with him, or received shortly after his arrival at Calais, were quickly spent in making himself perfectly comfortable in his new abode. He had quite an old dowager's passion for buhl furniture; and in the indulgence of this taste he expended large sums of money. Many of the most *récherché* articles that adorned his *salon* were brought from Paris by a courier, who executed these and other commissions for him, and who gained a profit of thirty thousand francs upon the purchases he made during the ten or twelve years he was thus employed. This was a large sum; but Brummell, in his absurd mania for such things, sometimes disbursed half as much in one

year. Sometimes a *chef-d'œuvre*, a darling cabinet, did not suit; it had then to be disposed of, which it was for half the original cost; at other times, a perfect gem had to be sent back to Paris, of course at his own expense; or perhaps the article was exchanged; in this case his *commissionaire* profited both as buyer and seller.

At length, having bestowed incalculable pains, and many sleepless nights and anxious days, upon this interesting and important subject, he managed, in spite of his extreme fastidiousness and his poverty, to collect a sufficient quantity of buhl and ormolu to furnish his three rooms in the elegant and costly style of Louis Quatorze; and they would have commanded the approbation of the most *enragée* buhl-furniture fancier of his former clique. He also squandered large sums in bronzes, japanned screens, and whims of every description. On one side of his drawing-room stood a large cabinet, with brass-wire doors; these were kept locked with the most jealous care; for they protected, from the familiar and dangerous inspection of his visitors, a service of extremely beautiful Sèvres china. The designs were most exquisite, and on each plate was represented, in colours chaster than the originals, all the celebrated beauties that held such powerful sway over the courts of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth; and, as they were not few in number, the reader may imagine that his inanimate but elegant harem completely filled his buhl seraglio. These portraits were so charmingly done that the Beau, in the true spirit of a sultan, used to inform his visitors that it was "almost profanation even to look at these frail fair ones."

The walls of this room were covered with pictures and prints—a few of the former being from the pencil of a

young artist of the town, who was patronized by the Beau by way of encouragement. Some favourite books, in handsome suits of morocco or silk, reposed on the card-tables; and on the circular one in the centre of the apartment lay a little crowd of valuable snuff-boxes, miniatures, card-cases, paperweights, and knives, and portfolios, in every variety of gold, enamel, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and tortoiseshell, embossed leather, and embroidered satin. Amongst this collection of expensive trifles were an ormolu greyhound and a *presse-papier* of Sienna marble, surmounted by a small bronze eagle; the latter was presented to him, as a souvenir, by Monsieur de Montrond, Talleyrand's foreman, and had at one time pressed the dispatches and private papers of Napoleon. It is now in the author's possession, and not the less valued for having once belonged to the greatest and bitterest enemy England ever had.

Many amongst the multitude of little *bijoux* that ornamented this table were esteemed by him far beyond their intrinsic value; some of them were the *cadeaux* of royalty, and, could they have spoken—especially those that were the gift of an amiable woman whose charitable remembrance of him will be hereafter alluded to—they might have wiled away many of his lonely hours. His passion for snuff-boxes was extreme: he had one which he only could open, and some friend of his, while he was at Belvoir, tried it with his knife, with the intention, no doubt, of purloining his snuff, which was always excellent. Hearing of the outrage, Brummell said: "Confound the fellow, he takes my snuff-box for an oyster": but notwithstanding the splendid collection he possessed, and having sent his friend Capel, by permission of the First Lord, to Naples, to procure him a

perfect *tabatière*, he actually had one of black shell and gold built at Calais. This he gave to the present Duke of B——, in exchange for a bank-note of fifty pounds; in other words, that nobleman consented to receive it that he might with more delicacy present him with that sum—for, though a ruined man, Brummell had not yet been subjected to all the dirty degradations that invariably accompany that character when his ruin is the result of premeditated folly and unrestrained indulgence. This sketch of the drawing-room would be incomplete if I omitted to mention that the table-cover on which all his useless elegancies were displayed was worked for him by the Duchess of York, and that his easy-chair was the gift of the same kind friend.

Correctness of taste in everything was decidedly the Beau's *forte*, and, seated in his *fauteuil*, surrounded by his buhl, paintings, prints, knick-knacks, and the Sèvres portraits of the beautiful La Vallière and her discreet rival, he appeared, amongst the heterogeneous medley of English who subsequently attended his *levée*, nearly the only living creature in keeping with the room and its details.

CHAPTER XXV

Donations made to Brummell by his friends—The Duchess of York's liberality to him—Her Christmas present—Mr Chamberlayne—Brummell learns French—Scrope Davies's description of his progress—The Beau's fashionable visitors—Lord Westmorland invites him to dine—Brummell's reply—The legal intruder—The exile's daily avocations—His dog Vick—Her illness and death—Anecdote from *Granby*—Brummell's grief at the loss of his pet

CONSIDERING the reduced state of his circumstances, the reader will naturally inquire how it happened that Brummell managed to gratify a taste so little in accordance with them. The answer is, that though a man of fashion, he had an extraordinary number of good friends; and the sums of money that he must have received from various sources, many of them unknown, attest the fact that he was, at this time, even too generously assisted. A clerk of M. de Vos, a Calais banker, called on him one morning to place a large sum in his hands, that had been paid into their bank the day before; it was stated to me to have been a thousand pounds, but supposing it was only half that amount it was a large donation. So strict was the incognito preserved, that the fortunate recipient could never trace the gift to the generous individual who sent it. But in the circle of those who administered not only to his wants but to his luxuries (the evil day had not yet come when he was to find the utmost difficulty in procuring the necessaries of life), no one appears to have extended relief to the expatriated Beau with more

warmth of feeling or delicacy of manner than the late Duchess of York. The "votre très affectionnée amie et servante" of more prosperous times was practically illustrated towards him to the day of Her Royal Highness's death. Every year at Christmas some token of regard was conveyed to him: a purse, a card-case or note-keeper, the work of her own fair hands; Brummell treasured these proofs of the Duchess's taste and skill, and had several of them remaining when he was at Caen. These little marks of her regard, when opened, were never found empty, and a rustling was always heard within their folds, which no doubt fell agreeably upon ears now so little familiar with the sound of bank-notes.

But women are ever the most lasting in their attachments, whether of love or friendship, and the conduct of this royal lady is the more meritorious on account of her high rank; for the opportunities which persons in her exalted station have of witnessing the miseries of human nature are few, and, from ignorance rather than indifference, they frequently are not so much alive to the sufferings of mankind as those who daily witness those sufferings: they bask in the sunshine of perpetual personal comfort, and, while plenty is ever pouring forth her blessings around them, no beggar is allowed to tread the palace courts—poverty is scarcely bold enough to make its appeal to their hearts in person, and language in the form of a petition, however strongly worded, does not truthfully and vividly describe what they seldom or never see.

The Duke of Gloucester also treated Brummell with much kindness and consideration, and when His Royal Highness, in his way through Calais, went down to the packet to embark, Brummell always accompanied him:

had he only imbibed a small portion of the Duke's punctuality in the weekly audit of his accounts he might perhaps have had the satisfaction of one day returning in his company to the opposite shore. He had also a kind friend in John Chamberlayne, Esq., who contributed to his comfort by the payment of a yearly gratuity, which it was his intention to continue in the event of his own decease; but, becoming afflicted by insanity, he left no will. This was a sad chance for Brummell: he wrote to his representatives on the subject, but the answer was unfavourable; and it was intimated to him that there was no memorandum to that effect among Mr Chamberlayne's papers. The Duke of Argyll, though not affluent, seldom forgot to call and assist him with money; and Lord Alvanley, who never passed his door without doing the same, invariably dined with him; the dinner, *bien entendu*, being sent from Dessin's at his lordship's expense.

Many other noblemen and gentlemen at various periods relieved the dull tenor of his life by their visits; and from each he received substantial proofs of their regard. Among them were the Dukes of Wellington, Rutland, Richmond, Beaufort, and Bedford; Lords Sefton, Jersey, Willoughby d'Eresby, Craven, Ward, and Stuart de Rothesay. To the assistance tendered him by his friends may, of course, be added that of his relatives. His principal correspondents were the Duke and Duchess of York, Lord Alvanley, and J. Chamberlayne, Esq.

In the early part of his residence at Calais he led a very retired life, for he was unable to speak French with fluency, and his mornings and evenings were occupied in perfecting himself in that language: he could not

otherwise have entered a French *salon* with any degree of comfort; the English society he abominated, and frequented it only during the latter part of his stay there, when he had grown less difficult and less exclusive.

Nothing could be more indicative that Brummell had ability and energy, when the occasion suited him to exercise it, than the proficiency he attained in French; for, as will be seen in the sequel, he made himself master of the language, and could, for an Englishman, write an excellent letter. Byron's anecdote of Scrope Davies, given in Moore's Life of the noble poet, is delightfully incorrect: "When Brummell retired to France," says his lordship, "he knew no French, and, having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French. He responded, that the Beau had been 'stopped, like Buonaparte in Russia, by the *elements*.'" Like many other good things told of Brummell, it is deficient in the desideratum necessary to give it value—truth. During the period that the army of occupation remained in France, he enjoyed the society of several of his old friends who were serving with it, and many others on their way to Paris, which capital was then all alive with the revelry and dissipation of foreigners, and *émigrés* who had been exiled from the Trois Frères', Vérey's, and *rouge et noir*, for upwards of twenty years: the chief of our gallant army, also, paid the town some flying visits *en route* to or from England, and, I have heard it asserted, without, at this period, noticing his great rival in notoriety; but at length the most good-natured man in all England, the Marquis of ——, effected a reconciliation between them, and, from this time, His Grace never passed Brummell's door without

inquiring after him, and sometimes giving him an invitation to dine with him at Dessin's. This was sometimes announced from his carriage, as he went by, for he had not, of course, a minute to spare.

It appears that the late Lord Westmorland, when passing through Calais, also called on him, and said how happy he should be if he would dine with him that day at *three* o'clock! Brummell's answer was truly characteristic: "Your Lordship is very kind; but I really could not *feed* at that early hour!" "When I first knew Brummell at Eton," said the courteous old gentleman who sent me this anecdote, "we daily dined together at *twelve*, and *fed* very heartily!"

But Brummell, soon after his arrival, had less distinguished and agreeable visitors than either the Duke or Lord Westmorland. On one occasion an itinerant communicater of the legal house of Howard & Gibbs tapped softly at his door, with the intention of presenting some law paper for his signature, or consideration: "Come in," said the Beau, deceived by so gentle an application for admittance; his visitor's head, on a level with the latch, was instantly in the room—his body being cautiously kept in the passage: "Why, you little rascal," screamed the astonished George Byran Brummell aforesaid, directly he saw him, "are *you* not hung yet? Begone!" The head obeyed, the door closed, and the little body departed.

His routine of life at Calais was methodical in the extreme; he rose at nine, breakfasted off *café-au-lait*, and sat reading *The Morning Chronicle*, brochures, or books (that is, after his Lévizac had been laid aside), till twelve; precisely at that hour he might be seen in a flowing brocade dressing-gown and velvet cap, like

the beret of the olden time, crossing the passage to his bedroom; and so punctually did he keep to stated hours that his landlord's "devils" used to exclaim, when he appeared, "Ah! voilà Monsieur Brummell; c'est midi," and they immediately struck work, and went to their dinner.

The business of his toilet now commenced, and this occupied a considerable part of two hours: from the time that was completed he held his *levée*, and sat *en prince* chatting with his friends. If it was in the summer, he resorted to the open window of his charming drawing-room, and apostrophized his acquaintance as they passed. "Brummell!" shouted one of them to him under his window. The Beau looked out. "Have you heard the news?" "No, what's the matter?" "Why, S——, the banker, ran off last night." "Well, what of that?" "Why, I have lost a thousand francs." "Have you? Then, my good fellow, in future take a hint from me, and always keep your banker in advance." At four o'clock he stepped into the Rue Royale, as well turned out as he ever did into St James's Street in the very meridian of his glory. A walk on the ramparts, or to his garden at the foot of them, killed the next hour; but he walked more *pour se distraire* than for exercise, his "long walk," as he termed it, being out of one gate and in at the other, the two being about a hundred yards apart. The fact was that Vick, his terrier, was so afflicted with *embonpoint*, that even during this short promenade he was obliged to turn round and wait for her at least a dozen times before he had accomplished fifty paces. His partiality for this dog was extreme. Vick was once very ill, so he sent for two of his friends, learned in the diseases of the canine race, who, on their arrival, found

her laid upon his bed, and Brummell in great distress standing by her side. An examination of her condition having taken place, the two dogopathists opined that she ought to be bled. "Bled!" said her master, turning away, "I shall leave the room; inform me when the operation is over." When poor Vick died he shed tears, and observed to Mr Marshall, in his usual cyncial tone, that he had lost the only friend he had in the world, meaning, most likely, in the world of Calais.

Lister has introduced a version of this anecdote in *Granby*, but there is a difference in the dog's name and species, and the time and place. The scene I allude to is laid at a nobleman's house in the country, where he broke up a prolix conversation one morning by making his poodle perform some laughable tricks, and directing the attention of the company to the beauty of his dog. "Come here, Polisson," he said, "come here and show yourself; is not he magnificent? Look at these tufts, I had him shorn by the best *tondeuse* in Paris. Lady Harriet, I'll give you her direction." "Oh, thank you! How handsome he is; he must be quite a treasure." "Oh! invaluable: when Polisson dies I shall steal for him Lord Byron's epitaph on his Newfoundland dog; then I shall say, with my hand on my heart (speaking of my friends), 'I have never had but one, and there he lies,'" pointing to the dog who was stretched upon the hearth-rug.

Poor Vick was buried, by his special desire, in Dessin's garden; and though her master did not actually put on mourning, he talked seriously of erecting a monument to her memory. His *salon* was peremptorily closed against visitors for three days, and it was several weeks before he permitted anyone to speak of her death. He

had subsequently three poodles: the most famous of the trio was called "Atous," and had been trained by a soldier of the garrison. This dog was a perfect specimen of canine intelligence, and he turned out for his walk at four quite as neat as Brummell. His great accomplishment was to take a hot muffin from the plate before the fire, and run round the room offering it to the company; but poor "Atous" also died, and Brummell was again a prey to grief. Like a true cynic, his eye was seldom if ever moistened on hearing of the death of a friend, though a flood of tears was always ready when his dogs died. His poodle was regretted because it was constantly in his presence, and his decease left a blank in the daily routine of his habits and ideas.

But to resume the sketch of his diurnal proceedings. At five o'clock precisely he ascended the staircase to his rooms, and dressed for dinner, which was sent from Dessin's at six: at this meal he washed his œsophagus with a bottle of Dorchester ale, of which he had always a barrel in the house. This showed plainly indeed that he had "fallen from his high estate," and was fain now to treat with rather less contempt than he felt on hearing it the sarcastic remark of the alderman, for the beverage was at least malt liquor. This potent stuff was followed by a liqueur glass of brandy, which he always took during dinner, and the rear was brought up by a bottle of Bordeaux; a pretty comfortable refection for a man who lived entirely on the charity of his friends.

It was after one of these niggardly repasts that he is said to have written to the late Lord Sefton that he was "lying on straw, and grinning through the bars of a gaol; eating bran bread, my good fellow, eating bran bread." I will not however vouch for the truth of the

story. The double X did not take great effect upon his brain; for, though not given to excess, he had been well accustomed to a tolerable quantity of wine, to say nothing of Roman punch, into the mysteries of which it has been asserted that he initiated the Prince Regent. One who knew him intimately at Calais assured me that he had never seen him inebriated but once, and then he was so disgusted with himself that he performed a voluntary penance of solitary confinement for eight days; query, with or without his Dorchester ale? At seven o'clock, or half-past, he went to the theatre, where he had a small box; or in the long warm evenings he retired to his garden, in the summer-house of which (now thrown down) he either read or noted down his recollections of his past career.

CHAPTER XXVI

Brummell's visitor from Dover—His ungallant conduct to his daughter—His reception of Wellesley P—e on his arrival at Calais—Mr B——y's toady—The morning walk with Lord Sefton—A rencontre on the ramparts—The Beau reported dead—Calais gossip—Brummell adds his quota—The result—His appointment at Chalk Farm—His reception of Colonel R——d

SUCH was the general tenor of his life, varied occasionally by a dinner at the consul's, or a visit from some friend of former years—a few of these stray birds of fashion would sometimes delay their departure for two or three days, merely to enjoy a laugh at the fund of anecdotes with which he was charged; and one of them who had a house at Dover frequently crossed the water to see him, and always gave him notice of his intention, desiring that he would have all in readiness for his party at the hotel, himself included. At these little fêtes he was always in good spirits, and as amusing as ever. One day after dinner, the elegant Beau, though always on the *qui vive* that his proceedings should be faultless, upset a cup of coffee on the cloth. The bell was rung for the waiter to remove it, and on his appearing for that purpose he gave him to understand, with the most imperturbable gravity, that a young and graceful lady, the daughter of his friend, had committed this piece of *gaucherie*. Directly, however, he had left the room, the real delinquent hastened to apologize and soften the indignation of the innocent victim, or at least attempted to do so; adding drolly to a string of excuses: "You know it would never

have done to let the world know that *I* was guilty of such awkwardness." This was not very chivalrous; even if his fair neighbour had really spilt it, it would have been more good-natured, if not so entertaining, to have taken the odium on himself—*mais son égoïsme régnait partout.*

But, however glad he might be to accept any invitation that promised to afford him amusement within the walls of the town, his friends could never succeed in persuading him to spend one night away from his own rooms. Lord Alvanley did, I believe, once prevail upon him to go to Dunkirk, and his landlord thought that he would at any rate not return that night; but he was mistaken, for at four o'clock in the morning Brummell knocked at the door. The Beau appeared much flattered and pleased by any attentions paid him by his itinerant visitors, and always endeavoured to be more than usually agreeable to them—if that were possible—though he could not deny himself a joke, if it came into his head. I remember, said one of his Calais friends, that when sitting with him one morning, in walked W—— P—e, who had just landed from the Dover packet; it happened to be a very cold day, and the new arrival drew his chair close to the fire; this Brummell observed, and said: "Why, Wellesley, you appear cold! But I am not surprised at it, for you must have been devilish *hot* in England, or we should never have seen you here."

It was not till his old friends, Mr G. C——m, Sir Arthur F——s, and afterwards Col. D——, Berkeley C——n, and Henry B——y, came and fixed themselves at Calais, that Brummell entered at all into the English society of the place, and then with great discrimination in the choice of his acquaintances.

But, even in spite of this caution, he sometimes came

in contact with his friends' friends, whose manners were most disagreeable to him. At one house at which he visited, the master kept a kind of fag, a tame animal, who was ready to follow him anywhere, and eat his dinners. This person was also kind enough to market for him, go to the post, or to the stables on a cold night —moreover, he was obliged to submit to be roasted; not like the present Lord Chief Justice, at Eton, once only and in earnest, and as a juvenile martyr to the ardour of his political opinions, but *à discrétion*, and get no credit for it. Nature had done little for this convenient creature of a convenient race, and his parents less; but, *malgré* his outlandish bearing, his patron had the bad taste to permit him to appear in the presence of his company. It happened that on one occasion the Beau was of the party, and, shortly after they had sat down to dinner, the toady, thrusting out his plate, said: "Mr Brummell, I'll trouble you for a potato." There was never a very large supply of silver at the tables of the English residents at Calais, and Brummell looked right and left for a spoon; but there was none, and he paused at the difficulty: the toady, however, tired of holding out his arm, quickly relieved him from the dilemma by saying in a persuasive tone of voice: "Oh, take your fork—I'm not particular." "My dear B——y," said the Beau afterwards to his friend, "how can you ask gentlemen to meet such people at dinner?—if your horses are ill, pay the fellow five francs and have done with him."

However, towards the close of his residence at Calais, he was not so particular whom he dined with. One day, when walking on the ramparts arm-in-arm with the late Lord Sefton, they were met by an extremely vulgar-

looking Englishman, who bowed to Brummell in a very familiar manner. "Sefton," said the Beau, "what can that fellow mean by bowing to you?" "To me! He is bowing to you, I suppose, for I know no one in Calais." Soon after, however, the stranger passed again, and, seizing Brummell by the arm, said to him in a most frightfully cordial tone: "Don't forget, Brum, don't forget, goose at four—goose at four!" thus betraying the Beau's engagement to dine with his hospitable but vulgar friend, an invitation that he thought he had so cleverly concealed from his refined one. It was while promenading one day on the pier, and not long before he left Calais, that an old associate of his, who had just arrived by the packet from England, met him unexpectedly in the street and, cordially shaking hands with him, said: "My dear Brummell, I am so glad to see you, for we had heard in England that you were dead; the report, I assure you, was in very general circulation when I left." "Mere stock-jobbing, my good fellow, mere stock-jobbing," was the Beau's reply.

Like all small towns, whether in England or elsewhere, in which the society is limited, there were in Calais several male as well as female gossips, whose only occupation was to perambulate from house to house, and retail, at each in succession, all that was true, and a great deal that was not, that they had seen or heard, or neither, in their morning walks. Brummell, as well as many others, was subject to have everything he said or did carefully discussed, and often enlarged upon, by such people; and they frequently fastened an ill-natured remark, or perhaps a good joke, upon him, when he had in fact never heard either, till he was called upon to contradict the *cancan* of the day.

This exaggeration was quite unnecessary as regarded him, for his satirical vein and impudence led him to make a sufficient number of pointed and saturnine remarks upon his countrymen, and lay himself open to retaliation. But Brummell was more particularly severe with those who manifested a disposition to intrude upon him without due introduction, or who vulgarly affected to be somebody, when their conduct and manners plainly indicated that they had never frequented that class of society to which they assumed to belong. Those who called themselves colonels or captains, without having any claim to the rank, were sure to be objects of his displeasure; retired tuft-hunters, also, and self-important fat gentlemen, were always singled out, as targets for his keen and droll remarks. Whenever he was asked whether he knew any character of this kind, or indeed others more agreeable, but not to his mind, his usual reply was: "Know him, my good sir? To be sure I do. The fellow is a rank impostor; I recollect him perfectly, when he was butler at Belvoir." Or, "Don't you remember Jones, who kept the snuff-shop in Bond Street? That's the very man." In the following instance, however, he was called upon, in a very summary manner, to contradict one of his mischievous witticisms.

The sufferer in this case was a military man, who in the Peninsular, or some other war, had had the misfortune to be severely wounded in the face—in fact, to lose the most prominent feature of it. The sarcasm in question at length reached the ears of the injured party, and in consequence the Beau was one morning disturbed at his breakfast by a loud knocking at the door; his permission to enter was scarcely given, when the grisly warrior, with indignation in his eyes, and

"satisfaction" in his thoughts, stalked into the room and confronted him. "Pray, sir," said Brummell, rising from his *fauteuil*, "what happy circumstance has induced you to favour me with such a very early visit?" "Why, the fact is, Mr Brummell," replied the veteran, in a tone of voice which at once told his aggressor that the circumstance was anything but a "happy" one, and that if his wit did not speedily get him out of the scrape, his valour must see him through it; "the fact is, Mr Brummell, I have heard that you have been kind enough to spread a report about the town, affecting my position in society here, by stating that I am not a retired officer, and never held a commission; and that I am really nothing more nor less than a retired hatter." With admirable presence of mind the Beau listened to this accusation, which was certainly delivered in a manner savouring more of the camp than St James's, and with much gravity thrown into his countenance he immediately answered: "I am sorry, very sorry, that anyone should conceive it possible that *I* could be guilty of such a breach of good manners. I can assure you that there is not a word of truth in the report." The captain, perfectly satisfied and delighted with his reception, now moved towards the door; when Brummell followed him to it, and, as he was leaving the room, again affirmed that the report was false: "For," said he, "now I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose." It is probable that the officer was not much pleased with this unfeeling speech, but he was so taken by surprise that he made no reply, and beat a retreat immediately. The only notice that Brummell took of the affair was to express his astonishment the next day that anyone should have sent him a "death's head"!

If his wit provoked a quarrel, it, as in this case, generally settled it; for he was by no means a lover of the *duello*. Some years before this period, the second of a gentleman, who had received instructions to call upon him and demand either satisfaction or an apology, is said to have announced his errand in a very peremptory manner, and concluded his message by saying, that he must apologize in five minutes. "In five minutes, sir!" replied the Beau, in a cold sweat; "in five seconds, or in less time, if you prefer it." Brummell attributed his dislike to assignations in defence of his honour to a constitutional tendency to knock under. He was, he said, dearly fond of notoriety, but not of this particular kind. "My dear fellow," observed the Beau to a friend, when conversing on the subject, "perhaps you are not aware of the circumstance, but I am not naturally of an heroic turn. Nevertheless, I once had an affair at Chalk Farm, and a dreadful state I was in, I can tell you; never in my life shall I forget the horrors of the previous night! Sleep was out of the question; and I passed it in pacing my room, cursing the cruelly good joke, for which I was on the eve of being torn from Lady —— and Roman punch for ever. The dawn was to me the harbinger of death, not of another day; and yet I almost hailed it with pleasure; but my second's step upon the stairs soon neutralized the feeling; and the horrid details, which he carefully explained to me, annihilated the little courage that had survived the anxieties of the night. We now left the house, and no accident of any kind, no fortunate upset, occurred on our way to the place of rendezvous; where we arrived, according to my idea much too soon, a quarter of an hour before the time named.

"There was no one on the ground, and each minute seemed an age, as, in terror and semi-suffocation, I awaited my opponent's approach. At length the clock of a neighbouring church announced that the hour of appointment had come; how its tones, brought by the wind across the fields, struck upon my heart! I felt like the criminal when he hears the bell of St Sepulchre's for the last time. We now looked in the direction of town, but there was no appearance of my antagonist; my military friend kindly hinted that clocks and watches varied—a fact I was well aware of, and which I thought he might have spared me the pleasure of hearing him remark upon; but a second is always such a 'd—d good-natured friend.' The next quarter of an hour passed in awful silence, still no one appeared, not even in the horizon; my companion whistled, and, confound him! looked much disappointed; the half-hour struck —still no one; the third quarter, and at length the hour. My centurion of the Coldstream now came up, this time in *truth* my friend, and said to me, and I can tell you they were the sweetest accents that ever fell upon my ear: 'Well, George, I think we may go': 'My dear M——,' I replied, 'you have taken a load off my mind, let us go *immediately!*'" Brummell was by no means a bad classic, and he no doubt remembered that Horace kept a reputation, though he was not carried home upon his shield; but though he was certainly no Bayard, there is no reason for asserting that he was another Bob Acres. Still, when he felt a deficiency in such emergencies, he should have applied to his friend, Lord A——, who could have lent him as much courage then as he did money afterwards, and that was to no trifling extent.

Once, indeed, he showed fight in a most unusual and

vigorous manner: it was when the then proprietor of a notorious courtesan called to request him to explain some insult, with which he was said to have regaled the lady, in a morning call that she had made him. High words having ensued between Brummell and this gentleman, he ordered him to leave the room; but finding that he demurred, the exasperated Beau, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie, enforced his commands with a red-hot poker, that was opportunely resting in the fire at the time: in this instance our hero deserved the honour of an ovation, for it was a *hundred* to one against him, and his opponent was moreover a man of war. If we could muster credulity sufficient to believe the Memoirs of this modern Aspasia, who, singularly enough, has since turned Roman Catholic, she not only held the Beau captive, but in contempt, and this, too, when he was *Nulli Secundus* in London; but it is not astonishing that she affected to do so, for he must have inspired her with *une jalousie de femme à femme*—a woman can hardly be expected to forgive a man for being more elegant than herself.

CHAPTER XXVII

Brummell's screen—Destined for the Duchess of York—Description of this pasticcio—The six compartments—The elephant and Napoleon—Portraits of the Beau's friends—His illustrations of their characters—General U—n—The Marquis of Hertford—Lord Sefton—The hyena tamed by the Muses and the Graces—The tiger and the French Revolution—Brummell's satire upon Lord Byron—Price offered for the screen—M. Leleux's parrot

THOUGH Brummell read a great deal, his favourite matinal avocation was working at a large screen, which, when finished, he had destined for the Duchess of York; but the pleasure of recording, by this present, his sense of her great kindness, was denied him, for Her Royal Highness died before it was completed; he then laid it aside, and never resumed his labours.

This work of taste and patience is a masterpiece in its way; and had it ever reached Oatlands, many a fair dame and antiquated spinster would have envied its royal owner. The screen measures five feet and a half in height, and, when opened, is rather more than twelve in length; it is divided into six leaves, and the ground is of green paper. The idea of a general design, with which it was evident Brummell had commenced, seems to have been soon laid aside. The most prominent features of it are the quadrupeds, which form the centre of the upper part of each leaf; these prints are on a scale much larger than the generality of the other drawings. In the first compartment is an elephant, the second bears a hyena, the third a tiger, the fourth a camel, and the

fifth a bear. The sixth has no animal upon it. Many of the drawings which cover the remaining surface of the screen are coloured: the engravings are in line, mezzotint, or lithograph, with sketches in chalk, pastel, or pencil; in fact, a specimen of every possible variety of the limner's or engraver's art, if oils be excepted, is to be found upon it. It will therefore be easily imagined, that the general effect produced by such a multitude of objects, of every colour and form, is on the first *coup d'œil* very confused: but, on a closer inspection, the attention that has been devoted to arrangement of almost every part becomes easily discernible: each little pictorial episode, and there are hundreds, is encircled by wreaths and garlands of flowers of every description; the rose predominating, much to the credit of the paster's taste; fruit, and emblems in character with the subject to be illustrated, are also mingled with the flowers; to give an exact description of this glorious piece of fiddle-faddle, the trifling industry of a thoroughly idle man, would be both useless and tedious. I shall therefore merely attempt a slight sketch, in the order in which I examined it, commencing with the first compartment.

On this leaf, as I have before remarked, there is an elephant, under the neck of which is a full-faced portrait of Napoleon, who, in this case, is the subject to be illustrated. By introducing this animal the Beau intended to express the Emperor's power; but on the throat of the modern king-maker is a butterfly, intended to represent another of his attributes, and to neutralize his greatness. The portrait is encircled by the neck, shoulder, and trunk of this Chouni; and the edges of the two drawings, which would otherwise have been discoverable, are concealed by other attributes, as well as by fruit and flowers,

cut out and arranged with infinite pains. This plan of concealing the edges was pursued throughout with as much nicety as a sempstress would bestow on the hem of a *chemise d'homme*. Amongst these emblems, and immediately above the Emperor's head, is a mortar elevated for firing; from the mouth of it proceeds a sword, round which a serpent has entwined itself: a scythe and a flag, with the Russian eagle on it, are crossed above the sword, and the trophy is completed by laurel branches over the emblem of Time. The trumpet of Fame, and a port-fire nearly burnt out, are above the Muscovite colours. The reader can scarcely fail to see the application of these illustrations to Napoleon's history.

Below the elephant, and in the centre of the same leaf, are grouped four coloured portraits; the one on the left hand looking outwards is General U——n, next to him are the late Marquis of Hertford and Lord Sefton, apparently in conversation; and the fourth (to me an *inconnu*) is on their right, and looking towards them. The general, who has a neckcloth large enough for three, and a rounded shirt collar on the same scale, is smelling a sprig of jessamine; a Cupid lolls on his shoulder, as much at ease as the reading Magdalen at Dresden, and is killing, not the general, but Time, with a book, probably Ovid's *Art of Love*. On the body of the gallant officer, who is thus indulging poor Cupid with a ride a pig-a-back, is pasted an unnatural and classical-looking landscape, representing a forest in the distance, with a rocky foreground; but the principal subject is a young lady, who, having thrown aside her harp, is caressing the antlers of a wounded stag. Back to back with the General is the late Lord Sefton, the defect in whose figure

Brummell concealed with a flower, probably with the intention of showing that he considered his physical infirmities were entirely overbalanced by his amiable disposition. This he might well do, for he was one of his greatest benefactors. Between his lordship and the Marquis is the head of a very lovely woman, ornamented, without the slightest necessity, by a plume of ostrich feathers. The two peers are so placed that it is difficult to say out of whose pocket the divinity is emerging; most likely that of the latter. Lord Sefton is in Hessians, and wears a very peculiar hat. My Lord of Hertford, whose whiskers look as if they were made of leopard's skin, is dressed in a greatcoat, and carries a large cane between a pair of yellow tan gloves, his left hand being inserted, like Lord Sefton's right, in his pocket behind. His emblems are also highly appropriate and numerous. First, and in the front, are two Cupids in an azure cloud, one bearing the hymeneal torch, and the other a dove, which is looking him amorously in the face. Cupids, in every variety of position that the *coryphée* of the Grand Opera could devise, float around his lordship. They may be literally said to swarm; and judging by their looks, each of them seems to be laden with the sweets of a different hive, more luscious than those of Narbonne or Hymettus. One, much larger and more saucy-looking than the rest, is standing on his lordship's shoulder, and rests, with folded arms, and the domesticated air of a favourite spaniel, upon his hat. To the right is a charming print, by Bartolozzi or Cipriani, of a young girl attended by the everlasting Cupids; above her is a little archer shooting at doves in a palm-tree, and around are Satyrs carrying Bacchantes and shepherdesses in their arms. Farther on is a gentleman who sports a pair of yellow

knee-breeches, and is presenting a nest of doves to a lady in a scarlet-bodied dress. All these subjects appear to have been *appliqué* with great judgment in honour of the most noble the Marquis of Hertford. The *inconnu*, the last of the quartette, is the counterpart of a piping bullfinch, and by the emblems that surround him may perhaps have been a celebrated "fanatico per la musica." These portraits are from Dighton's caricatures.

The hyena in the second compartment is represented as being tamed by the Arts, Sciences, and Religion, symbols of which, mingled with the Muses and the Graces, are seen on every side. In the centre of this leaf is a coloured print, taken from a scene in the *Fille mal gardée*. There are also various drawings representing historical, mythological, and rural subjects. Amongst the most striking are Telemachus relating his adventures to Calypso, Phaethon driving his car, Time his chariot; a French dragoon at bivouac preparing a fowl for the camp-kettle; a *religieuse* at her devotions; a minuet at a French fair; a gentleman and a shepherdess, whose dog has seized the skirt of her dress, and with an anxious look is endeavouring to detach her from her admirer.

The tiger on the third leaf is surrounded by Cupids, cows, goats, etc., all, with the exception of the first, harmless and peaceful animals. On each side of the royal brute is a coloured print, representing the juvenile amusements of the Dauphin and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. In the one to the right they are playing at soldiers: she is marching in front of her brother and beating a drum, thus indicating the resolute spirit which she afterwards showed: her dog is scampering before her; and her companion, who is dressed in the national colours, is carrying a flag, on which are inscribed the words *Union*,

Force. She has evidently tempted him away from his ninepins to follow her, and these toys are seen behind him scattered on the ground. In the other print they are playing at battledore and shuttlecock, looking very happy and very merry. The ferocious tiger was well chosen to illustrate the period and the subject to which this part of the screen is devoted; for in this beast of prey are plainly personified the cruelties of the Revolution, and, in the domestic animals, the helplessness of those who suffered by its horrible excesses. The children's ignorance of the nature of the proceedings of which their flag and their tricoloured sashes were the emblems, and their utter unconsciousness of the anxiety and danger which at that very time surrounded them, and all belonging to them, as expressed by their game of battledore and shuttlecock, is truly characteristic of their years. Such happily is generally the case with children. In the midst of the dreadful hurricane in which the crew of the *Bridgewater* so nearly perished, and when not a ray of hope existed for the safety of a soul on board, where were the little children of one of the passengers, and what were they doing? Were they frightened at the unusual trembling of the ship, as she staggered under the concussions of each succeeding wave, or sobbing in their mother's arms? No; at that awful moment they were floating their little paper boats in the water that half filled the cabins. Below these prints are many other Cupids also, but by no means so comfortable as the one on Lord Hertford's shoulder. One poor boy is standing, in a cold wretched night, at the door of a house; his torch is thrown down in the snow, and his dripping pinions are scarcely covered by a scanty red mantle. He seems to be a good illustration of the

old song, *In the Dead of the Night*, and is apparently singing the insinuating line:

"I've lost my way, ma'am; do pray let me in."

Near this mischief-maker is another smoking a pipe.

Below the camel, in the fourth compartment, is a man in Cossack trousers; a monkey is sitting on his back, gently exciting his own epidermis; a pensive Cupid is clinging to the coat of the incognito. Near him is a gentleman with a lady in his arms; a Cupid is looking up at them, and pointing to a volume of sermons which he holds in his hand: a butterfly has alighted on the cavalier's coat, and not far off is a group of Cupids and Satyrs rushing in among bathing Nymphs. There is also a female barber.

The bear in the fifth compartment is stimulating his appetite with a young crocodile; around him are children at play, shepherds, the Graces, Venus, and numerous insects and shells. Lower down are portraits, of Charles Fox, Necker, Sheridan, the Regent Philip of Orleans, and John Kemble. Fox has a butterfly near him; Nelson, Greenwich Hospital; Sheridan, a Cupid carousing on some straw; and Kemble, a ladybird on his waistcoat. Round the arm of a man in Hessians is a green monkey holding a mask, and another monkey is between his legs. There are also likenesses of Lucien Buonaparte, the Princess Charlotte, and the Duke of Cambridge when a young man; and a little piece representing an old *curé de village* trying, but in vain, to thread the needle of one of his pretty parishioners.

Byron and Napoleon, placed opposite to each other, occupy the upper centre of the last and sixth leaf: the former is surrounded with flowers, but has a *wasp* on his

throat. This to his *friend* was base ingratitude on the part of Brummell, for the noble lord spoke of, and would have pasted him, with more charitable feeling. Kean, as Richard, is the last print I shall notice. He is below the Emperor, and his neck is ornamented with *two hymeneal* torches laid together crosswise by a true-lovers' knot.

It will be seen by this imperfect description that, to understand fully the wit shown in the arrangement of all the groups, it is necessary that the observer should be familiar with the gossip of the day; and there is little doubt that any of Brummell's contemporaries would, with the greatest ease, recapitulate the histories attached to each, and explain to his juniors circumstances in the arrangement that to them are merely unmeaning riddles.

When Brummell left Calais, the screen, according to his valet's version of the affair, was placed in his hands as part payment of a debt. Subsequently, when Sélègue's affairs became deranged, he was obliged to put it in pawn at an upholsterer's at Boulogne; and it was at this person's house that I saw it during my short stay in that town. A nobleman, one of Brummell's former friends, in passing through, was once anxious to buy it, but the gentleman's gentleman valued his master's exertions too highly, and foolishly asked seven thousand francs for it, a bargain which his customer very naturally refused. Since that period, another Englishman offered two thousand; this, however, was declined; and when I saw it, the cabinetmaker was fitting it up very handsomely with a mahogany frame, and intended sending it to London, where he hoped to realize a large sum by the sale of it. This screen must have been a fertile subject of conversation for Brummell's privileged visitors, and to them only was it ever exhibited. To have heard him

while employed in cutting out, cutting up, and pasting, his dearest friends, and expatiating upon the group that was under his hands at the time, must have been a treat indeed.

Having now introduced the reader to the Beau's buhl, Sèvres, quadrupeds, and screen, I must not omit to mention a biped that completed his effeminate establishment. This was no less a personage than a stately green-and-yellow parrot, which was very much attached to him, and, in return, he treated the intelligent bird with great consideration. Brummell was never tired of singing his praises and calling the attention of his visitors to his beauty. "Is he not a fine bird?" he used to say. "What plumage! What a beak and tail! How solemn he looks! Stand here, my good fellow, and examine him: don't you see a likeness to somebody?—a traveller, a poet, ay, and a patriot, too—a man who had the good luck to be sent to Newgate. Well now, how very obtuse; the likeness don't strike you, I see"; and then placing his visitor in a different position, he would continue thus: "Now, look at him in this point of view—*now* don't you see? How very odd! Why, don't you see how like he is to Hobhouse?"

Hobhouse, however, at length got beyond the Board of Control, and was dismissed for malpractices into the court below, his beak being on more friendly terms with the curtains and the buhl furniture than was agreeable to his master, or rather to his master's *locataire*, for he was the property of M. Leleux. Whenever an opportunity offered, however, Hobhouse broke loose from his cage, and would fly up to the Beau's windows. For this contumacious conduct he at last got pinioned; but he was an obstinate fellow; and, as he could not take wing,

he used to walk upstairs, as well as his namesake or any other visitor, knock at his friend's door, and having obtained admittance, which he never failed to do, did not return to his cage without having received both wine and biscuit. This bird, I believe, came from Havre, appropriately termed, by Miss Costello, "the town of parrots."

END OF VOLUME I

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